THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. VI.

JULY TO DECEMBER

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1893

"WE TOOK LEAVE OF MARGUERITE."

(The Last Tramp.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES CLARETIE.

I HAD this story from a dear friend, who told it to me one day when we were talking of the accidents of life — more astonishing and romantic a hundred times than the inventions of fiction. He had seen this little drama enacted under his eyes, and had known the actors in it.

"I'll introduce you," he said to me, "and we will go together to Mézières, where we shall find still living one of the heroes of this story. All the romances have not yet been written; the most marvellous have still to be published. And who knows how much each of us will carry away with him, deeply buried in the secret of his conscience, painfully stifled under the stone that marks his grave?"

My friend Eugene Decary little thought how nearly those words applied to himself. The story of Jean Chevaucheux was the last he was ever to tell me. Pure spirit! poor heart which beat so vainly for all that was beautiful and good on earth! That bright soul is fled, that warm heart is silent now.

It is he, however, who is going to speak:—

"My father lived at Rethel, in the High Street. I can still see his house, with its slate roof and its jutting beams: a hospitable house if ever there was one. Poor people knew how well it was to stop there: they entered with empty wallets and went from it with wallets filled.

"We were seated, one evening, by the fireside, my father smoking his pipe and gazing into the sparkling ashes on the hearth, my mother ironing the family linen, I reading, when suddenly, outside, near the street door, a great noise was heard, and we saw a lad with a face of terror enter hurriedly.

"'What is the matter?'

"'A soldier has fallen at your door—overcome by fatigue,' answered the lad.

"My father loved soldiers. He sprang from his seat and rushed out of doors, and before I had taken half-a-dozen steps to follow him, he was returning with a young soldier, so well supported that my father was carrying him like a sack of corn. My mother hastened to wheel a big arm-chair near to the fire, and the young man was assisted to sit down in it—or, rather, he was laid down in it, and my father, looking at him pitifully, said:—

"'Is it possible you can be tramping the roads in such a condition?'

"The young soldier was indeed very pale and thin, his hair glued to his forehead with perspiration, the veins on his temples swelled to the thickness of your little finger, his face black with the dust of the highway. We were then in the month of October, and the air was beginning to be cold; but great beads of sweat stood upon the poor fellow's brow as if it had been in the dog days. He must have had a long walk; his shoes were worn out, the leather cut to pieces by sharp stones, as we could see. The upper leather of the left shoe had been torn from the sole, and the foot within was bleeding.

"He lay in the chair motionless, his head thrown back, his eyes half open, and white as linen.

"My mother had already put some soup on the fire, as well as a pipkin of wine.

"'Bah!' said my father, 'the chief matter is his feet!'

"He was on his knees before the poor fellow, pulling, cutting, tearing off the fragments of the boots. The young soldier's feet were terribly swollen and covered with

"HE LAY IN THE CHAIR MOTIONLESS."

blisters, resembling the feet of the martyrs wealed with hard cords, shown in the pictures of some of the Spanish painters. My father dipped his handkerchief in vinegar, washed and dressed the wounds.

"'Make some lint,' he said to me.

"I tore off some linen which my mother handed to me from the press.

"The soldier had by this time come to himself. He looked at us—at my father, mother, me, and two or three neighbours who were there, one after the other. We could see that he was trying to comprehend what was passing about him. It was no longer the highway, the sharp stones of the road, the great, houseless woods that met his eyes; but a comfortable room with a shining oak ceiling, a table covered with a snowy cloth and ready laid, and in a brown earthen tureen a steaming mess of cabbage soup emitting an appetizing odour.

"Then he raised himself, resting on the arm of the chair, and said to my father in broken accents:—

"'But, monsieur—you—you do not know me!'

"'We'll make each other's acquaintance at table, then,' said my father, smiling.

"We had already dined, but my father wished to keep the soldier company. He placed himself at table facing the young man, and examined the regimental buttons of his hooded coat. The soldier ate with great appetite, helped by my mother, my father filling the glasses, which did not rest long empty.

"'So,' he said, suddenly, pointing to the tin tube-box which hung suspended by a cord to the young soldier's neck; 'you have served your time, since you have there got your discharge. But what the deuce are you doing, trying to kill yourself on the roads? I see how it is—you haven't any money to pay for a place on the diligence?'

"'I,' said the soldier, 'I have been paid my discharge money, and my mother would have sent me more than enough to pay my fare if I had wanted it; but—well, I couldn't ride.'

"'I understand,' replied my father, who did not in the least comprehend the meaning of what the soldier had said. He called for another bottle.

"The meal ended, the soldier tried to walk, but he staggered on his feet, uttered a stifled cry, and fell back into the chair. I then saw tears start to his eyes. He was a young man, thin, wiry, dark-complexioned and nervous, with a look of energy in his face—not a man to weep at trifles. Those tears in his eyes puzzled me.

"'I shall not be able to walk before

to-morrow!' he cried in a tone in which anger was mixed with mortification.

"'Walk!' exclaimed my mother in alarm.

"'Continue your tramp!' cried my father.

"The soldier shook his head.

"'You do not know,' he said. 'I *must* do it!—it's a vow!'

"I saw my father look intently into the young man's face, with a dumb, questioning gaze.

"'I'll tell you all about it,' said the young soldier, 'for you have perhaps saved my life, and I owe it to you to tell you who I am.

"'My name is Jean Chevaucheux, and my father is a lath-splitter at Mézières—an honest man, resembling you, monsieur. Seven years ago, when I was drawn for the conscription, I was wildly in love with Marguerite Servan—a girl as good as she was pretty. I had already asked for her hand, and her father had not said me nay; but at the same time as myself Pierre Puvioux had asked to be her husband. Pierre Puvioux is about my own age, a good fellow who carries his heart in his hand, as the saying is. I ought to have detested him, and he remained my friend. Judge!

"'Daddy Servan held out his hand to me and said:—

"'"You are worthy to become my son-in-law; but you must get Marguerite's consent."

"'When the question was put to her, Marguerite said she would willingly have me for her husband; but she said exactly the same in regard to Puvioux. She loved one as well as the other, and could not decide which of us to select. She could not marry both of us, however.

"'For a moment I was in great fear, I confess. It was said at Mézières that Puvioux had a rich aunt, who was going to buy him a substitute; if he stayed behind he would marry Marguerite; and I, sure of having to go, for I was poor, already heard the wedding fiddles tearing my ears and heart.

"'You must know that Marguerite Servan has not her equal. If I lose her, now that I have waited for her seven years, on my honour I think I shall blow out my brains. Fortunately Pierre Puvioux's aunt did not buy him off—she died, in fact, leaving behind her nothing but debts. He hadn't a sou more than I had; so we were both obliged to shoulder the musket and await our order of march.

"'One evening Daddy Servan took us both under the arm and led us to a cabaret, and then said, while we emptied a bottle of Moselle:—

"'"My lads, you are a pair of worthy Ardennais, equal in merit, and I love you with all my heart. One of you shall be my son-in-law—that's a bargain. For that Marguerite will wait seven years. She has no preference either for you, Puvioux, or for you, Chevaucheux; but she loves both of you, and will make happy whichever of you Fate shall select for her. This, then, is the condition on which one of you is to marry my daughter. You will go away on the same day, and it is probable that you will come back on the same day; well, whichever of you is first to shake hands with Daddy Servan, and say to him 'Halloa! here I am—I've served my time!' I swear he shall be the husband of Marguerite."

"'I was astonished; I could not believe my ears. I looked at Pierre Puvioux, who

"ONE OF YOU SHALL BE MY SON-IN-LAW."

looked at me, and though we were both greatly distressed in mind, we were both strongly inclined to laugh.

"'But Daddy Servan was not joking. He had thought of this way of getting over the difficulty, and he held to it. Seeing that it was so, I held out my hand to him and swore to act with all fairness, neither to resort to trickery nor violence, and to allow Pierre Puvioux to marry Marguerite if he returned to Mézières before me. He rose and took the same oath; and we shook hands, while Daddy Servan said:—

"'"The rest is now your affair; you have, each of you, got to manage so that no Kabyle bullet overtakes you, and to come back safe and sound."

"'He refilled the glasses, and we took a farewell draught.

"'Before starting I wished to see Marguerite. When I came beneath her windows—it was in the dusk—I saw somebody approaching and stopped. It was Pierre Puvioux. He appeared vexed at finding me there, and I was anything but delighted at meeting *him*. We stood for a moment facing each other like a pair of idiots, looking down at the toes of our shoes; then, by my faith, a sudden thrill of courage moved me, and I said to Puvioux:—

"'"Let us go in together."

"'"So be it," he said.

"'We took leave of Marguerite. She listened to us without uttering a word, but there were tears at the end of her long blonde eyelashes. Suddenly Pierre, who was speaking, came to a stop and fell into a fit of sobbing, and it was the same with me. So there we were, all three, crying without saying anything, only shaking hands.

"'When the diligence which took us from Mézières began to rattle over the pavement next day, I felt inclined to throw myself from the roof and get crushed under the wheels, the more because there was sitting beside me a Lorrain who was singing in a dreary voice one of the songs of his country, which seemed to say to me, "It's all over with you, my poor Jean; you will never see her again!"

"'Truly there are odd accidents in life,' Jean Chevaucheux went on. 'Quitting our native place at the same hour, we were, Pierre and I, put into the same regiment. At first I was annoyed at that. I would rather have had him at a distance; for, as you may easily imagine, I could not feel very friendly towards him. But I reflected: having him near me, I should at least be able to talk to him of Marguerite, and that would be a consolation. Then I said to myself: "Seven years! After all, *that* will not kill me!"

"'In the regiment I became fast friends with Pierre Puvioux—a good fellow, a bar of gold! Chamber-comrades, we often talked of the country, of Daddy Servan, and of Marguerite—as a way of killing time, you understand. We frequently wrote to Mézières, each confiding to the other what he had said in his letter. It was a struggle, of course, but it was carried on loyally. When Marguerite or Daddy Servan answered, the answer was addressed to both of us, wishing us equally good luck, giving to each of us an equal dose of hope. So you may be sure we went on hoping!

"'Well, one day my Colonel named me corporal. I was proud and sorry at the same time, for, you see, I was no longer the equal of Pierre Puvioux; the stripes on my arm gave me the right to command him and, in the eyes of the Ardennais at home, that was an advantage. But, you see, I am not ill-natured—I gave myself no airs of pride: on the contrary, my grade was a source of distress to me. I could no longer talk with Puvioux—my stripes were in the way; so I reflected that there was only one method by which I could free myself from the embarrassment. I purposely missed the call one day, and for that had my grade taken from me. But fancy my ill-luck! I gave up my stripes only to turn them over to Puvioux! It was enough to make one gnaw off one's finger-ends! But it was Pierre's chance for showing devotion, and he made no bones about it; at the end of a week he got himself broken in turn. After that there was no danger of any alteration being made in either of our tunics; we were condemned to remain common soldiers.

"'"So much the better," said Puvioux.

"'And I said: "How lucky!"

"'The seven years came to an end. I don't need to tell you my story day by day—our discharge and return route papers, all properly signed, were handed to us.

"'"Well," I said to Puvioux, "at last our time is up; we must set off home."

"'"Yes," he replied; "they are waiting our return there."

"'"You know," I said, "that the game will not be finally won before we both get back to Mézières, and the one of us who loses declares that the struggle has been fairly carried through."

"'"All right!" cried Puvioux.

"'We embraced, and one morning—the

other day—with good shoes on our feet and a stout stick in hand, we set off for Mézières.

"'Did I tell you we were in garrison at Angers? I promise you there's a pretty stretch of road from there! My faith! since I started it seems to me that I have made the tour of the world!

"'We set off in company, talking little, thinking much, and walking more. It was terribly hot, frightfully dusty, the air as heavy as lead. Half way through one of our spells, I threw myself down by the roadside, unable to go any farther, my legs stiffened and worn out by fatigue.

"'"Are you going to rest there?" asked Puvioux.

"'"Yes," I replied.

"'"Good-bye, then," he said, going on.

"'"Good-bye till we meet again," I called after him.

"'I watched him out of sight, walking with a firm step, as if he had only just commenced the journey. When he passed round a bend in the road and I could no longer see him—left alone and, as it were, abandoned—a feeling of overwhelming despair came upon me; I made an effort. I rose and continued the march: the rest, short as it was, did me good, and put fresh courage into me. I pressed on, on, on, and made such progress that after awhile I came up with Puvioux and passed him.

"'But by the close of the day, though I had got well in front of my antagonist, I was done up. I went into an inn and lay down intending to sleep a little—ah, a little! I slept through the whole night! I woke only at daybreak, and then I was furious. I called out:—

"'"Have any of you seen a soldier, on foot, go by?"

"'"A soldier? Yes, monsieur—very late last night. He asked for a glass of water."

"'Ah! in turn he had passed me!

"'I hurriedly set off. At three o'clock in the afternoon I had not come up with Puvioux—nor at six o'clock. In the evening I took a rest while eating. The meal finished, on, on, I went again. This time Puvioux should not be much ahead of me! I walked on late into the night, but there is a limit to a man's strength; once more I was obliged to halt.

"'I knocked at the door of a roadside public-house and was admitted. Puvioux was there, seated in an arm-chair, pale as death. He started with irritation on seeing me—not unnaturally. We did not say much to each other; what, indeed, had we to talk about? Then, too, we were so horribly tired.

"'It was who should rise earliest next morning—and it was I—and that morning was this morning. All day I have been walking, resting from time to time but very little; for, you know, we are near the end. Rethel is the last tramp on the route from Angers to Mézières. I know my map of France now!

"'The last tramp—my God, if I should arrive too late!'

"I CAME UP WITH PUVIOUX AND PASSED HIM."

"Jean Chevaucheux ceased speaking.

"'And Pierre Puvioux,' asked my father, 'has he overtaken you?'

"'No!' cried Chevaucheux, 'and if I could go on now, I should be saved.'

"'Go on the road—in the state you are in! Impossible!'

"'I see it is. With my feet swollen—torn—yet, to-morrow——'

"'To-morrow you will be rested and able to walk.'

"'Do you think so?' asked the soldier, his eyes flashing.

"'I promise you.'

"'Ah!' cried Jean, 'you are a kind man!'

"'Tut, tut,' said my father.

"He advised the soldier to go to bed at once, and the poor fellow desired nothing better. The bed was ready. Chevaucheux shook us all by the hand and ascended to the room which had been made ready for him.

"It was ten o'clock.

"Next day, before dawn, my father, already up, looked out of window to see what sort of weather it was. While he was looking up at the sky, he heard, down in the street below, the sound of heavy footsteps, and, in the uncertain light, dimly made out the form of a soldier, painfully making his way towards Mézières.

"'Already *en route?*' asked my father.

"The soldier halted.

"'Well,' continued my father, 'are you off?'

"The soldier raised his head and tried to make out who it was who was speaking to him.

"'Are you Jean Chevaucheux?' asked my father.

"'No,' answered the soldier; 'I am Pierre Puvioux.'

"And, as if the name of Jean Chevaucheux acted upon him like a spur, he went on his way with increased speed and quickly passed out of my father's sight.

"'Halloa!' said my father, 'poor Chevaucheux will have to bestir himself if he wants to outstrip that sturdy young fellow!' and he went at once to the room in which Jean had been resting. The young soldier was already up. He was examining his feet by the light of a candle.

"'Victory!' he cried, on seeing my father. 'I am fresh and vigorous. I am out of pain. *En route!*'

"'And quickly!' replied my father. 'Puvioux has passed through Rethel.'

"'Pierre Puvioux?'

"'Yes; I have just spoken with him. He passed under my windows, and is pushing forward like a madman.'

"'My God!' cried Chevaucheux, like one stunned. Once more repeating this exclamation, he buckled his knapsack and threw it upon his shoulders, crying: 'Well, instead of discouraging me, what you tell me puts new spirit into my bosom!'

"In the room below, my mother—she, too, had already risen—was filling a wallet with provisions which she had prepared for Chevaucheux, but he declined. He was not hungry; all he would accept was a flask of brandy. Then he put on a pair of boots which my father wore when he took long walks, and, more confident than ever, he departed, blessing my mother, and resting on the arm of my father while he made the first few steps.

"Day had come. My father went a little way with Chevaucheux. The young soldier bore himself stiffly up, in spite of his battered feet, which must have pained him terribly. He said little and appeared to be wrapped in thought.

"For half an hour my father and he went on in this way. At length my father said:—

"'Well, all friends must part. Good luck to you, and God be with you!'

"'Monsieur Decary,' then said Jean Chevaucheux, 'will you allow me to embrace you?'

"The next moment they were in each other's arms.

"Chevaucheux wept, and my father's eyes were not unmoistened. It was my father who first got the mastery over himself.

"'Bah!' he said; 'we are losing time. *En route! en route!*'

"He parted with Jean, who pressed forward on the road to Mézières.

"For three or four years we had no news of Jean Chevaucheux; but we often spoke of that evening when the young soldier had entered, bleeding and exhausted, into my father's house. What had become of him? How had ended that love-romance so strangely begun?

"One day my father had to go to Mézières on business, and he took me with him.

"At Mézières he entered the first barber's he came to, to get shaved. At the door of the shop was seated an infant, enjoying the sunshine, but at the same time blocking the way with his plump, outspread legs.

"'Won't you let me pass?' asked my father, pleasantly.

"'No, I won't let zu pass,' cried the child.

"At that moment a man in his shirt sleeves

appeared in the shop—the father—and taking the young gentleman up in his arms, removed him out of the way, saying, as he did so:—

"'What are you about, Pierre? Do you want to drive away the customers?'

"I recognised the voice. So did my father.

"We looked at the barber, and he looked at us; and suddenly he, my father, and I uttered a simultaneous exclamation. The barber was Jean Chevaucheux. He instantly held out his hand. He was flushed and his face beaming.

"'Is it indeed you? Ah, when I think that I have never written to you—ingrate that I am! Have you never heard? It was I won the bride! I arrived first—first, you know!'

"And rushing to the back of the shop, he called:—

"'Marguerite! Marguerite! come quickly!'

"He appeared to be out of his wits with joy.

"A young woman appeared, pretty, fair-complexioned, with blue eyes; her air gentle, pensive, a little sad even.

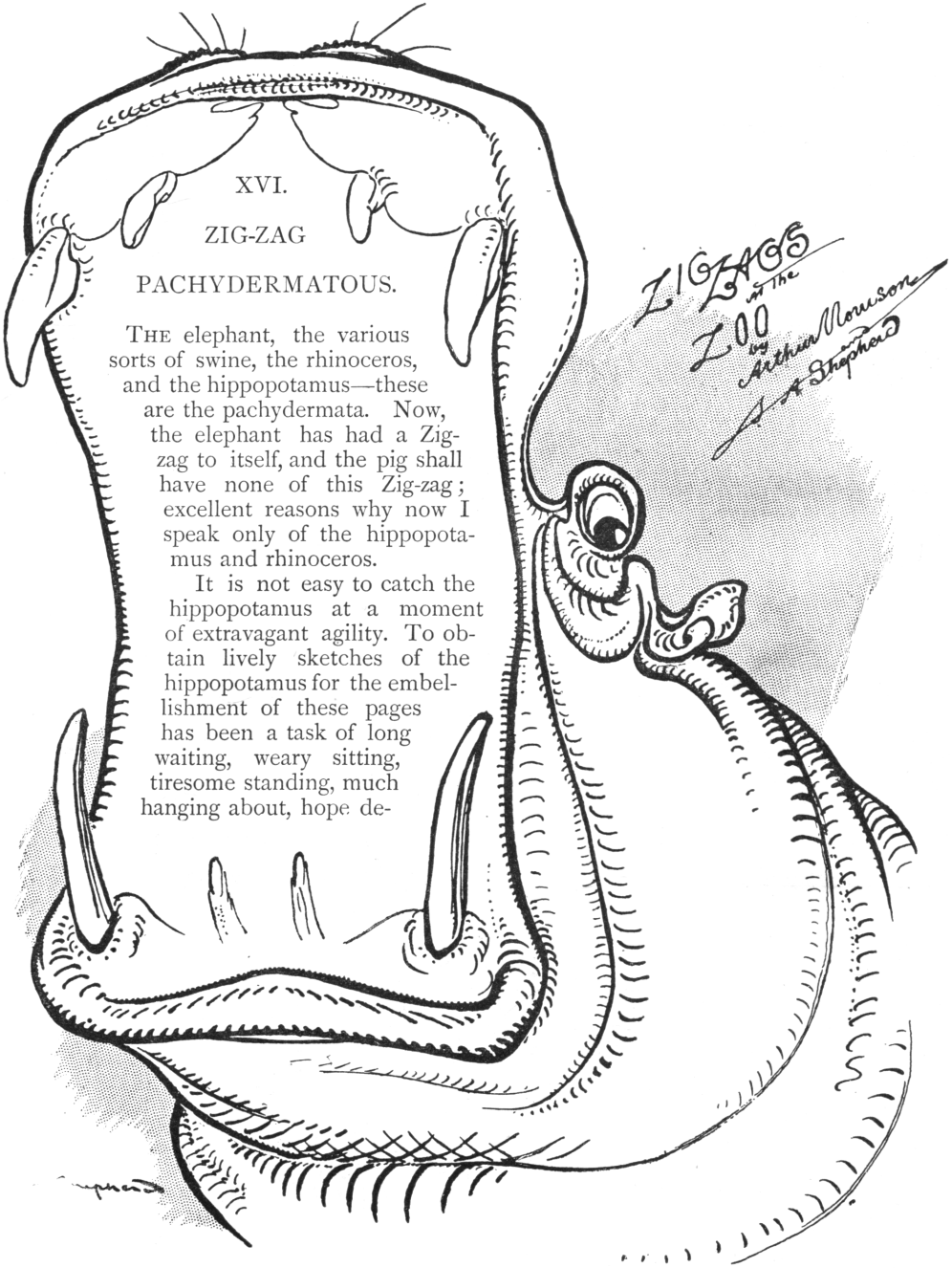
"'You see this—this gentleman?' he cried. 'Well, it was he who saved me at Rethel, the night before I arrived at your father's—of whom I have spoken so often—Monsieur Decary!'

"'Ah!' cried Marguerite, with a sweet smile.

"And, turning upon us her large, calm eyes, she bowed and thanked us gently. Then, as her husband continued to call up the past, she looked at him beseechingly, even a little reproachfully.

"But Jean did not see this.

"'Ah!' he cried, 'and it is to you, monsieur, I owe my happiness! My son—my little Pierre—look at him. It was by my wife's wish that he was named Pierre—isn't he a fine fellow? My shop, which is going on as well as possible, my wife whom I worship, and my little Pierre, I owe all to you!'"



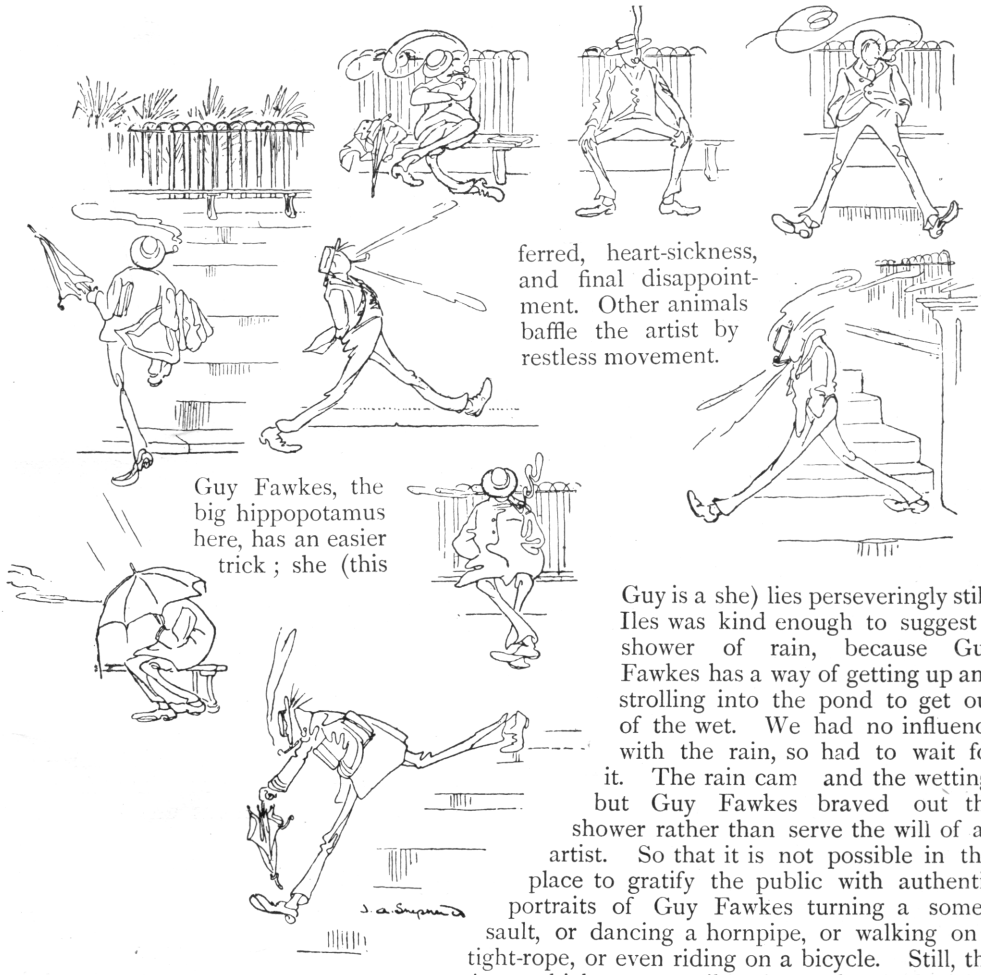
XVI.

ZIG-ZAG

PACHYDERMATOUS.

THE elephant, the various sorts of swine, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus—these are the pachydermata. Now, the elephant has had a Zig-zag to itself, and the pig shall have none of this Zig-zag; excellent reasons why now I speak only of the hippopotamus and rhinoceros.

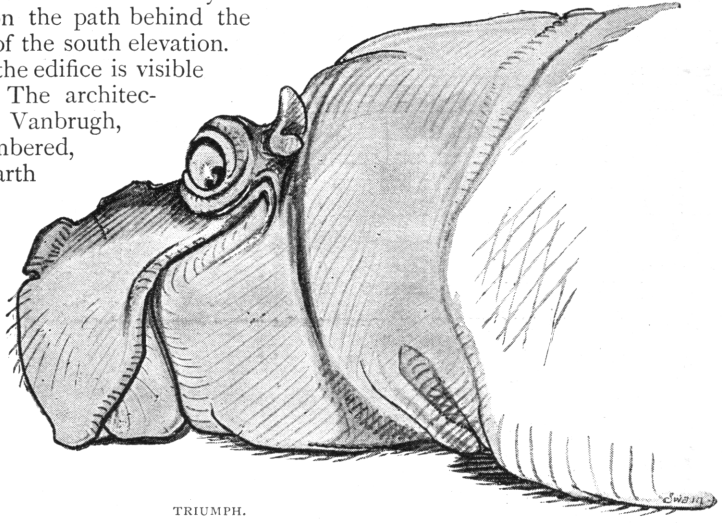
It is not easy to catch the hippopotamus at a moment of extravagant agility. To obtain lively sketches of the hippopotamus for the embellishment of these pages has been a task of long waiting, weary sitting, tiresome standing, much hanging about, hope de-



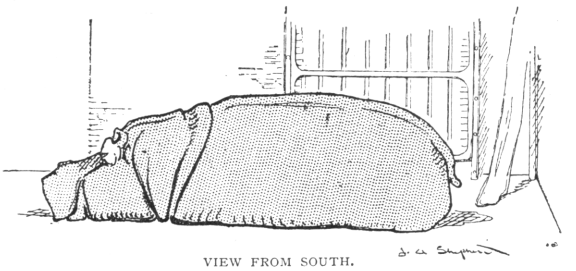
PATIENCE AND DEFEAT.

ferred, heart-sickness, and final disappointment. Other animals baffle the artist by restless movement.

Guy Fawkes, the big hippopotamus here, has an easier trick; she (this Guy is a she) lies perseveringly still. Iles was kind enough to suggest a shower of rain, because Guy Fawkes has a way of getting up and strolling into the pond to get out of the wet. We had no influence with the rain, so had to wait for it. The rain cam and the wetting, but Guy Fawkes braved out the shower rather than serve the will of an artist. So that it is not possible in this place to gratify the public with authentic portraits of Guy Fawkes turning a somersault, or dancing a hornpipe, or walking on a tight-rope, or even riding on a bicycle. Still, the views which are possible have the undeniable merit of accuracy and architectural actuality. In the first place, standing on the path behind the paddock, we enjoy a view of the south elevation. Here the whole length of the edifice is visible in its simple grandeur. The architecture is of the manner of Vanbrugh, on whom, it will be remembered, the poet exhorted the earth to lie heavy, in retaliation for the heaviness of his buildings. Nothing of Vanbrugh's ever lay heavier per cubic foot on the groaning earth than Guy Fawkes lies here. I defy even a ghost to rise from the earth under Guy Fawkes. Let her but lie on it and she would extinguish a volcano,

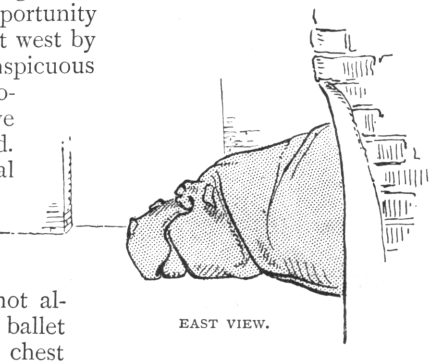


TRIUMPH.



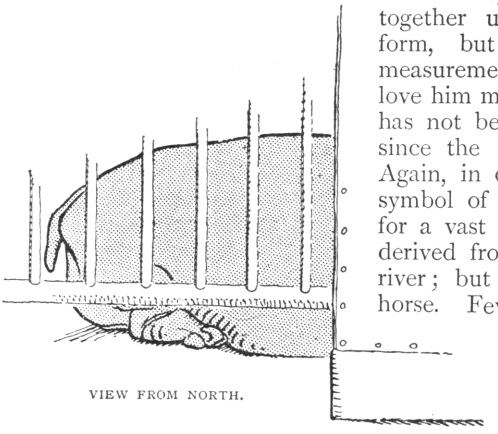
VIEW FROM SOUTH.

and drive an earthquake discomfited away to some part where the earth's crust was less immovably suppressed. It is a humiliating thing in most cases to be sat upon, but when Guy Fawkes is the sitter, little room is left in the sittee for humility or any of the other virtues. The east view of the structure is obtained from near the gazelle sheds, and the view from the north (only a partial one, but still picturesque) you get from inside the house. If you can get into the ostrich paddock (you can't) you will have an opportunity of surveying the venerable pile from somewhere about west by south. This is a sort of end elevation, with a conspicuous display of the west wing, if anything about a hippopotamus can be called a wing. Then you will have seen and admired Guy Fawkes pretty well all round.



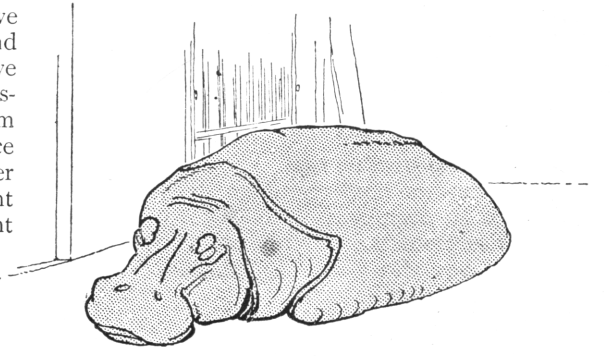
EAST VIEW.

The hippopotamus in general is admired for several causes. His (or her) mouth is indisputably the biggest extant, and has long been acknowledged to exceed even that of the Philanthropic Reformer, while his hide is almost as thick. His legs, although serviceable, are not altogether up to ballet form, but his chest measurement anybody might be proud of. Perhaps we love him most, though, as an old Londoner, although he has not been a familiar wanderer in the London streets since the tertiary epoch, which was some time ago. Again, in old time the hippopotamus was installed the symbol of impiety and ingratitude, which may account for a vast deal of popularity. His name, of course, is derived from the Greek *hippo* a horse, and *potamos* a river; but he cannot be regarded as a very successful horse. Few people who admire a handsome Cleveland, with good knee-action, would, as a habit, harness him with a hippopotamus to a landau. The hippopotamus has no points; no more points, and no sharper ones, than a German sausage.

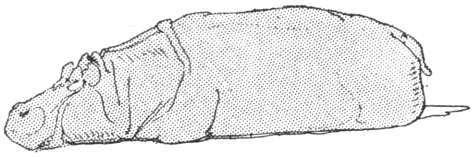


VIEW FROM NORTH.

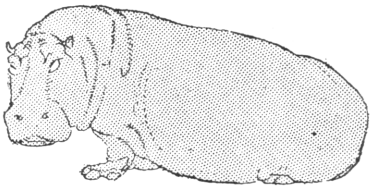
Still, it cannot be too widely known that the hippopotamus does move sometimes. Even Guy Fawkes does, and some insignificant proportion of the visitors (about ¼ in 10,000, I believe) witness the feat. But even then she rarely does more than change her elevations—just brings her north elevation round south, for a change of air. It is a grave and solemn rite, this turning about, and it proceeds with properly impressive deliberation. She rises by a mysterious process, in which legs seem to take no part; she anchors her face against the ground, as regarding her head in the light of a great weight (which it is) dumped down to prevent the rest of her being blown away by an unexpected zephyr. Then, with her weighty muzzle as pivot and centre, she executes a semi-circular manœuvre suggestive of

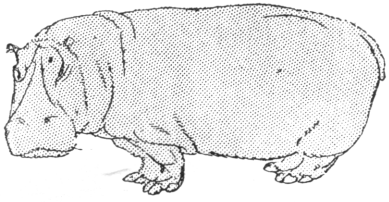


WEST BY SOUTH.

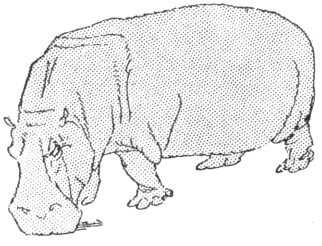


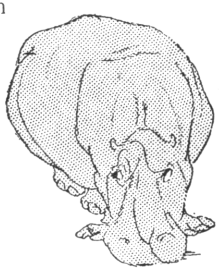
elevation faces south, when immediately she becomes a sausage again, turned about. All this is done with such perfect modesty that you immediately forget whether you saw her legs or not—indeed, whether she had any. As a matter of fact, I may here inform a doubtful public that Guy Fawkes *has* feet; her legs—if she has them—she, with propriety, veils in certain lashings of fat.

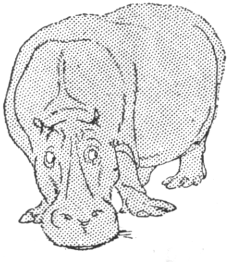


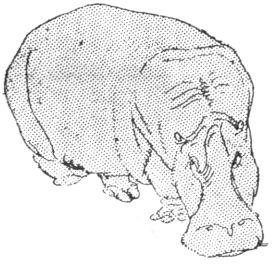


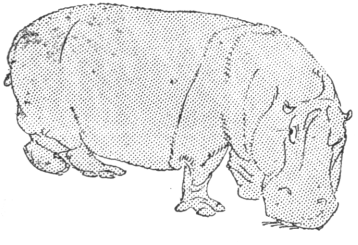
Guy Fawkes was so called in defiance of her sex because she was born (here in the menagerie) on November 5th, 1872. Next door to Guy Fawkes lives Jupiter, who is only a small hippopotamus, some way from being fully grown. Jupiter, however, has ambitions. He admires and envies, beyond all things, the placid repose of Guy Fawkes. He does his best to imitate her. But as yet he is little more than a beginner—a mere amateur in inertia. He is so inordinately proud of lying perfectly still for twenty minutes or so that he must look round for admiration, and spoil the effect at once. His mental attitude toward Guy Fawkes is that of the boy to Sidi Lakdar in Daudet's *La Figue et le Paresseux*—but Jupiter is far, very far, from being the equal of the boy in the noble craft of the *paresseux*. The fact is that Jupiter, in his ambition to become a creditable hippopotamus, an immobile vastness, a venerable pile, tries a little too much at once. Guy Fawkes, he considers, can smash anything earthly by lying on it, and herein he is right.

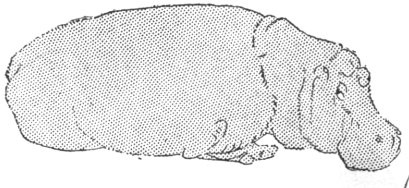


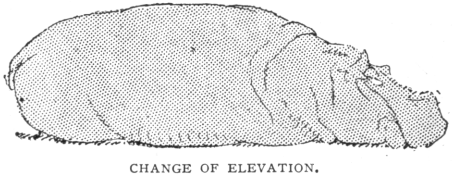




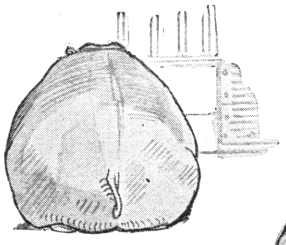




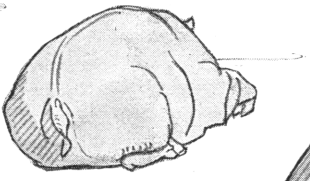


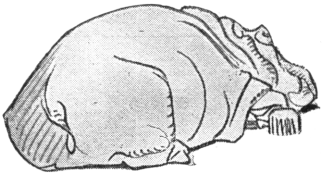


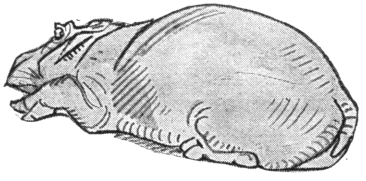
CHANGE OF ELEVATION.

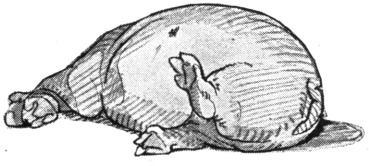


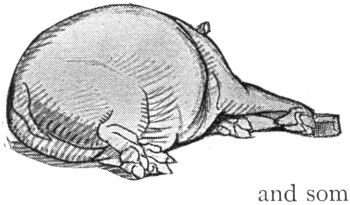
Aspiring to the crushing power of Guy Fawkes, he is continually troubled by one or two hard iron knobby projections from the ground, which serve to keep the door of his den in place. Try as he will, these pieces of iron won't be suppressed; on the contrary, they discompose his surrounding atmosphere of fat—must reach, in fact, to within a very few feet of his ribs—and this is uncomfortable. Still he pegs away, combining his attempt at the placidity of Guy Fawkes with that upon the obstinacy of the iron knobs. So that on the whole he does not succeed, comes as near perpetual motion as a hippopotamus may (about three moves an hour), and frequently betrays his possession of legs. He is never mistaken for a sausage, but presents the general appearance of a succession of cartloads of mud of varying shapes and designs. Jupiter, however, from his very perseverance, will get on, and some day, when full grown, he will take sausage rank and suppress earthquakes as well as Guy Fawkes. Then he will have north, south, east and west elevations, and, leaving behind the ignominy of resemblance to a cartload of mud, became a Venerable Pile, and shroud his legs.

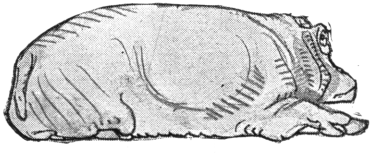


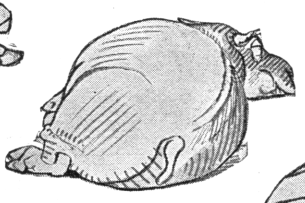


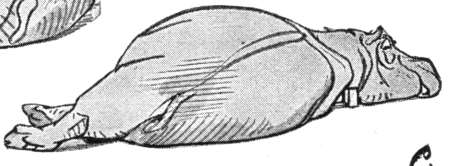




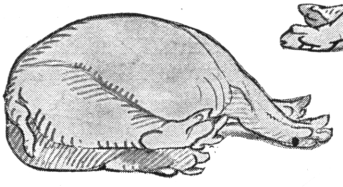


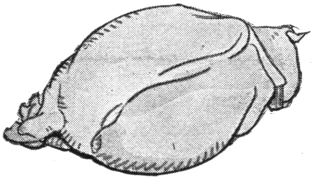


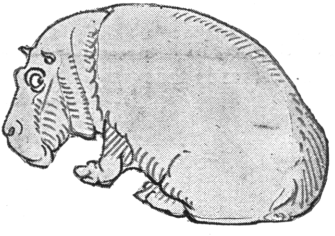


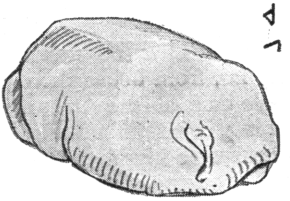


There are times when neither Guy Fawkes nor Jupiter will condescend so far as to exhibit themselves architecturally; on careful scrutiny a broad nose-tip is observable, apparently floating on the

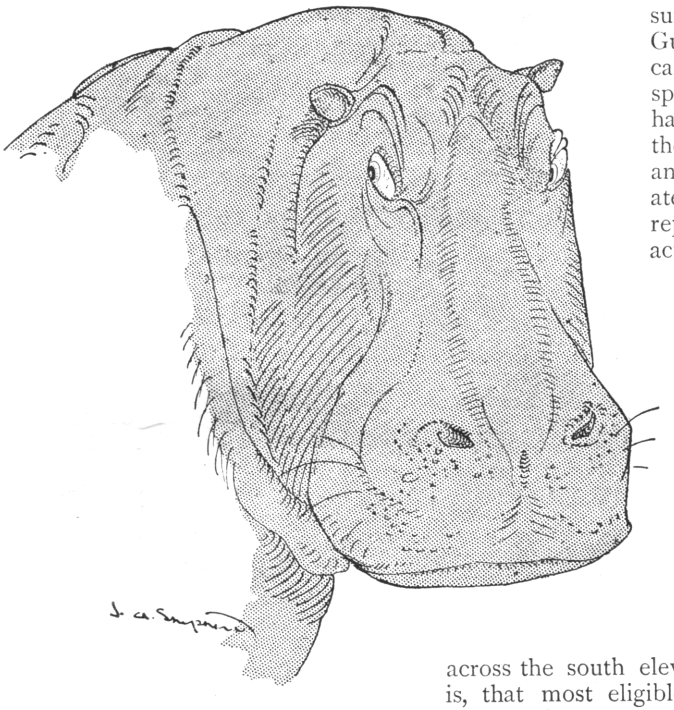








A MERE BEGINNER.

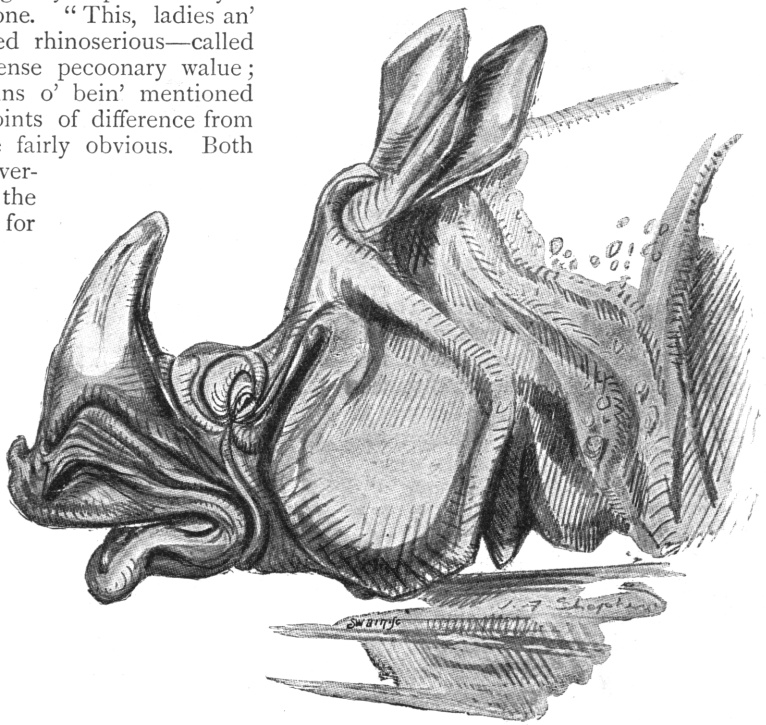


I AM THE HIPPOPOTAMUS!

surface of the pond. This is Guy Fawkes or Jupiter, as the case may be. Inexperienced sparrows, strangers to the place, have been known to alight on the small island thus presented, and to go away again immediately, doubtless to carry the report that the island was of an actively volcanic character.

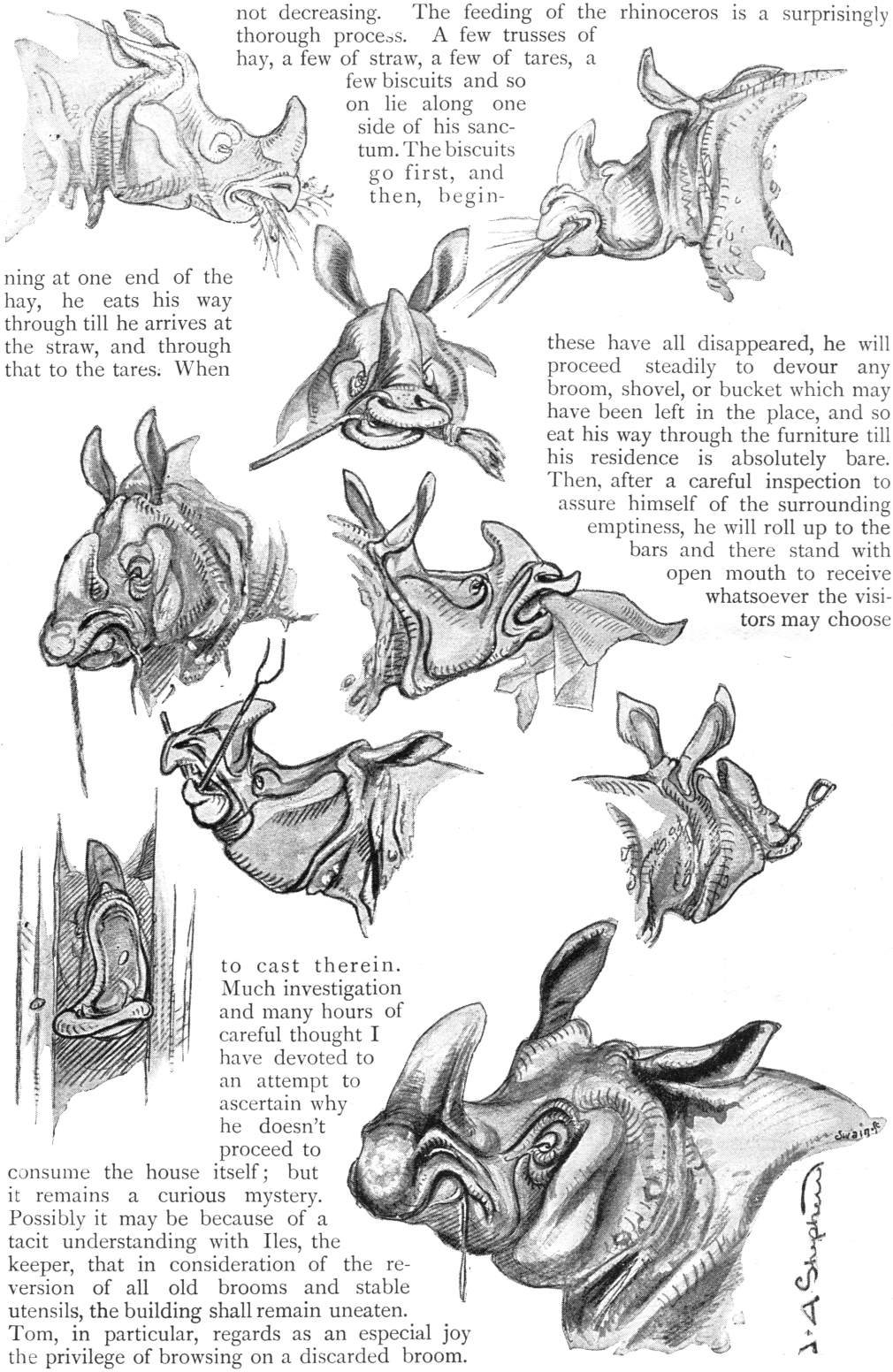
The hippopotamus has now been a familiar object in the Zoo for forty-three years, and the rhinoceros for longer; but still one hears occasionally the remarks (usually for the instruction of toddling youth) of worthy old ladies, who confuse the one with the other. It might conduce to the spread of more exact knowledge if an announcement of identity were painted in large white letters across the south elevation of Guy Fawkes. As it is, that most eligible advertising space is wasted completely.

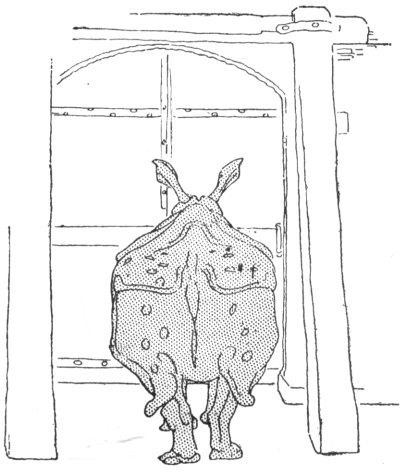
The derivation of the name of the rhinoceros was once most intelligently explained by a showman exhibiting one. "This, ladies an' gents, is the cellerbrated rhinoserious—called rhino 'cos of 'is immense pecoonary walue; called serious consekins o' bein' mentioned in 'Oly Writ." His points of difference from the hippopotamus are fairly obvious. Both have a good thick overcoat, certainly, but the hippopotamus, anxious for a good fit, fills all baggy spaces with fat, while the rhinoceros, preferring the free and easy appearance of a caped ulster, lets the garment hang in folds: not that the rhinoceros starves or wastes. Jim here, the older of the two Indian rhinoceroses (the other is Tom) measures more than twelve feet in girth, and, if eating will do anything, is certainly



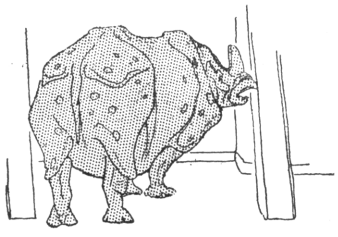
AND I AM THE RHINOCEROS.

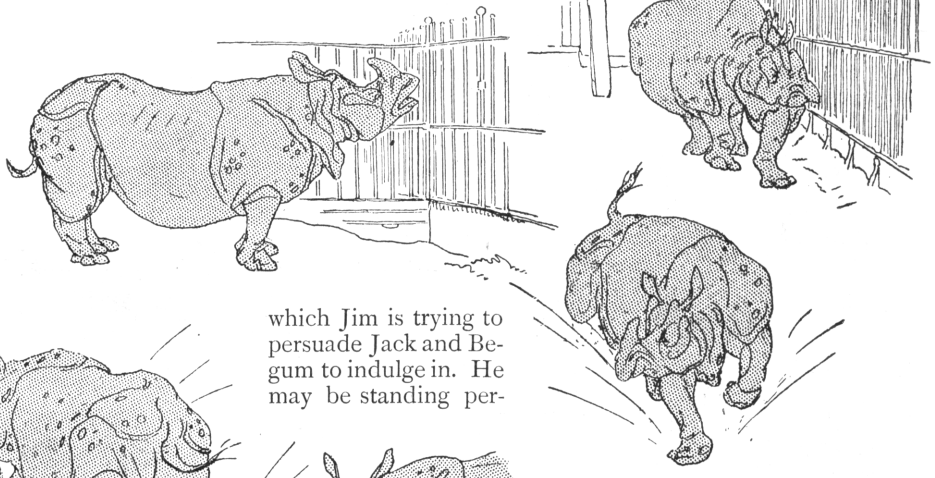
not decreasing. The feeding of the rhinoceros is a surprisingly thorough process. A few trusses of hay, a few of straw, a few of tares, a few biscuits and so on lie along one side of his sanctum. The biscuits go first, and then, beginning at one end of the hay, he eats his way through till he arrives at the straw, and through that to the tares. When these have all disappeared, he will proceed steadily to devour any broom, shovel, or bucket which may have been left in the place, and so eat his way through the furniture till his residence is absolutely bare. Then, after a careful inspection to assure himself of the surrounding emptiness, he will roll up to the bars and there stand with open mouth to receive whatsoever the visitors may choose to cast therein. Much investigation and many hours of careful thought I have devoted to an attempt to ascertain why he doesn't proceed to consume the house itself; but it remains a curious mystery. Possibly it may be because of a tacit understanding with Iles, the keeper, that in consideration of the reversion of all old brooms and stable utensils, the building shall remain uneaten. Tom, in particular, regards as an especial joy the privilege of browsing on a discarded broom.



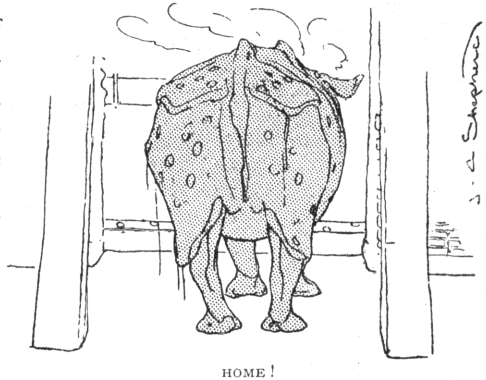


Jim, who has been here twenty-nine years, is a taciturn rhinoceros, who nevertheless likes company. Jack and Begum, the pair of smaller, hairy-eared rhinoceroses, are Jim's next-door neighbours. When Jim and his neighbours are out in their respective paddocks, Jim takes no notice of the others. But if only he be left in his paddock while Jack and Begum are within, he immediately yearns for company; goes, in fact, to the dividing railing and shouts for it aloud. This shout seems to be part of a game of "I-spy-I,"



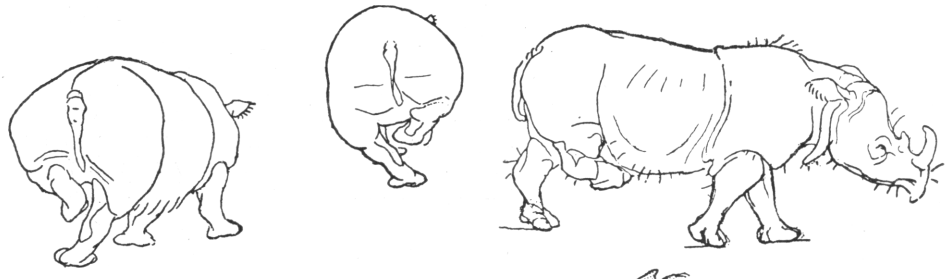


which Jim is trying to persuade Jack and Begum to indulge in. He may be standing perfectly quiet near his door when the impulse comes upon him. Then he trots out, shouts at the railing, runs furiously all round his paddock (with a noise as of a trotting troop of cavalry with loose accoutrements), and finally bounces "home" in triumph, and waits there for Jack and Begum to appear—defeated. If they do not come—usually they do not because the door is shut—he repeats his shout and run; if they happen to be let out, Jim promptly loses all interest in them. He yearns but for the absent.



HOME!

Jack and Begum are an extremely affable pair, most excellent and intimate friends of mine. You may go fearlessly and pat Begum—although she



would prefer being fed. You may also pat Jack if he be near enough to the bars. If not, you may shut your eyes and pat a brick wall—it is just the same thing, if only you select a sufficiently rough wall. I am sorry to have to report, as a result of careful observation, my conviction that Begum tyrannizes over her husband. They run a sort of circus, wherein Jack does the whole performance, while Begum personally surrounds the entire receipts. For some cause of which I am ignorant, Jack always walks with a quaintly high-stepping action of the hind legs. It was this, I am certain, that first suggested the circus to the financial genius of Begum. Jack solemnly goes through his high-stepping march round, by way of opening procession. He presents himself to various points of view, so as to give the spectators full measure for their contributions. Then he flounders into the water and gloomily clowns for the amusement of the vulgar. He goes through a series of rhinoceros trick-wading feats, finishing up by splashing over on his back, and spilling most of the pond. That is the performance. It isn't a very great one, but it draws contributions of biscuits and buns, which Begum eats as fast as they accrue. As soon as the business is over, Jack rolls lugubriously into a corner and sits down to weep drips from the pond, with an expression of dismal recognition of the hollowness and mockery of all this glittering theatricality and sham

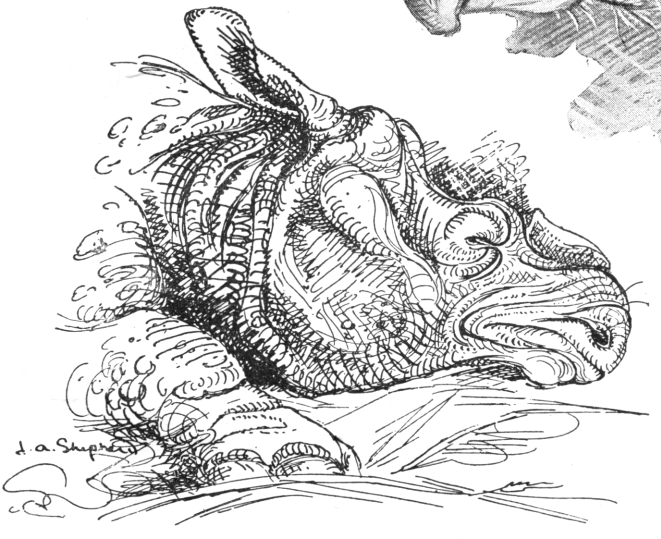
THE ARTIST.

THE PAY-BOX.

J. A. Shepherd

gaiety. But Begum still goes round with the mouth. Jack never comes to the rails for a share, feeling too deeply the vanity of mere earthly buns; also having long ago been convinced that it is his business to earn while the missis eats them. Jack and Begum have opposite opinions in the matter of Monday. Monday is the sixpenny day, and Jack has to clown his hardest; while Begum collects a vast toll. Sometimes

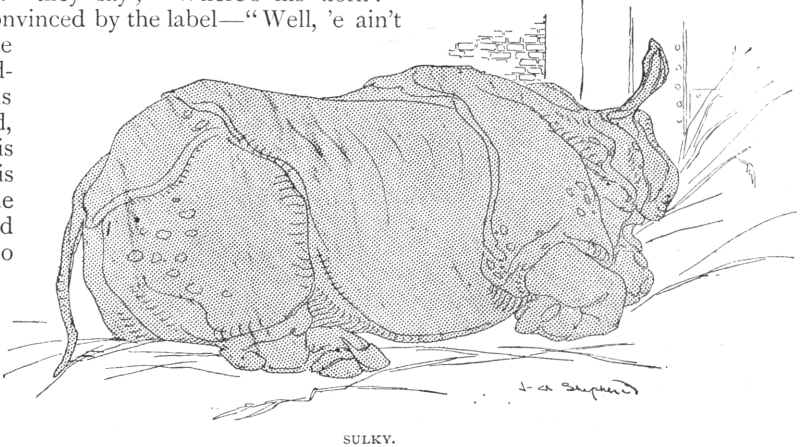
TO-MORROW WILL BE MONDAY!



HORNLESS.

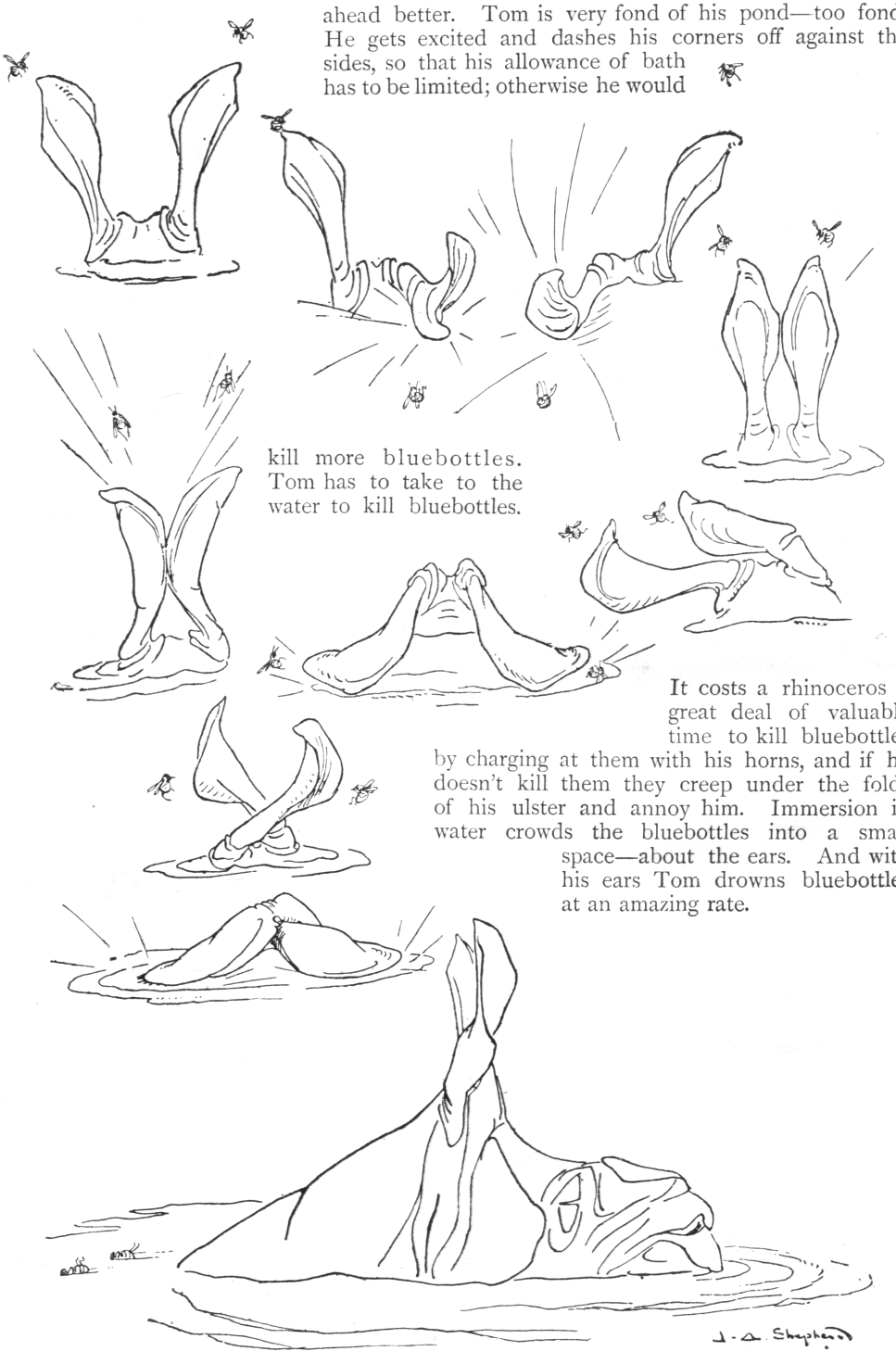
a bun has been thrown directly under Jack's muzzle, while Begum has been busy at the farther end of the paddock. Then Jack has gazed for a moment reproachfully at the thrower, as who would say: "My friend, you should know better than thus to cast temptation before a weak and erring rhinoceros"; then at the bun, as who would add: "Ah, a bun—a worldly bun. All buns is vanities. Nevertheless, lest peradventure some weaker vessel be tempted—perhaps even the missis—if I leave it there, I will proceed to surround it with what grace I may"; which he does.

Tom, at the further end, is an excitable sort of rhinoceros. His fidgetiness has resulted in the almost complete rubbing away of his horn. This circumstance lays Tom open to a deal of slighting criticism from unzoological visitors. "'*E* ain't a rhinoceros!" they say; "Where's his horn?" And then, when convinced by the label—"Well, 'e ain't got a fine 'orn like the other"—alluding to Jim. This annoys Tom, and, as trampling his enemies out flat is an impossibility, he turns about and sulks. He is no bad fellow though, on the whole, and it is just possible that he has rubbed down his horn to see



SULKY.

ahead better. Tom is very fond of his pond—too fond. He gets excited and dashes his corners off against the sides, so that his allowance of bath has to be limited; otherwise he would



kill more bluebottles. Tom has to take to the water to kill bluebottles.

It costs a rhinoceros a great deal of valuable time to kill bluebottles by charging at them with his horns, and if he doesn't kill them they creep under the folds of his ulster and annoy him. Immersion in water crowds the bluebottles into a small space—about the ears. And with his ears Tom drowns bluebottles at an amazing rate.

J. A. Shepherd

A Career for a Kiss.

"TRAMP, tramp, tramp," and a heavy pair of boots come down the stone steps of the officers' quarters at Silverbridge. A kick at the door rouses Captain Kay from the perusal of a writ just served.

"I say, Lulu, are you going to the ball to-night?"

"Come in, come in; don't stand shouting outside. Look at my new *portière*."

A couple of Clumber spaniels herald Leigh, the youngest subaltern of the ——th Foot.

He looks cautiously round the door, and laughs lustily at the decoration of writs and summonses with which Lulu has just panelled his door.

"I say, Lu, you do have good ideas. That's the most sportin' decoration I've seen for a long time."

"It's all very well, Leigh, to laugh at it. You're a rich fellow, you've got rich relations to fall back upon; but I'm deuced hard pressed. If I don't find some sop for my creditors I shall have to cut the service. I'm awfully down on my luck about it."

"What about the ball to-night? I'm going to drive over some time after ten—if you like, I'll give you a lift."

"Well, I don't feel much like dancing."

"You'll feel all right when you get there."

"Very well, I'll be ready at ten sharp."

"Miss Betty Dormer is in form to-night. She looks splendid. I've never known a girl that changes so much. I met her last night and she looked positively ugly."

"What! the girl in yellow? Curious looking: I shouldn't call her ugly by any means—looks elegant—pretty stiff."

"Stiff. No, I can't say that. She's got plenty to say for herself: I call her very amusing, and she dances"—here the young fellow raised his voice and eyes to add meaning to his words—"like an angel."

"Halloa, Leigh!"

"Nonsense, halloa! nothing of the sort. Come on upstairs: I'll introduce you. I warn you, though, you won't care much about her."

"And why not?"

"She's not your sort. She'll talk and she'll laugh and she'll dance, that's all."

"And why won't I care about her, if she does all that?"

"My good fellow, we all know you"; and taking his friend confidentially by the arm he said, importantly: "She won't kiss you. She's a perfect iceberg; you don't believe me—try for yourself. I've known her ever since she's been out. Ask anybody, you'll hear the same thing—charmin'; but, I repeat, an iceberg," and Leigh shrugged his shoulders.

Kay looked up the wide staircase once more at the pretty girl standing in the doorway of the ball-room, her simple, long, yellow gown curling gracefully round her as the movement of the valse had left it.

"STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF THE BALL-ROOM."

She had evidently been dancing quickly and left off suddenly, for she was steadying herself against a pillar, and the large yellow roses and the ribbons in the bosom of her gown betrayed her breathlessness. She was not beautiful, but there was a charm about her that was very attractive and made her conspicuous even in that throng. Lady Adelaide Skilwell's balls were always well attended, for she had all the prettiest women in the county, good music, an excellent floor, and she herself always received with genuine cordiality. She asked her friends for the pleasure it gave her to see them, and not, as is very usual, to "do them off," so that her radiance reflected upon her guests and animated them.

Kay answered sharply :—

"One does not expect every girl to be a volcano. The house is hot enough as it is."

"To please you, my dear fellow, she must, so that's all nonsense," Leigh insisted cheerily. "Come along in."

Kay stopped on the landing and meditatively drew on his gloves.

"What do you bet," he said quickly, "that I transform the iceberg into a volcano before the evening is over?"

"Wouldn't bet—can't on a certainty, it 'ud be robbin' you," Leigh answered, laughing.

"Leave that to me. Do you take my bet?"

"I lay you 300 to 1 you don't get her to kiss you."

"Done with you — that she kisses me to-night."

"Of her own free will, mind you."

"Of her own free will. You know the glass terrace that runs along the front of the house—at one o'clock you be behind the curtain that leads into the music-room. They are not using it to-night"—Leigh's shouts of laughter almost drowned the last words. "Now introduce me."

"Miss Betty Dormer, may I introduce Captain Kay to you?"

Miss Dormer inclined her head and said : "How d'you do?"

Kay looked into her eyes intently.

"May I have a dance?"

She handed him the programme of the dances. He took this as a signal of trust, and proceeded to write his name against several of the dances. He was astonished that she never even glanced at the programme, but bade him "hand it on to Mr. Leigh."

"You will forget," he remonstrated, "which you have given me if you do not look."

"Provided *you* remember, Captain Kay, I need not."

"So the first round has missed," thought Lulu, as he moved away to make room for some other men who were waiting to talk to her. He went some distance away and took stock of his victim.

The first bars of "Toujours ou jamais" rang out; she looked cool and self-possessed with the usual busy ball-room traffic all around her: the men running about eagerly looking for their partners, consulting their programmes, so anxious not to mistake a plain for a pretty woman, a heavy for a light dancer; of conversation there is hardly any question. He returned to her and whisked her away; she greeted him with an amused smile.

"Isn't it ugly?" she said. "It looks like Paddington Station on a summer Saturday afternoon."

"Yes, only the guards are wanting to show you to your carriage."

"All the pretty girls first-class, the amusing second, the heavy third!" She laughed at her own witticism. "I should get into the guard's van, I do so dislike crowds."

"I shall be the guard, then."

Whereupon Captain Kay stopped dancing, and without more ado led her to a corridor, where comfortable arm-chairs and divans temptingly invited one to chat and rest, and great pyramids of ice hidden among flowers cooled the somewhat overheated atmosphere of the house. Drawing out an easy chair he put her into it. "There, that's better; here we will sit and let them dance. We will amuse ourselves."

"*You* will amuse *me*. I shall take a holiday. You look as though you could talk. I shall listen."

"I can't be amusing to you."

"Have you brought me down here to be rude to me? If so, we'll go back."

"Heaven forbid; you will stop here. I will have my way; you are comfortable and it is very nice. There will be a rush for this place in a moment, so let us enjoy the quiet."

"Does that mean that we are to sit here without talking? I can't do that for long. I am a terrible talker."

With an effort Kay pulled himself together. She interested him so that he forgot the stakes, and it was already past eleven o'clock.

"It means that I have found you, and shall not risk losing you again just yet; you must stay here."

"HERE WE WILL SIT AND LET THEM DANCE."

"Oh! Oh! How about this?" She pointed to her card.

"I'll make that all right. My name is down for the next four dances. See—there and there."

"You did not do that, did you?" Her eyes gleamed with pleasure.

"And I shall go on filling it up—so there's an end to doubt and no escape."

Miss Dormer laughed and rose quickly, so did Kay, and taking her hand pressed her again into her seat. For a moment she resented his tyranny: an angry flush rose to her face. However, an appealing look from Kay seemed to settle the matter, and with a little sigh she subsided again into the cushions. He took a few steps towards a window and stood there, wondering what should be his next move. So far, so good; but now, what was to come next? And time was flying. Turning suddenly he met her eye resting on him with a quaint, troubled expression, and his conscience smote him. For half a second the man's chivalry struggled with his lower nature. The latter triumphed, for he was hard pressed for money—he must either have money or must cut the service—his career depended on the next hour.

"I can't understand," he continued, truthfully, "what I feel about you. You have fascinated me completely." He seized her hand violently. "You little witch, how have you done it?"

"What nonsense are you talking? This is not my first ball."

For all that she was sipping the honey of his words. He saw her weakness, and profited therefrom.

"You are wrong, you simple little woman; this is no nonsense. I have read of such things as love at first sight—sudden and fervent."

She looked doubtful.

"Little sceptic! Yes, I have; poets sing of it, novelists are full of it."

"Novelists never draw from life."

"Now don't laugh at me, you hurt me. I am no man of the world who can talk platitudes with my heart so full. Your frown can't stop me; you see how it is with me."

A tall, thin young man here interrupted their conversation, and carried Betty off; she rose slowly, much disinclined to acknowledge his claim. As she walked leisurely along the passage on her partner's arm, she glanced back with a little regretful grimace that bewitched Kay, who followed them, and a low "Curse the fellow!" escaped him.

He went into the deserted refreshment-room and tossed down a brandy-and-soda, and another, and another. It sickened him that there was only three-quarters of an hour left him, the balance was distinctly uneven. If only the brandies-and-sodas would drown his very small remnant of conscience! Ah! at last here she was.

"Why have you been so long with that idiot? I do believe you were going to prolong my agony and were going in to supper with him."

She nodded assent.

"Don't be fretful," she said, smiling, "you shall have your reward."

Willingly he mistook her meaning.

"Then come with me." Leaving the

"A TALL, THIN YOUNG MAN HERE INTERRUPTED THEIR CONVERSATION."

and here was she wasting precious moments dancing with another. What had he achieved? Nothing. She had charmed him, but that was mere feeble sentiment. His work was cut out for him, and he was determined to go through with it. Idiots called her cold, soulless. Dear little thing, with her winning manner and lovely eyes and gleaming white teeth, and, to crown all, with such a smile! He swore to himself that he was a funny sort of chap and, therefore, didn't like the job; but what, after all, was a kiss to her? — and £300 would save him from ruin — a kiss and a career— crowd to struggle down to supper, they went through the hall and the boudoir to the glass-covered terrace that ran along the front of the house, where the many Chinese lanterns flickered only dimly, making the white statues peep ghost-like from among the palms and flowers. Here Captain Kay seated her on a marble seat and watched her try, by re-adopting her original indifference, to hide her timidity.

"And now, Miss Dormer, for my reward."

Her changed manner annoyed him, for he calculated that at this rate it would take more than fifteen minutes to reach the climax,

and by that time Leigh would be triumphant behind the curtain.

"We could have chatted quite as well upstairs; it is cold and uncanny here. I hate statues."

"Who wants to chat, Betty? I want my reward," he urged.

"You are having it, and it's quite your own fault if it is not in a cosier place. I don't like it. Take me back."

"Not until you have fulfilled your promise."

"What? I have made no promise."

"A moment ago you spoke of my reward. You are fickle, like the rest: one moment you are human, the next moment you repent. Why do you torture me? What have I done to you that you should treat me so?"

She rose quickly, but following her he seized both her hands in his, fiercely. "I want a kiss," he murmured.

"You are mad." Her voice trembled with the struggle to free herself from his grasp.

"Why did you allow me to talk to you so if my sudden love for you hadn't awakened some feeling in you?"

The minutes were scampering towards the decisive hour. His pleading was useless; alive to the futileness of his efforts to break through her conventional manner, he grew more and more excited, and groped around wildly in his mind for some strategy, some lie to coax her with. The girl troubled him; he felt her worth and cursed his fate that she was not made of the ordinary ball-room stuff.

"Love!" she scoffed. "Two hours ago we had never met; and now—and—now"—the words choked her—"it is an insult."

A groan escaped him, and a long, weary sigh. "Have we soldiers time for long wooing? Here to-day and gone to-morrow." This sentimentality, expressed in hoarse, trembling tones, called forth a gleam of pity in her lovely eyes. He recognised the effect of his words, and a footstep in the empty room adjoining roused him into action. At last he collected his wits and had his plausible lie. Glibly, in low, gasping sentences, he spoke to her:—

"HE SEIZED BOTH HER HANDS IN HIS."

"I am under sailing orders. I leave to-morrow for Burmah." She muttered something inaudible. "I may be ordered to the front, and if I were not, the climate is as bad an enemy as the Dacoits. I love you, I tell you I love you. I am a poor man. A soldier's pittance is all I have, but I love you, and the thought of you will help me to live as a man should live to be worthy of such a woman as you are. Betty, listen to me. I ask so little—a kiss—a token that I may come back when I have my majority and ask you to take pity on me. Have I no chance of winning your love? Say yes; give me a glimmer of hope—be charitable; yes, I know you are proud, reserved, a perfect mind and a perfect soul—that makes me love you more a thousand times. What can it harm you to kiss me and say 'God bless you'? Once out there and my life is not worth an hour's purchase."

"Hush! if anyone were to see you here holding my hands. Let us go back. Collect yourself. You will regret all your words. You are impetuous, fanciful—hush! I hear footsteps."

Instinctively, Kay felt that five minutes was all he had. Desperately, and in sober earnest, he flung her hands away so that she staggered against the bench. "You have no heart—you are cold! they are right to say you are made of ice. Because I have not waited a fortnight and run after you before all the world, you tell me my love for you is an insult. I love you, I say, and, because your friends don't see me courting you, you refuse to listen. I beg you for a dying service, perhaps, and you answer that you hear footsteps, that someone might see us—and you call yourself a woman!"

She was moved—the ice had melted: and the haughty Miss Dormer's eyes glowed with an unusual light, a radiance that betrayed that her good woman's heart was touched—that his tempestuous pleading had awakened a "something" that impelled her to obey his lover's request, and threw her pretty arms around him.

Her lips met his in a long, passionate kiss! He held her close to him until, with a sobbing, shuddering sigh, she disengaged herself.

The rustle of her heavy silk skirts on the tessellated floor, as she moved somewhat wearily along the terrace in front of him, worried his nerves, and set his teeth on edge.

The clock in the hall pealed out shrilly the quarters—one—two—three—four—and then a triumphant shrieking—*One!* And Captain Kay was saved.

Mr. Leigh, being young, had not been through sufficient ball-room campaigns to have learnt how much champagne he could take in one evening without getting to that happy borderland between waking and dreaming which he very technically called being "sideways on." After his sixth supper he became garrulous, and a brother officer put him gently into his trap and drove him home.

"I say, old chappie—I must drink to drown my shrorrow—frigh'fully down on my luck—jush losh a clear £300 to that devil Kay. Careless chap, Kay." And out meandered the whole story of the bet, with a detailed and graphic account of what Leigh had heard whilst waiting behind the curtained door that led into the glass-covered terrace.

This unfortunate youth awoke next morning, quite unconscious of the effect his story had produced in the smoking-room on the previous night, where he had found two or three fellows still smoking on his return, and had, at his friend Chichester's request, repeated everything, with full particulars as to name and place.

That same morning a sharp ring at the bell hurried Captain Kay's servant to a cab that was drawn up at the door, and a lady in a thick lace veil beckoned him to approach.

"Has Captain Kay left already?" she asked, in a low, unsteady voice.

"Captain Kay, ma'am? He's on duty this morning."

"Then what time is he going?"

"Not going away at all, that I am aware. I've got no horders to pack his traps."

"But he's under sailing orders to leave England."

"Oh, no, my lady; the first battalion 'as honly just come home."

"Are you very certain?"

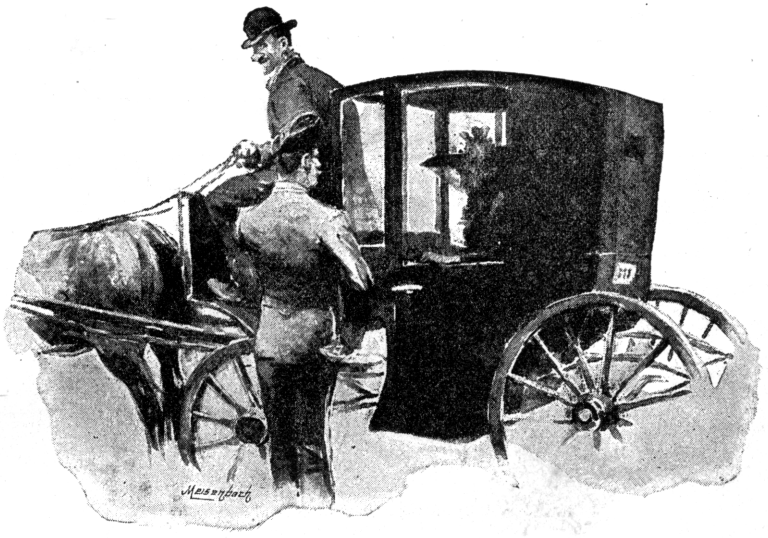
"Indeed and I ham, my lady. We came from Burmah three months ago."

"Will you tell the cabman to drive back?" the lady said, and her voice was unimpassioned and very feeble.

"Shall I tell the Captain your name, my lady?"

She hesitated a moment, but decided there was no necessity to do so, and when the lady dropped a coin into Private Jones's hand, he noticed that her fingers trembled violently, so much that she could hardly hold her purse. "Be quick, cabman," she said, and they drove away.

When Lulu lounged lazily, yawning, into the mess-room at luncheon also on that



"WILL YOU TELL THE CABMAN TO DRIVE BACK?"

eventful morning a sudden silence greeted his entrance, and a visible constraint fell upon the three or four men present.

"I say, Chichester, supposing you play me a game of billiards after lunch, eh?"

A silence.

Kay looked round the table, and added: "What's up with you fellows? You do look sour."

At that moment young Mr. Leigh came in, very sallow and leaden-eyed, and called to the mess waiter with a heavy tongue to bring him "the devil of a prairie oyster."

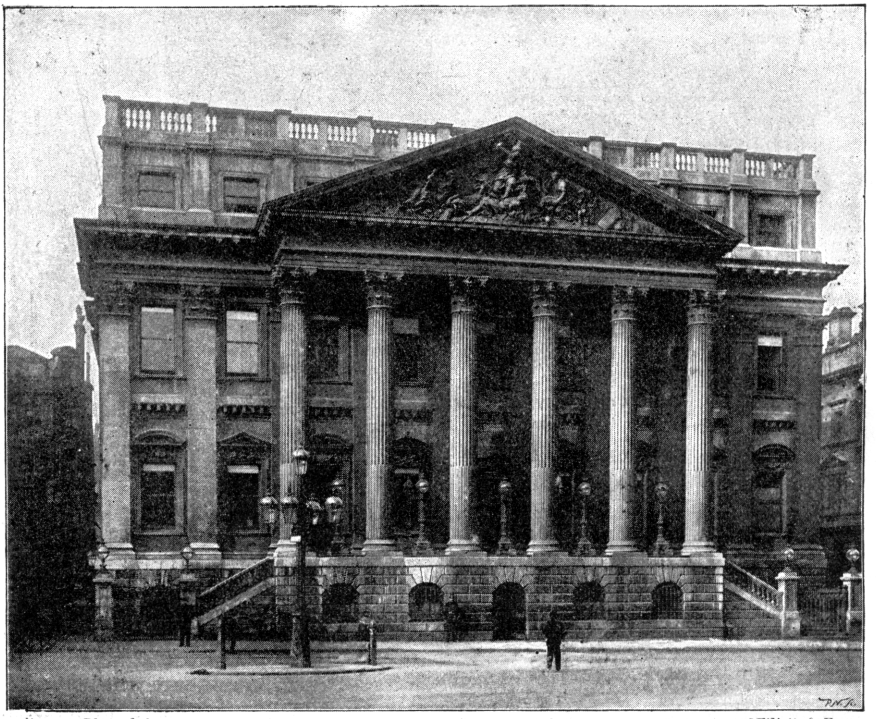
When Captain Kay saw Mr. Leigh in this condition he understood his brother officers' silence, so turning on his heel he whistled an air and left the room.

EXTRACT FROM "THE LONDON GAZETTE."

To be Captain: Lieutenant T. Chichester, vice Captain Clement Kay, who resigns his commission.

Illustrated Interviews.

XXVII.—THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



From a Photo. by] THE MANSION HOUSE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

SIR STUART KNILL, BART., Lord Mayor of London, is a busy man, and when he shook hands with me in the Long Parlour, at the Mansion House, at ten o'clock one morning, he had been up and doing some three hours previously. I had been waiting a few minutes, and was by no means the only one, so besieged is the first dignitary of the City with deputations of all sorts and descriptions. Time was evidently of value here; so, after a rapid interchange of sentences, off we start on a tour of inspection of the Mansion House and its belongings.

Certainly I am honoured by his lordship personally conducting and explaining, and just as certainly, what with listening and looking, taking mental notes, and studying the speaker, I am kept pretty busy.

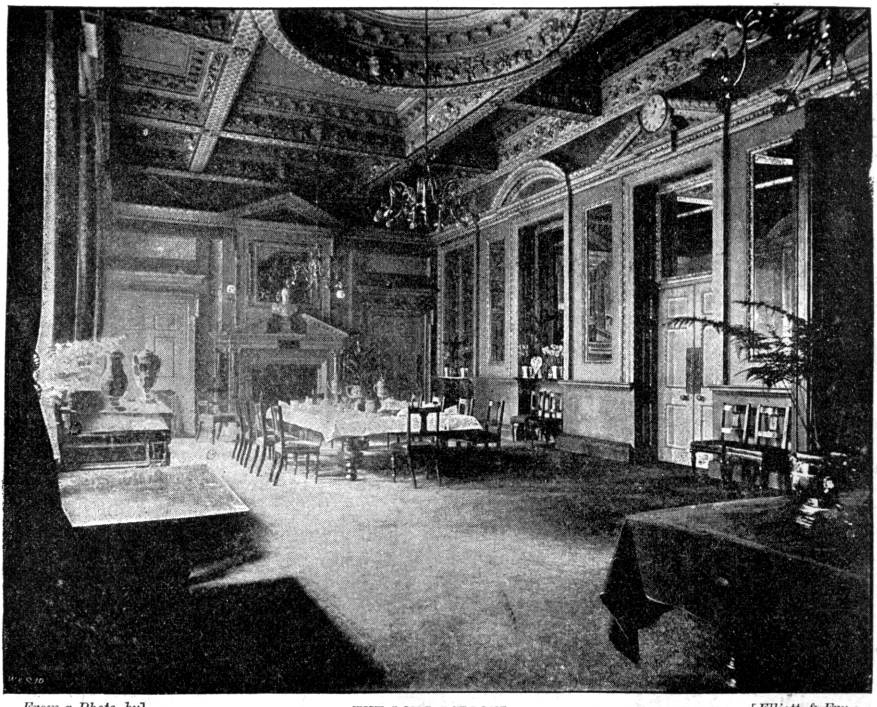
We are traversing the Vesture and Reception Halls, recalling Kings, Queens, statesmen, and Lord Mayors. A fine, lofty place, of considerable dimensions, massive and rich in detail: the walls are beautifully decorated with gold carving in relief of fruit and flowers, together with shields, sceptres, and other official insignia; the whole standing out bright and rich against walls of creamy hue.

Somehow all the halls of grandeur are overshadowed with dark obscurity. Dimness seems to be respectable, and, if it were not for the aid of artificial light, it would much resemble "sitting among the tombs."

I am bewailing the darkness when, at a word from his lordship, an attentive servitor turns on the electric current, and brilliancy takes the place of obscurity: I am suddenly transported into a palace of light.

With a quick glance I note the handsome furniture of over-burnished gold and plush, the rich hangings and carpets, and costly crystal chandeliers; then we come to a sudden halt.

"Here is something that will interest you," said his lordship. "This is the China Cup given by the Volunteers in China; it was shot for

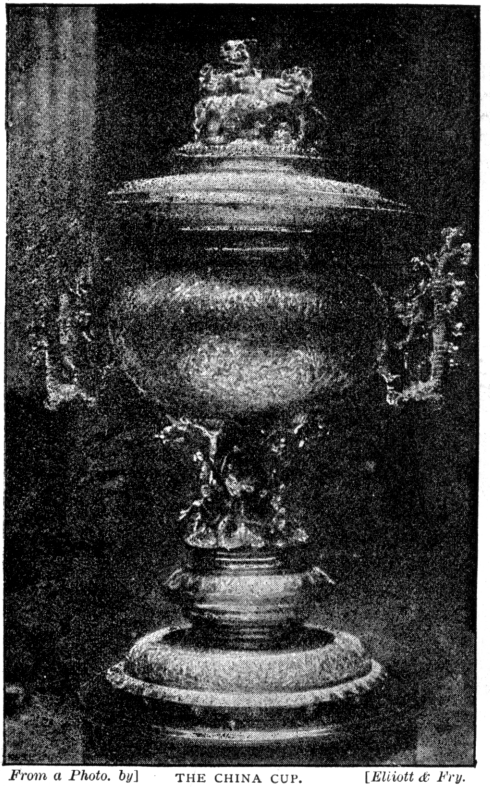


From a Photo. by] THE LONG PARLOUR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

and won by the London team, and by them deposited in my care for the year."

Very handsome this cup is, also very costly, for it is of massive silver, beautifully embossed, and surmounted with Chinese dragons.

From a Photo. by] THE RECEPTION HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] THE CHINA CUP. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Worth photographing, was my thought; accordingly, you are able to form some idea of its proportions and make. Just over this hangs a beautiful piece of tapestry, representing Queen Elizabeth opening the first Exchange, and opposite is another piece showing the visit of Queen Victoria to the Mansion House in the Jubilee year.

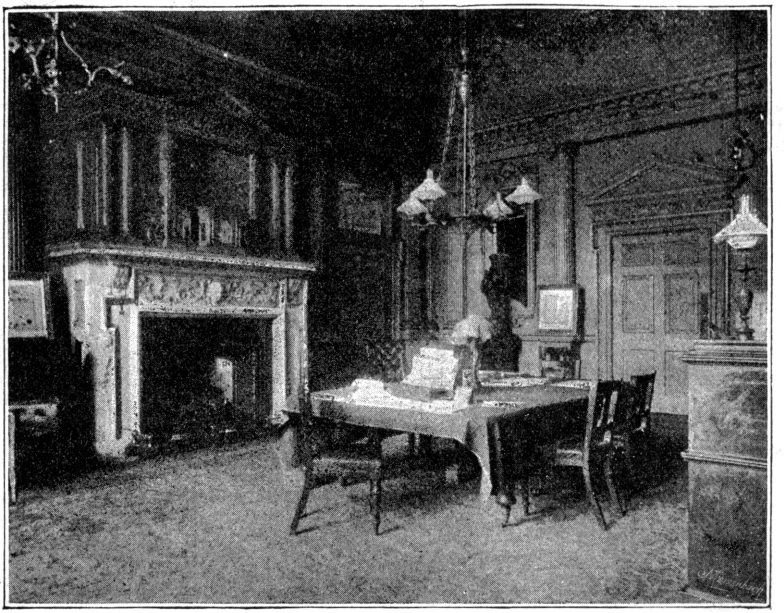
"These," said my courteous guide, "were the last pieces made at the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works, under the direction of the Duke of Albany."

Wondrously good these tapestries are; and it does seem a pity this sort of work is almost obsolete. The piece depicting Her Majesty visiting this place shows such perfect likenesses of each of the group, that at a little distance one might easily mistake it for a work in oils. A few busts are noticeable here: Queen Victoria and the lamented Prince Consort, King George IV., and the Marquis of Salisbury, the latter presented by the Corporation in 1888.

In this hall, I was informed, the Lord Mayor receives his guests on great occasions; it reaches right away to the Egyptian Hall; but before proceeding to investigate that place, I am shown two or three rooms of interest near to hand. Entering one on the right, we are curiously gazed upon by some workmen who are busily engaged at the far end.

"My business room," said the Lord Mayor, "but I am turned out just now, while these men are putting in a new window."

This room is called the Venetian Parlour. It is plainly but substantially furnished: containing, amongst other things, a number of framed testimonials and congratulations, presented to his lordship on his election, by different companies and societies. Evidently, here is a man liked and respected by all who have had dealings with him. I make no attempt here to discuss the reasons brought forward by a certain faction, that should cause Sir Stuart Knill to be passed over for election to civic honours. It was a sort of "storm in a teapot"; the Right Honourable went into



From a Photo. by] THE VENETIAN PARLOUR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] MASTER STUART KNILL. *[H. Wayland, Blackheath.*

office with a big majority, and the City has a chief of upright fearlessness of character, and of unswerving integrity in all his actions, as well as a right benevolent gentleman, a free-handed entertainer, and supporter of all the ancient dignities of office.

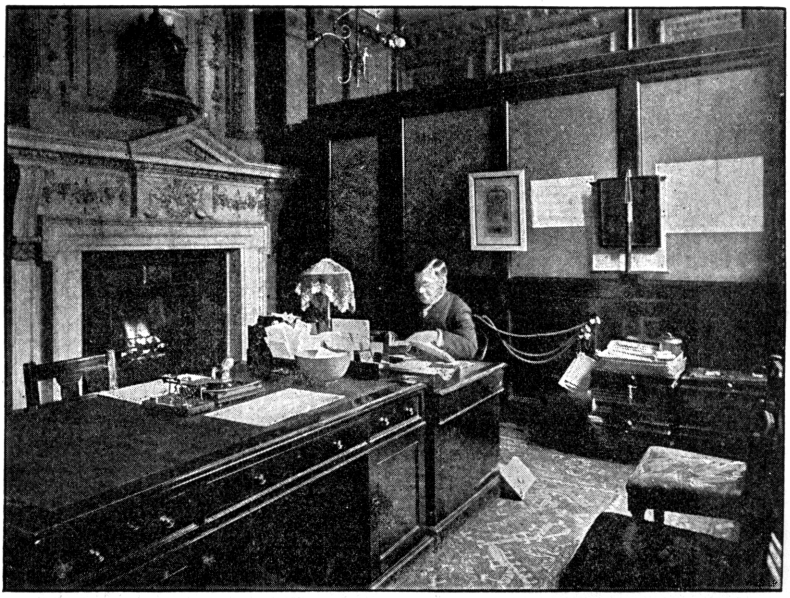
Still later, an accusation of want of loyalty has been brought. Now, I have had more than one opportunity of conversing with Lord Mayor Knill and his family, and I venture to say no more loyal man than he holds office in this country, and no one who would more readily serve his Queen in any emergency. With each member of the family the warmest fealty to the throne is manifest, expressed in no empty words, but evidently the language of the heart.

There is one thing in this room I must not overlook, because it is held to be of very great importance in the Mansion House family: it is a large framed portrait of the only grandson, Master Stuart Knill. Not only is he a name-sake, but actually his birthday is of corresponding date to that of his grandfather, and having arrived at the dignity of seven years, he has had his likeness taken for "a birthday present to his dear grandpa."

Mrs. John Knill comes in at this juncture, and after an introduction tells me all about her boy, with all a mother's pride in the bonnie face and winsome ways of the child whose life many a time had been despaired of, but who was now as healthy and hearty as one could wish. They all thought it would be capital to have him portrayed in his grandfather's robe, cocked hat, etc.; the boy was as proud as possible. Accordingly, Mr. H. Wayland, of Blackheath, took him with happy effect, and here you have the reproduction.

Perhaps some day Stuart, junr., will wear the civic insignia in reality; let us hope that he will wear it as worthily as his grandfather.

Here we stand talking a few minutes, then proceed together to the secretary's room, or the "Hive" as Mr. Soulsby calls it. This gentleman, I must tell you, is a fixture, and seems quite as much a part of the Mansion House as is the Corporation plate. It's a case of "Lord Mayors may come, Lord Mayors may go, but *I* stay on for ever." And well it is that such *is* the case, for the business of this place is like a complicated piece of mechanism, requiring practice as well as tact to keep it going. Perfect piles of correspondence cover the centre table: curious, too, some of it! If ever a man was beset with office and situation hunters, and inundated with begging letters — to say nothing of requests, both strange and amusing — it is the Lord Mayor of London. The great army of the unemployed of every grade, from a bank manager down to a messenger, from a director to a caretaker, each and every one thinks his lordship can find him a situation, and put him in it. It would, indeed, be an undertaking and a responsi-



From a Photo. by] THE SECRETARY'S ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

bility for any man, especially as he knows nothing of their characters. And the begging letters! They are sufficiently numerous to quickly make a rich man a poor one, if the writers were helped as they desire. The compulsory refusal is evidently *not* one of the sweets of office to a man as kind-hearted as Sir Stuart Knill. That he *does* give, and gives largely, regardless of creed or any other matter, I know for a fact; but wherever it is possible the gift is bestowed quietly.

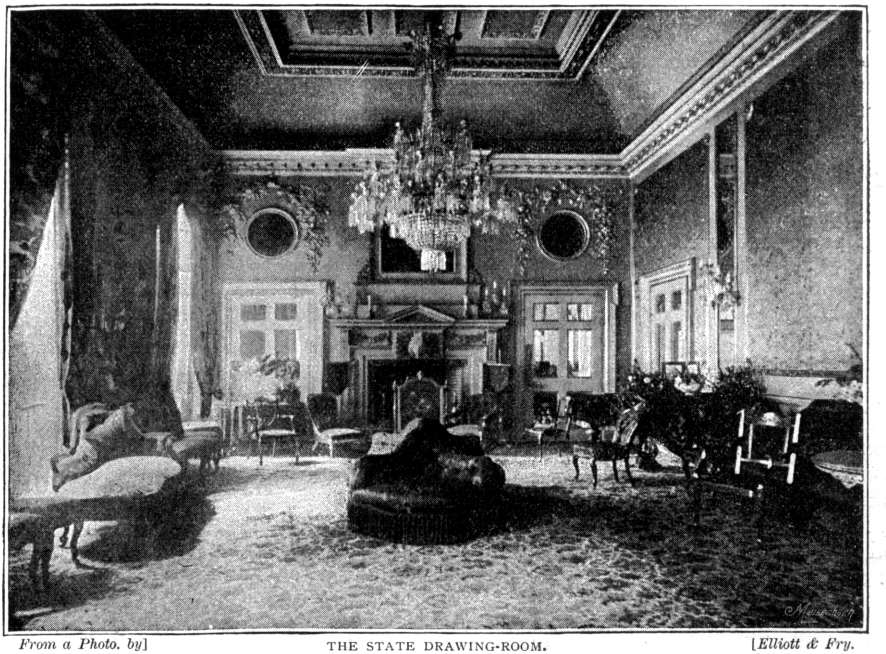
Now we turn to the letters, which contain some very peculiar and amusing requests. What would you think of turning the Mansion House into a matrimonial agency, with the Lord Mayor as managing director? Sounds queer, does it not? Yet one young settler out in Canada, tired of single blessedness and sighing for the married state, actually hit upon London's Lord Mayor as a suitable person to help him to a wife. Needless to say, the "agency" was not accepted.

Then, again, a Continental tradesman has an idea of turning the place into a market, with his lordship as chief salesman; for he sends over a large case of goods, asking that they may be sold on his behalf!

Another petition, of a different sort, met with more favourable consideration: it was that of a boy who had gone from an industrial school out to Montreal. He had left behind him three brothers, to whom he had since written, but his letters had been returned with "gone away" on the envelopes. The lad's letter was given into the hands of the City Commissioner, and after some considerable trouble all three were found living in different parts of London, and placed in communication with the brother in foreign lands. This is only one of frequent cases where the Mansion House aid is besought for the finding of lost friends, happy results often following.

Mr. Soulsby is depicted here, as you may find him at any time, deep in his duties; and when one thinks of the numerous dinners, balls, receptions, deputations, funds, and the other hundred and one matters that he has to attend to, I make up my mind that the office he has so successfully filled for upwards of eighteen years is no sinecure. Mr. Soulsby it was who called my attention to the very beautiful marble chimney-piece in this room. It is of pure Sicilian marble, exquisitely sculptured in fruit and flowers, the top supports being Corinthian columns, the lower having continuation of Corinthian character; while running around the fireplace is an exquisitively carved frieze.

As we emerge into the corridor, the entrance to the Justice Room faces us: but, as the Lord Mayor sits there later on, we leave that for the present, and proceed to the State Drawing Rooms. These two rooms are spanned mid-way with a lofty arch. Several doors in them communicate with other rooms, and each one being panelled in plate glass adds greatly to the grand effect. The prevailing tints of ceiling and walls are cream and gold, the latter being silk panelled. Here, as in the majority of the Mansion House rooms, gold carving of fruit and flowers in relief is a special feature. The marble chimney-pieces are very fine, as are also the crystal chandeliers and numerous candelabra. In one room the furniture is of walnut, upholstered with grey silk; in the



From a Photo. by] THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

other the frames are over-burnished, with upholstery of gold silk.

"Here," explained his lordship, "the Lady Mayoress holds her receptions, which are generally very largely attended. The rooms are, of course, also open on all occasions when guests are here."

I remember then that the receptions are musical, and glance over at the fine "grand" in the corner, with three or four music-stands in its neighbourhood. Subsequently I had the pleasure of attending one of these receptions. Very enjoyable it was too, but would have been much more so if a part of the four hundred odd people who came had but left a little sooner; but, no, there they stayed; while cups of tea went briskly round, music never flagged, conversation was general, and we all got wedged into groups or corners; felt generally warm and uncomfortable; but smiled at each other as though we had reached the highest state of blissful existence.

To return, however. There is to be a banquet to-night, and cut flowers and plants are being placed here and there, brightening up the rooms that, though grand and stately, yet are stiff and formal.

We now pass out by the doorway at the upper end of the drawing-rooms; this bringing us to the top of the Grand Reception Hall. Here we pause, and looking down, note the massive supporting columns, and the stately proportions of the whole—seen here to the greatest advantage.

It is natural to think and speak here of the stately ceremonies, and of the illustrious visitors, long since faded into the shadows of the past, and to recall times when the Lord Mayors of London held an office of a somewhat different nature to what they do now.

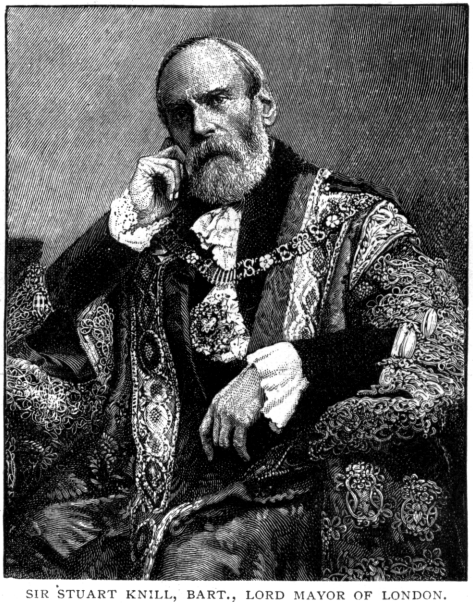
For instance: he is in no danger of Her Majesty sending him to prison because he has not squeezed enough money out of the citizens to satisfy her demands; his predecessors of ancient times were! Then, again, he is suitably and handsomely lodged, whereas aforetimes he had to borrow a company's hall, hire a house, or put up with what he had got; the latter, of course, being generally much too small for the duties of his position.

In 1739 the City thought the time had arrived for an official residence, and the foundation stone was laid by Lord Mayor Perry, the opening taking place amid much rejoicing on the part of the citizens in 1753. It is built of Portland stone, its exterior doubtless being familiar to most of my readers. I may here say that the bills for house and furniture amounted to £70,985 13s. 2d.; the plate costing £11,531 16s. 3d. It is now of much greater value, as each Lord Mayor adds about £500 worth.

The first Mayor was elected by Richard I. in 1189, but the prefix of Lord, with style of

Right Honourable, was not granted until 1354, by Edward III.

There is a sort of magnet about the words "Mansion House," and, generally speaking, a vast amount of respect for the occupants who come and go year by year. The fact of it is, in the elevation and dignity of the Lord Mayor, City men behold theirs, for he is one of them. So, despite of much talking of doing away with the annual show, we still steadily vote ourselves a holiday; don all our best attire; and, emptying our warehouses and shop windows of their usual adornments, we fill them with happy families; and generally agree that it is a good old institution that ought to be kept up.



SIR STUART KNILL, BART., LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

I should imagine that it would be difficult to find a more responsible and hard-working post than that of Lord Mayor. To take but brief cognizance of the different duties for one year would be a prodigious task, so numerous and so wide is the extent. He is a Judge of the Central Criminal Court and London Sessions, presides at the Court of Aldermen, as well as at a legion of public meetings at the Mansion House and elsewhere. He receives numbers of distinguished foreign visitors, and has frequent communications with the Government as the City representative.

Should there be a change of monarchy, he must attend the Privy Council, and act as Chief Butler at the coronation. He is connected with more schools, hospitals, and societies than I can say; and any national or foreign calamity that occurs, he is the acting and willing medium for public subscriptions. He also sits daily in the Mansion House justice-room, where he tries prisoners and arbitrates in private causes, besides attending dinners, concerts, and balls innumerable.

All this makes up a sum total of engagements, that it is a wonder how any one man can go through with them.

This year, it certainly seems to be the right man in the right place. A tall, keen-eyed, grey-haired man, practical and business-like; evidently thoughtful and quietly shrewd; and, above all, evincing an innate courtesy and kindness of manner that win the respect of all.

A portrait and brief biography of the Lord Mayor was published in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for January of this year; and while penning these lines, the tidings reach me that Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer upon him a Baronetage, so I take the opportunity of asking my readers to join in hearty congratulations to Sir Stuart Knill and family.

Before passing through the large doorway, immediately near us, we proceed to note the two gigantic and finely sculptured pieces of Sardanapalus and Caractacus, by Weekes and Foley respectively; having done which,

THE LADY MAYORESS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

we enter the Egyptian Hall, a place of noble proportions, designed by Lord Burlington.

"This hall," said his lordship, "as you probably know, is used for banquets, public meetings, and the Lord Mayor's Ball. At the banquets the Lord Mayor's seat is on a daïs facing the doors; about four hundred can dine here, the tables being placed round three sides, and in rows across the centre."

From a Photo. by] THE BANQUET TABLES IN THE EGYPTIAN HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Later on, I was a privileged spectator of a banquet given in honour of M. Waddington; a brilliant spectacle it was, and right well was the dignity of our ancient City maintained by Sir Stuart Knill. On that occasion a sketch was taken of the table before the company sat down, which will give some idea of the effective tableau presented later on.

This Egyptian Hall is worth inspecting in detail, and we walk leisurely around it, noting and chatting. Two rows of lofty, detached pillars stand out on either side; from the vaulted roof hang some gay banners of former Lord Mayors, prominent being the one of the gentleman now conversing with me. At either end are immense plate-glass mirrors reflecting back the whole of the interior; above these being two magnificent stained-glass windows, one showing a street procession of Edward VI., the other a water procession of Queen Elizabeth. On either side of the room, in rear of the pillars, are some grand specimens of sculptured statuary, all wrought by illustrious men; these were purchased by the Corporation after the Exhibition of 1851, at a cost of £10,000.

Over the entrance is a horse-shoe balcony, where the privileged few may look on at the stately functions proceeding below. We could mentally recall several of unusual splendour: one, for instance, when the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was entertained in 1814. £20,000 was the sum then expended! Or, one still longer ago, when the far-famed Whittington entertained Henry V. and Queen Catherine. Whittington was a right liberal host; but the crowning point was after the banquet, when King, Queen, and Mayor stood in front of a fire made with precious woods mixed with spices. Conversation turned on money matters, the Mayor having lent the King immense sums of money wherewith to carry on the siege of Harfleur. Small wonder that the monarchs were astonished when Whittington took the bonds for such moneys

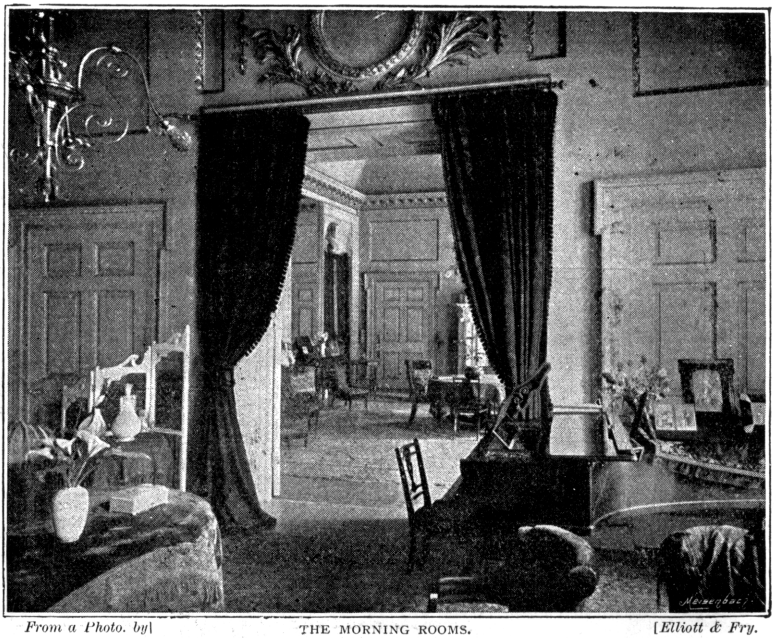
and calmly consigned them to the flames, the King giving utterance to his feelings with—

"Surely, never had King such a subject!"

To which the right loyal entertainer replied, as he bowed low with courtly gallantry:—

"Surely, sire, never had subject such a King!"

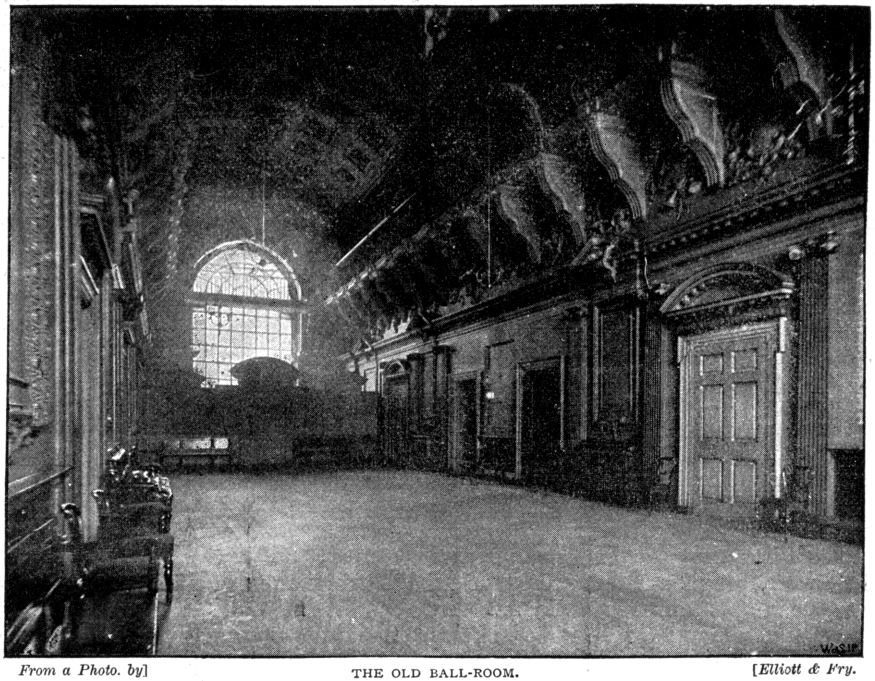
If the days of swelling the monarch's purse have gone by, the days of costly banquets are with us still; of which the annual one on the 9th of November is no mean example, the cost of that being computed at about £3,000, the Lord Mayor paying half, and the two Sheriffs a fourth each.



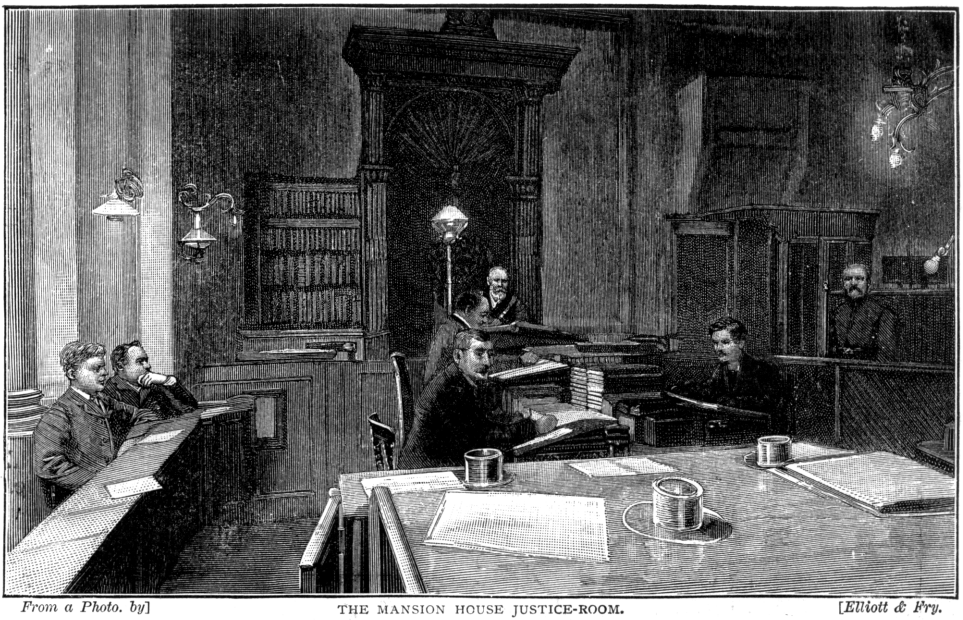
From a Photo. by] THE MORNING ROOMS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Here we leave banquet subjects and Banqueting Hall, and go up the staircase opening from the grand reception hall, and exactly opposite the one leading from the lower hall. The same beautiful designs are here continued on ceiling and wall, together with a profusion of floral decoration in windows and lobbies.

Just at the top are two morning rooms, these being furnished in walnut and gold, with hangings of rich plush, and decorated



From a Photo. by] THE OLD BALL-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*



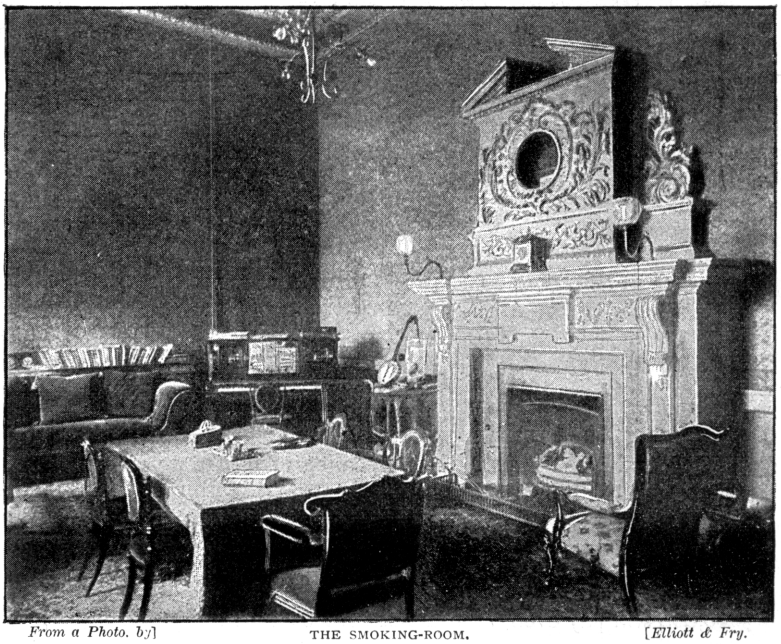
From a Photo. by] THE MANSION HOUSE JUSTICE-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

in cream and gold; the doors have plate-glass panels, the chimney-pieces are handsome and artistic, over one being a fine sculptured bust of Her Majesty the Queen. Birds in their cages are singing their sweetest, revelling in the bright sunshine streaming in at the windows. Music is scattered here and there; one of Erard's superb "grands" standing in an inviting position. Altogether, these rooms have a very attractive appearance.

Next, my Lord Mayor conducted me to the old ball-room. Here, he explained, many of the City Companies hold their "dinners," on the walls being displayed their shields and devices. The prevailing tone of the decorations are pale green, cream, and gold. A light gallery runs round the room, from which gallery open a number of bedrooms.

At one end of the room a screen reaches right across and on looking behind we find the flooring replaced with glass, this device, his lordship informed me, having been resorted to in order that more light could be introduced to the Justice Room, which is immediately below; this glass can be covered at will, thus bringing the room to its former size when requisite.

The billiard-room is contiguous to this, a pleasant room, decorated in terra-cotta, and fitted with handsome and comfortable



From a Photo. by] THE SMOKING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

appointments. Then we visit a snug smoking den, a cosy little spot where his lordship can enjoy his weed, and keep, as he tells me, the smoke smell from the downstairs rooms.

But time is passing; the hour for the Justice Room approaches; so we hasten to the boudoir of the Lady Mayoress, to whom I am now introduced. A few pleasant words are addressed to me, a promise of a chat later on, and I hurry downstairs to see the Chief Magistrate take his seat in the court. First, a likeness is taken, consent being kindly accorded; so here you see the Lord Mayor occupying the seat of Justice, Mr. Douglas, Clerk of the Court, in his accustomed position, and various other officials in theirs. I stay for one or two cases, having thus an opportunity of listening to reproof and advice from the chair, and a sample of legal argument; then I wander off to the lower regions; inspect the plate-room, with its store of costly and elaborate pieces; the kitchens, where I find huge joints roasting in rows for the coming banquet, together with a plentiful supply of all the other accessories requisite for a Mansion House dinner.

so hospitable a man as Sir Stuart Knill. It scarcely needs my assurance of the perfection of hospitality which I, as well as others, received here; all that may be taken for granted.

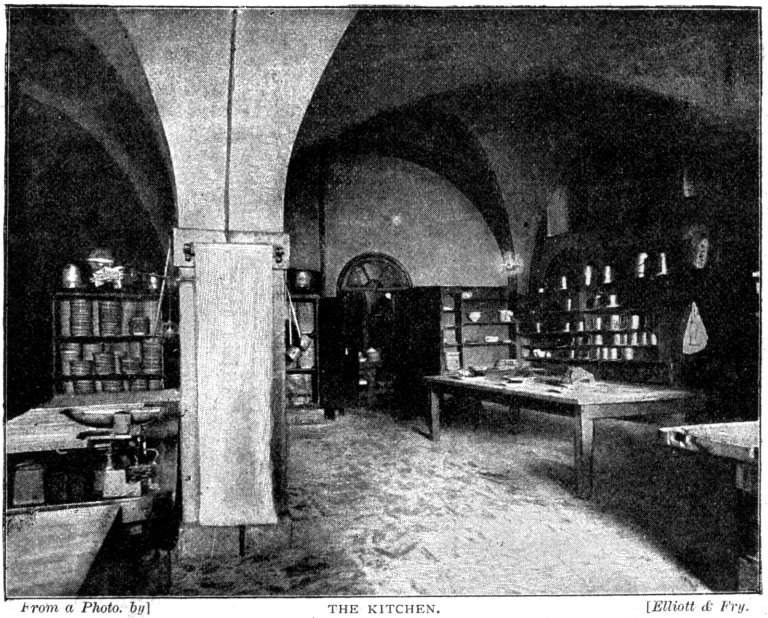
Later in the day, I had my promised interview with the Lady Mayoress; three of us—the extra one being Mrs. John Knill—settling down for a cosy talk, which proved so full of interest that the large hand of the timepiece travelled nearly twice round ere the good-bye was spoken. It was a charming room in which we sat, looking more like "home" than any room in the house.

A plentiful supply of music and books, lots of albums and framed portraits—presents of all sorts.

"People have been very kind," said the Lady Mayoress; "in fact, we have received so many things that I am wondering where we shall put them all when we leave here."

Then I found that although of necessity much time must be passed at the civic residence, yet the house at Blackheath was the favoured spot.

"Sunshine and fresh air, and a quiet country life," said my hostess, "I enjoy; and

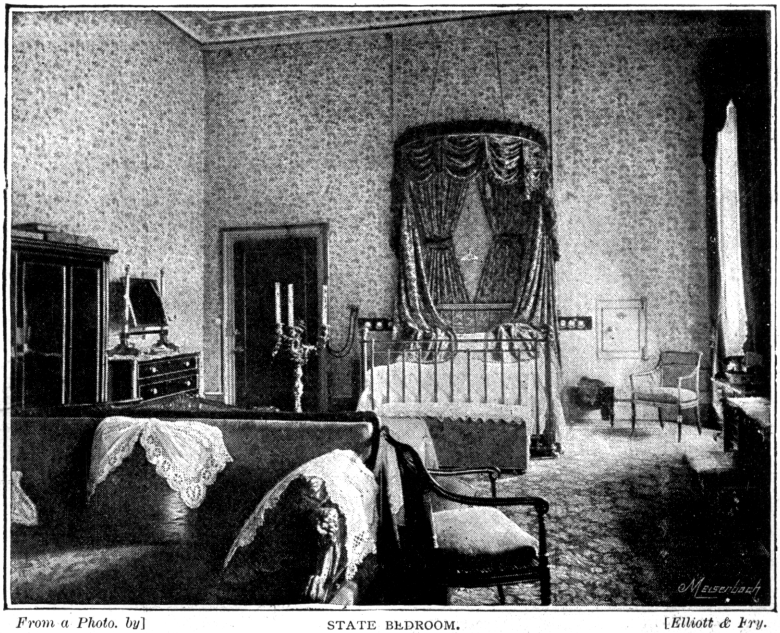


From a Photo. by] THE KITCHEN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Then, under the experienced guidance of Mr. Winny, the butler of nearly eleven years' standing, I explore the wine cellars—capacious and numerous; hear how many hundred dozen a good Lord Mayor will consume in his year, and inwardly wonder whether the salary of £10,000 will pay even half the expenses of

here we are so shut in, the rooms are dark, and yet so large that you scarcely catch a voice from the other end of one."

And so we went on to talk of the many and varied duties that devolve on the Lady Mayoress; many of them enjoyable, but the multiplicity making them very tiring.



From a Photo. by] STATE BEDROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"Very kind of the people to ask us," said her ladyship, "but—yes—it *is* somewhat wearying: the continual round of 'at homes,' receptions, balls, etc., to say nothing of the large number of charitable, scholastic, and other good works in which we must take part."

From this we drifted into the needs and sufferings of the vast legion of the London poor. How much sympathy with and how much anxiety to help was shown by these ladies I cannot describe to you; regardless of creed, they would like to help all in need; but how many applications were received for assistance it was difficult for them to say.

"How do you treat these letters?" I asked; and was told in answer that as many as possible were answered in some way, as, "If you cannot help a person, it is only right and kind to put them out of suspense." It is evidently the middle-class people who have most of the sympathy of the Mansion House mistress, though; "for," said she, "when poverty overtakes *them*, they feel it more than those who have been brought up in a harder school; besides, there is more done for the latter; the outcast can take refuge in the workhouse or shelter if no other place is open to him, while the more gently nurtured shrink from it."

Then I listened with interest to an account of a Catholic Women's Shelter in the City, and a recital of facts gathered in personal visits to the place.

Literature was the next topic, and here I found myself in contact with two minds well stored with the works of the best writers; and minds that deplored the vast amount of light and unprofitable reading indulged in by so many at the present time.

This led to a practical remark from the Lady Mayoress, which would be well for the future of Young England if acted upon. "Why is it," she said, "that our boys are not well grounded in French and German, instead of the smattering of sciences and 'ologies that is so prevalent? See how necessary it is in mercantile houses at the present time: is it any wonder that foreigners come over and secure clerkships, while hundreds of Englishmen and lads are either out of employment, or working for a mere pittance in inferior positions?"

Sound reasoning this, and, coming from the wife of a thorough business man, it is not speaking of matters she does not understand.

I should think the sound common sense of the wife in this case would be invaluable to the husband; and if one can read at all, this is just the sort of family where a bond of mutual help, as well as mutual affection, exists.

Singularly happy is the Lady Mayoress in having a daughter-in-law who can so ably fill her place or second her in her duties, as

can Mrs. John Knill. These duties have, in fact, often to devolve upon her entirely, as her ladyship—no longer young, and anything but robust—often finds rest absolutely necessary.

A photo. is taken of the boudoir and one of the State bedrooms, which Mrs. Knill points out to me. In the former I am happy in having persuaded the Lady Mayoress to sit, though, as she tells me, "she has a rooted objection to anything of the sort." And so we chatted, presently turning to the large amount of curiosity displayed by the people whenever a public appearance of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress is made, and the sometimes amusing experiences in consequence.

I had heard—and repeated it—of a countryman and his wife up to see the sights. They evidently had peculiar ideas of the Lord Mayor's functions or the use of his residence, for they were discovered gazing anxiously through the massive iron bars fixed in the lower front of the Mansion House; and when asked the reason, the old man replied that "he and his missis were up to see the soights, and so thought they might see the Lord Mayor: What toime do it begin?" evidently imagining it was either a circus or a menagerie, with the Lord Mayor as M.C. What a hearty laugh this was greeted with, and the natural kindness peeped out when Lady Knill remarked, "Poor things, if that is true, what a pity they could not come and see inside."

From a Photo. by] THE LADY MAYORESS' BOUDOIR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 3.
From a Photo. by Mayall, Regent Street.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

BORN 1858.

LORD HERBRAND ARTHUR RUSSELL, the late Duke of Bedford's only brother, succeeded to the Dukedom on the death of his brother in February last. He was born in 1858, and was educated at

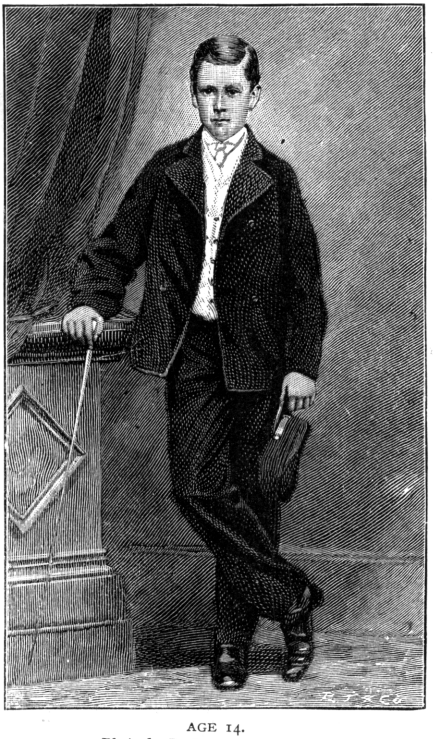
AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Heath, Regent Street.

Balliol College, Oxford. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, and served in the Egyptian Campaign in 1882, for which he received the medal and clasp. From 1884 to 1888 he served as Aide-de-Camp to the

AGE 24.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

Marquess of Dufferin, Viceroy of India. He married, in January, 1888, Mary du Caurroy, daughter of the Ven. Archdeacon Tribe, and has a son, Hastings William Sackville, born in December, 1888.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Square.

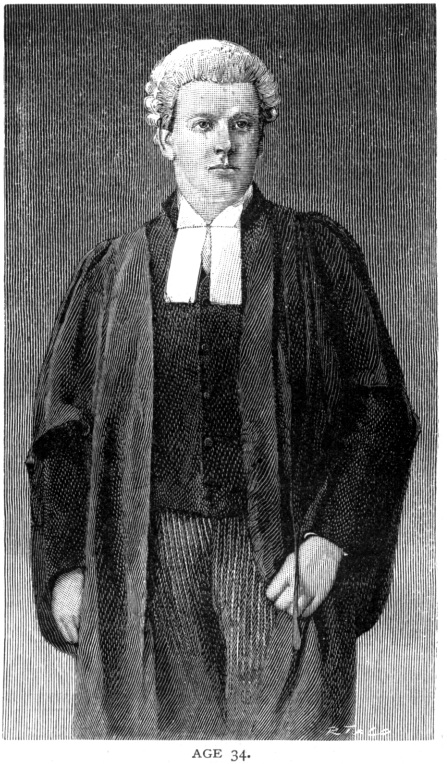


AGE 14.
From a Photo. by D. Jones, Bold Street, Liverpool.

CHARLES F. GILL.

BORN 1851.

MR. CHARLES FREDERICK GILL, whose career at the Bar has been of exceptional brilliance, was born at Dublin, and educated at the Royal School, Dungannon. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple at the age of twenty-three, and went on the South-Eastern Circuit and the Sussex Sessions. He was Junior Counsel to the Post Office at the Central Criminal Court in 1886 and 1887, Senior Counsel from 1887 to 1889; Junior Counsel to the Treasury from 1889 to 1892, Senior Counsel 1892. In March, 1890, he was appointed Recorder of Chichester.



AGE 34.
From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall East.

AGE 27.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

From a] AGE 5. *[Daguerreotype.*

MRS. HUNGERFORD.

THE well-known authoress of "Molly Bawn" is the daughter of the late Canon Hamilton, rector of St. Faughnan's Cathedral in Rosscarbery, Co. Cork. She began to write when very young, always taking the

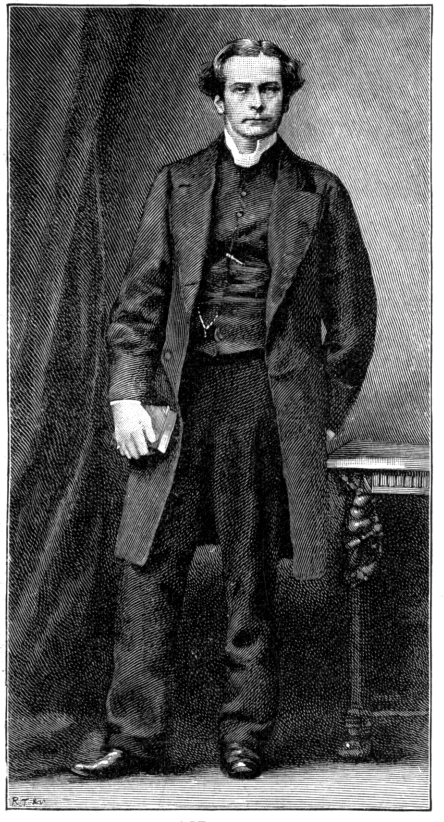
From a Photo. by] AGE 12. *[Cook, Cork.*

prize at school for composition; and her first novel, "Phyllis," written before she was nineteen, was read by Mr. James Payn, who

From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Elwell, Regent St., W.*

accepted it for Messrs. Smith and Elder. Since that time she has written between thirty and forty novels, which have found innumerable readers, among the most popular being "Molly Bawn," "Mrs. Geoffrey," "Portia," "Rossmoyne," "Undercurrents," "A Life's Remorse," "A Born Coquette," "A Conquering Heroine." Her husband, Mr. Henry Hungerford, who is also Irish, is the owner of the beautiful estate of St. Brenda's, Bandon, Co. Cork, where Mrs. Hungerford, who is the mother of six children, devotes herself to gardening and farming, as well as to the writing of her popular books.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Gay & Co., Cork.*



AGE 23.

From a Photo. by Silvy, Porchester Terrace, W.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.

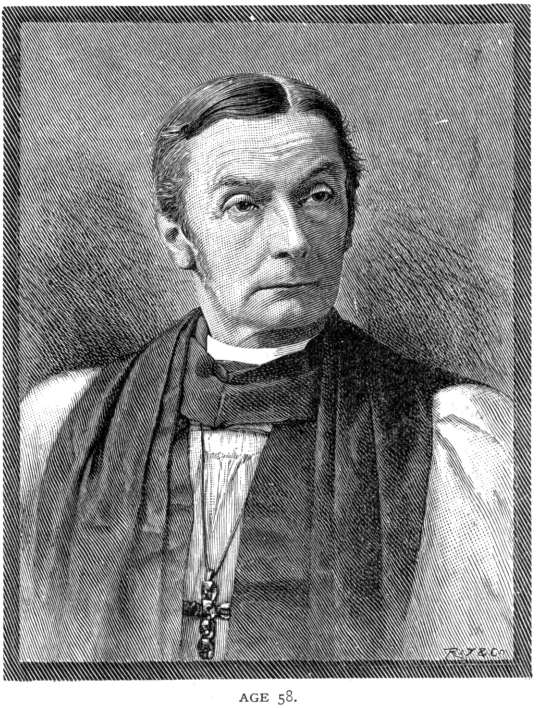
BORN 1833.

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE HOWARD WILKINSON, Bishop of St. Andrews, was educated at Oriel College, Oxford (B.A. 1855; M.A. 1859). He was curate of Kensington, 1857–59; perpetual curate of Seaham Harbour, 1859–63, and of Auckland, Durham, 1863–67. In 1867 he was appointed incumbent of St. Peter's, Great Windmill Street, London; and in 1870 he became vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. He was also an honorary canon of Truro Cathedral, and examining chaplain to the bishop of that diocese. He was select preacher at Oxford 1879–81. In January, 1883, he was appointed to the see of Truro, which had become vacant by the promotion of Dr. Benson to the Archishopric of Canterbury; and he was consecrated by the new Primate, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on April 25th. From this see he

AGE 45.

From a Photo. by Fradelle, Regent Street, W.

was transferred to his present position as Bishop of St. Andrews. He is the author of several works on devotional and other religious subjects.



AGE 58.

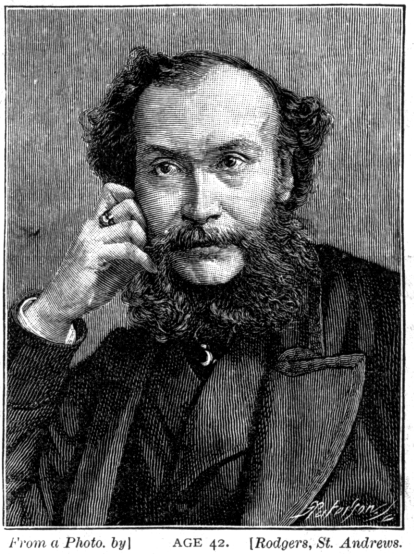
From a Photo. by Argall, Truro.

AGE 15.
From a Pencil Drawing.

GOURLAY STEELL.

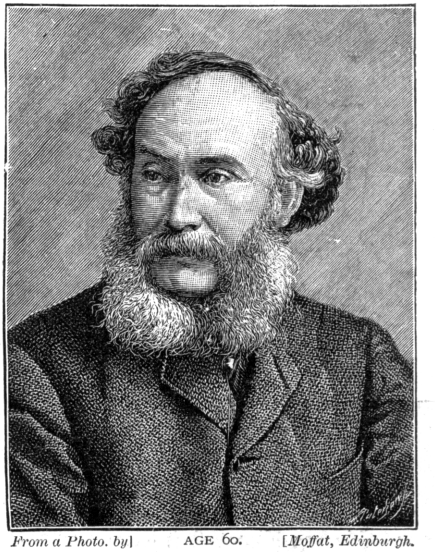
BORN 1819.

MR. GOURLAY STEELL, R.S.A., son of the late John Steell, artist in Edinburgh, and youngest brother of the late Sir John Steell, sculptor, was born at Edinburgh and educated there. He received his



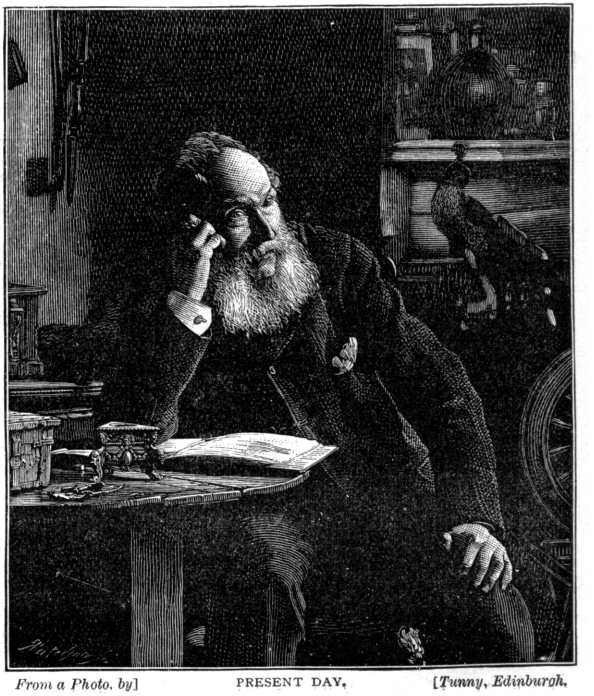
From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[Rodgers, St. Andrews.*

Art training in the Galleries of the Board of Manufactures, under Sir William Allan, R.A., P.R.S.A., and in the private studio of Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A. His first exhibited work was a model of a greyhound, hung in the rooms of the Scottish Academy, in 1832; and his first exhibited picture, a life-size study of a bloodhound, in 1835. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1846, and an Academician in 1859. He was appointed Animal Painter to



From a Photo. by] AGE 60. *[Moffat, Edinburgh.*

Her Majesty for Scotland in 1874 and Principal Curator of the National Gallery of Scotland in 1882, and has for many years held the office of Animal Painter to the Highland and Agricultural Society.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Tunny, Edinburgh.*

AGE 2.
From a Miniature.

LORD ALCESTER.

BORN 1821.

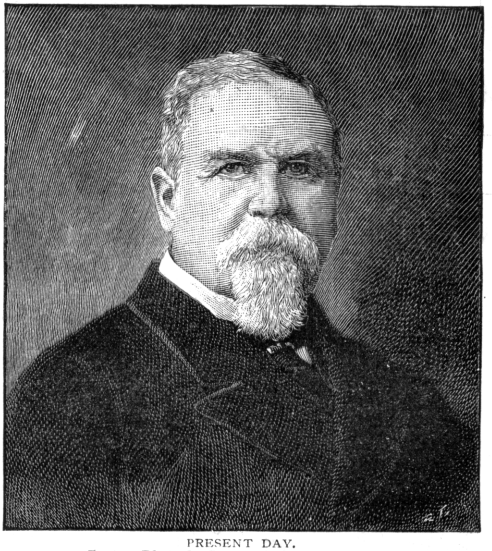
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK BEAUCHAMP PAGET SEYMOUR, BARON ALCESTER, G.C.B., is the son of Sir Horace Beauchamp Seymour. He was educated at Eton, and entered the Royal Navy. He was gazetted a lieutenant in 1842, and in the Burmese War of 1852 he led the Fusiliers to the capture of the Pagoda

AGE 48.
From a Photo. by Maclardy, Oswestry.

at Pegu, was gazetted four times, and received the Burmese medal. This promise of a most distinguished career was entirely fulfilled, and culminated in the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, when Sir Beauchamp Seymour, as he was then, was in supreme command of the Mediterranean Fleet, where in a few hours he ruined or silenced all the forts, with the loss of very few English and with little injury to his

AGE 62.
From a Photo. by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

ships. For this achievement he received the thanks of Parliament, £20,000, and a Peerage.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

Guy Harkaway's Substitute.

By M. P. Shiel.

THE congregation at Ebenezer were not so thoroughly satisfied with their pastor as they had once been. They liked him still—more perhaps than they thought—but their enthusiasm about him had subsided a little; somehow he did not seem to them to have the same baptism of unction, the same "liberty of utterance"—and he was by no means in such good health; substitutes—mostly laymen—had frequently to be found to fill his place, a thing that greatly tried the patience of the little flock.

Dr. Johnson somewhere speaks of the "complicated misery" of pedagogy. It is an excellent phrase to apply to the trials of a poor Dissenting minister in a prim, self-supporting little conventicle like Ebenezer—and Guy Harkaway found that he required all the harmlessness of a dove, the wisdom of a serpent, and the tact and *finesse* of an ant-eater to live altogether "free of offence."

He sat one Saturday afternoon in the little room he called his "study," thinking out the final flourishes he was to give to to-morrow's "discourse." He always spoke extempore, perhaps not so much from choice, as that the leaders at Ebenezer had a strong conviction that, under no circumstances, could reading be called preaching; that it savoured of "Rome," and was, consequently, more or less sinful.

He was frowning vigorously at the opposite wall, arranging his thoughts—a tallish man with a red, honest face. He was only about thirty, but already several of his teeth had disappeared from the front of his mouth; in his eyes was a somewhat worn and weary look, as if a month's rest from the constant effort to please he was called upon to make would have done him the world of good.

"Come in, dear," he cried, in answer to a well-known tap at the door, his whole face lighting up with pleasure at the sound.

"Look, Guy; a letter from Atherstone!"

He opened the letter and read it, and then his face looked troubled again. His wife glanced over his shoulder as he read, and when they were finished they looked blankly at each other for a minute.

"What's to be done?" he asked, waiting for her to decide for him.

"You must go, Guy," she said with emphasis.

"How can I? Who is to take my place to-morrow?"

"One of the lay——"

"Yes, but a lay brother preached for me last Sunday, when I was too ill to do it myself. You know these people here won't

"A LETTER FROM ATHERSTONE."

stand too much of that sort of thing—they must have the white tie and a special cut of black coat. Besides, are you quite sure that I *ought* to go?"

She sighed, and began to think, knitting her brows in the prettiest way, and taking a seat beside him. She did not look much over eighteen, this young wife, with her broad, low forehead, and short crop of curly brown hair, cut rather close round the shapely head—a head that had acquired the habit in their short married life of doing a large proportion of the thinking, and solving most of the little commonplace problems that accompanied and punctuated their cramped, but not unpicturesque, life.

"Certainly," she said at last, "it seems to me that your duty to yourself demands that you should go. It is so unfortunate that the letter did not come earlier in the week; still, I think it will be choosing the least of two evils if you go."

"My duty to myself isn't my whole duty."

"Well, no, I suppose not."

"Can you suggest any——"

"Yes—let me go myself to Mr. Delvin, and ask him to take your place. He can hardly refuse, and then I will go the round of the congregation, and make excuses for you. I can soothe most of them, you know. And you can start to-night. An additional £100 a year under present circumstances, my poor boy——" and she sighed again.

"THE OLD LADY!"

The matter was this. Guy was one of the two nephews of a maiden lady in Warwickshire, who was extremely old and capricious, being, besides, fairly well off. The other nephew had long been the favourite; but a year before this he had been heard to comment facetiously on the longevity of "the old lady." The remark had reached her ears, and Guy had straightway been summoned and informed that he might for the future consider himself as sole heir of her property. He had just married, and the event had been hailed in the little household with all the gladness it deserved. And now had come another summons—a final one as it seemed, for the letter announced that Miss Grant was dangerously ill—dying—and required the immediate presence by her bedside of the recipient of all her favours. Both Grace and Guy instinctively understood from the wording of the letter that it was not too late for the will to be altered, and that its ultimate form would depend in a great measure on the prompt obedience of the nephew.

There was no help for it—he must go; and Grace, with her practical helpfulness, soon had him ready for departure. Consulting a time-table, she saw that there were still a couple of hours before he need leave the house, and armed with a note from Guy to Mr. Delvin, she put on her broad straw hat and plain dark cloak, and set out on her mission.

Mr. Delvin had just returned from business, and was leaning back wearily in an armchair, a massive, well-to-do man, with an air of the City about him.

"Oh, Mr. Delvin," cried Grace, as she entered the room, "I have come to ask yet another favour of you; poor Guy——"

"What! ill again, Mrs. Harkaway?"

"No, not that quite, this time, but an aunt of his——"

"Oh, it's his aunt, now, is it?"

Mr. Delvin was not in his best humour, and his voice was hard and unsympathetic; but Grace was a parson's daughter, and a parson's wife, and she had acquired the art of smiling while her heart was aching.

She told him the story candidly, and as the consideration was one of money, it

appealed to Mr. Delvin's only impressionable side. He was softened.

"And he wants me to preach for him to-morrow, eh?"

"Yes, that is it—you will, now, will you not?"

"The notice is a short one."

"One of your old sermons——"

"No, Mrs. Harkaway—no old sermons for the congregation at Ebenezer, *please*. I wish you would remember and just give your husband that hint; he and you really must realize fully that you have to deal with an exceptionally thoughtful, enlightened, and advanced communion here. Old sermons, eh! However, I'll try. To-morrow is not Sacrament Sunday, is it? No—well, tell Mr. Harkaway it is all right, I'll preach to-morrow on condition that he doesn't let that money slip through his fingers."

And so Guy went away with a lightened heart, feeling that the world was not wholly empty of sympathy and goodwill; while Grace went the rounds of the principal members of the congregation—the "pillars of the Church" they called one another—and told them how her husband had been called away, and how Mr. Delvin was to take his place. The news was received with marked coldness, but they had all more or less felt the influence of her grace and beauty. Starting with a fixed determination the other way when Guy had married her, they had yet fallen into the habit of liking her, and often, for her sake, repressed their natural inclination to *growl*, without even knowing that it was for her sake.

But when, at half-past ten on the Sunday morning, a strange preacher, whose very name was unknown to them, ascended the pulpit, their patience was put to a test more severe than ever. Every eye looked cynically askance, brows were puckered into momentary frowns; and Mr. Potter, the builder, in the front-middle pew, was heard to whisper audibly into his wife's ear that "this kind of Jack-in-the-box business would have to be put a stop to, and he was the man who would see it done!"

What could it mean? Where was Mr. Delvin? And who was this youngster with the red hair, the boyish face, and the broad, flowing black silk gown recalling the days of Wesley and Whitfield? They did not like black silk gowns; they did not want them; they would not have tolerated it in a preacher of their own. They were plain folk, living not in the eighteenth but the nineteenth century—a practical, radical age, doing its level best to taboo humbug in all its manifestations and forms. And they did not appreciate unannounced, unknown strangers, coming they knew not whence, preaching they knew not what new-fangled "doctrine of lies"; they wished to know—they were resolved on knowing—what they were having for their money.

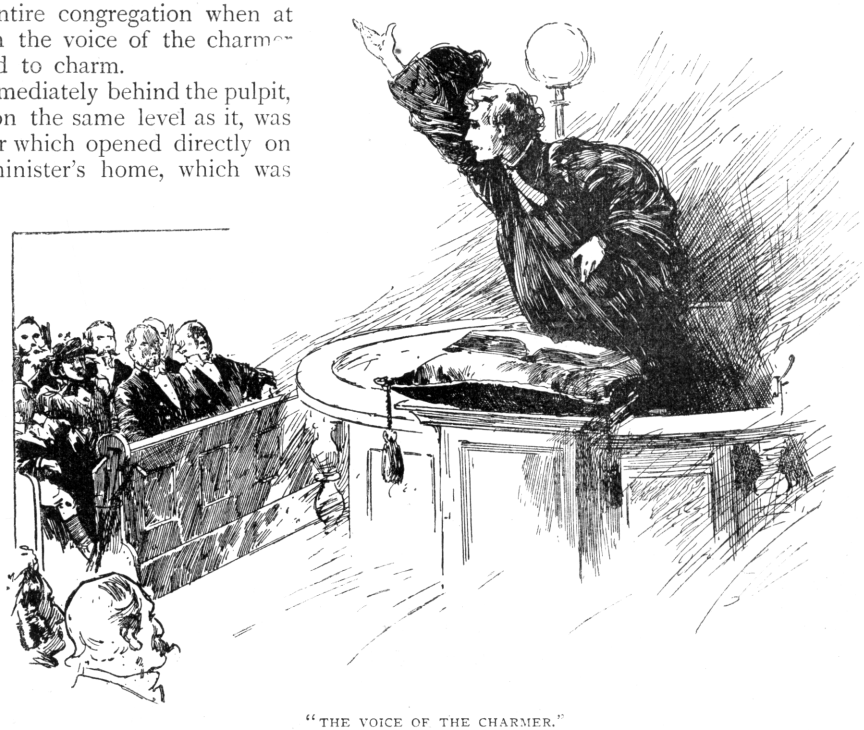
The preacher too was nervous, oppressively nervous at first; his hands trembled, his features were pallid, and it was necessary for him to clear his throat with every fresh effort he made to speak; once he gave out the wrong number of a hymn, and had to correct himself at the last moment; he made mistakes in reading the "lessons." He seemed woefully conscious of the unsympathetic attitude of his audience, and when one of the most influential of the trustees got up to leave the chapel, walking down the whole length of the aisle with loudly-creaking boots, the minister turned green and scarlet, and seemed for the moment to lose his head.

Then came the sermon. Everybody wriggled on a seat, blew a nose, coughed, and prepared to listen with critical severity. "But the Lord was with me," said the preacher, giving out the text, and making a great and triumphant effort to be calm—"and comforted me by the coming of Silas."

His voice was certainly in his favour. He had a low-toned, resonant, "carrying" voice, which filled the square little building like an actual, all-pervading presence. It seemed as if he only needed to become accustomed to its sound in order to cast off his painful self-consciousness, for he soon became natural, then interesting, then eloquent. Grown used to a round of well-worn commonplaces, the people leaned forward in their seats to drink in this new thought, to catch this fresh contagion of fervour. The preacher's eye began to flash with a more ardent and a more intelligent enthusiasm than that which they had grown old in witnessing; he surprised them with burst on burst of transcendental grandiloquence; he led them from climax to climax; vivid pictures; startling allegories; keen glances into things; high ideals; subtlest gleams of humour and practical admonitions fell in rapid succession like the scenes of a phantasmagory on the senses of the Ebenezerites. Here, truly, was something novel in the experience of the easy-going, self-satisfied little flock; and a great sigh almost of relief was heaved by

the entire congregation when at length the voice of the charmer ceased to charm.

Immediately behind the pulpit, and on the same level as it, was a door which opened directly on the minister's home, which was



"THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER."

really part of the same building as the chapel. The preacher could therefore leave the chapel without having to pass through any part of it. Guy usually descended the stairs of the pulpit after each service, and came round to the communion-rail, where the ceremony of hand-shaking with the chief officers was religiously gone through; some of them were expecting the strange preacher to do the same, and even went up to the rail for the purpose of self-introduction; but he had already left the chapel through the door behind the pulpit.

They felt aggrieved at not knowing more about the arrangements made for supplying the needs of the chapel. Here was a strange preacher—an excellent one, it is true—suddenly appearing in, and disappearing from, their own pulpit, without a word of explanation from anyone.

Mr. Delvin's daughter, who had come in late, certainly volunteered the information that her father, when coming down stairs, had fallen and sprained his ankle, with the result that it became impossible for him to keep his appointment. A messenger had at once been dispatched to acquaint Mrs. Harkaway with the state of affairs; but what had been her subsequent course and how she had secured the services of the brilliant substitute, who had so entranced them, no one knew.

They went away, pleased and angry at the same time—a thrill of satisfaction at the glowing words they had listened to being their chief feeling. Supposing, instead of poor, well-meaning, but comparatively dreary Guy Harkaway, they had *that other* for their pastor! Why, all the other churches in the neighbourhood would be deserted; visions of an enlarged and thronged Ebenezer floated before their imagination; they saw themselves the deacons, "leaders," lay preachers, of one of the most popular religious centres in the metropolis; at a score of steaming dinner-tables that day the mere possibility of such a thing was discussed, as men discuss the uses to which they would apply a great fortune if they suddenly became possessed of one.

In the evening the chapel was crowded, and again there arose fresh cause for discontent — for instead of the fiery young preacher, whom ailing mammas and lackadaisical daughters who never went out o' nights had come to hear, there stood before them in the pulpit old Mr. James, whose nasal drawl had never been known to fail to lull his entire audience into a complex state

which was half despondency and half sleepiness.

Guy Harkaway returned from Atherstone on the Wednesday following. Grace, who was out at the time, found him seated, when she came in, in the little drawing-room, his head leaning on his hand. She ran up to him with a cry of joy, and put her arms about his neck. She had never been parted from him so long before.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said. "But you are not looking well—not well."

"It's the nerves, my aunt's doctor told me. He says I want rest, *which*, of course, is out of the question."

Grace turned her head away and sighed.

"But tell me, Guy, is she—dead?"

"She is almost as well as you are, my dear. To die, and to have an absurd fancy that you are dying, are two different things."

"Oh!" said Grace.

"And now tell me all the news—how did you get on on Sunday? What sort of sermons did Mr. Delvin give you?"

"We got on very fairly; but Mr. Delvin did not preach, after all. He sprained his ankle and couldn't; was it not strange?"

"Strange?"

"Yes; it seemed to me as if it was a kind of judgment on your leaving your work for the sake of no matter how many pounds, and by my advice, too. Never again, Guy, dear, never again must you do that. Oh, I have been so wretched and scared!"

"But," said he, opening his eyes in alarm, "you found someone—you did not leave the pulpit empty, Grace? The people will never forgive——"

"Yes; I found someone."

"Whom, then?"

"Mr.—Mr. James."

"Oh, that will do," he said, with relief. "Did the people seem to like it?"

"Yes, pretty well. But, Guy, dear, do not refer to Sunday and Sunday's work in speaking to anyone. It can only have the effect of reminding them of your absences; and, should anyone speak to you about it, discourage the subject as much as possible. Will you, now?"

Without quite understanding her eagerness on the matter, he acquiesced mildly, and asked for something to eat.

It soon became apparent that the doctor's diagnosis of Guy's malady was only too accurate: his nerves were sadly unstrung, he was beginning to see things in a distorted light, to find insupportable the daily crosses of his life which, as a healthy man, he had been able to accept as inevitable. That very evening, as he sat by the cosy hearth of one of his "flock"—an elderly lady who was the leading spirit in the Clothes and Soup Distribution Committee—he evinced decided proof of this break-up of his constitution.

"THE LEADING SPIRIT IN THE CLOTHES AND SOUP DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE."

"And now about the sermon on Sunday, Mr. Harkaway," she said, taking her seat on the other side of the fire, and smoothing down the folds of her mauve-coloured silk gown.

"I hope you liked it," said Guy.

"Liked it! Oh, Mr. Harkaway, do you doubt my powers of appreciation? How can one not like perfection?"—and the aureole of small spiral curls that clustered round her head shook at the recollection.

"Dear me!" said Guy, surprised, "I never thought Mr. James possessed such powers——"

"Mr. James!"

"You mean him, do you not—he preached on Sunday?"

"Now, Mr. Harkaway, do you really suppose I *could* mean anyone so ridiculous as dear old Mr. James? Of course, I don't;

I mean the morning preacher; the stranger. And now I want you to tell me *all* about him — where he lives and preaches; how Mrs. Harkaway got him to preach for you, and whether we are to have him again, soon!"

Guy looked about him in confusion. What stranger could she mean? Mrs. Acton must be dreaming.

"I think," he stammered, "you will find that Mr. James preached both morning and evening. My wife told me——"

"But *I* tell you that he did nothing of the kind; and if your wife told you differently, it is extremely strange of her, that's all."

There was some mistake somewhere; it almost seemed as if Grace stood convicted before this stranger of some inexplicable falsehood, and he felt a cold shiver run through him at the consciousness.

"And, by the way, what became of dear Mrs. Harkaway on Sunday—was she not well?"

"Certainly—she was at chapel."

"Oh, excuse *me*, she was not; it was the talk of everyone that she was not."

"Are you quite sure? She told me——"

"But *I* tell you, Mr. Harkaway," said Mrs. Acton for the second time, with a gentle firmness and a curious smile—"*I* tell you that she was not. Now, then!"

There was no explaining it. Trying to hide the confusion in his face he took his hat to go, and his hand trembled visibly as he extended it in farewell.

"And so you can't tell me anything about the young preacher?" said Mrs. Acton as he was going. "How very, very strange! You must question Mrs. Harkaway very closely—we are all dying to hear about him—we are all in love with him—he will be just the man to take your place when you are moved up higher."

It was the same everywhere—he had a round of visits to pay—at every house the same two questions about the new preacher and his wife's absence, the same humiliating confession of ignorance on his part, and the same enthusiastic praises of his mysterious substitute, who seemed to have more than taken his place in the esteem of his people.

Before he had finished his visits he began to hate and dread the least reference to this unknown man, whom he came to regard with morbid abhorrence in the light of a successful rival. The coarser members of the church—*nouveaux riches*, who, without meaning any harm, thought him a kind of privileged servant of theirs—made invidious comparisons between him and his substitute, and spoke of what "*he* might do with Ebenezer Chapel if he would consent to take charge of it." In his really shockingly nervous state every such vulgarity was like the thrust of a sharp instrument in his flesh, causing acute physical pain.

He reflected, too, that it was Grace who had introduced this rival, whoever he might be; and then he thought with a shudder of her silence with regard to him—a silence that seemed akin to a direct falsehood; and a direct falsehood it certainly was to describe to him, as she had done, the effect of a sermon which so many witnesses declared she had not heard. And with the thought that for some strange reason she had *lied* to him, it seemed as if the very foundations of his life were being swept from under him, as if some black cloud had gathered around him—and her—shutting out with its shadow all light and hope. "Into what snare of the devil," he said, looking up into the darkening sky, "we are being drawn, God alone knoweth!"

He walked aimlessly about the streets for some time, and returned home late. He scarcely looked at Grace, who had been waiting long for him, but supported his head on his hand, staring vacantly into the fire. She went and knelt by his side, leaning her head on his arm.

"Something is the matter," she said, softly; "come, tell me all about it."

But he only glanced down at her with something of repugnance, and said nothing.

She waited, looking with him into the fire, drawing still closer to him. Then she said again:—

"Come, tell me now; let us bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of——"

"Why were you not in chapel on Sunday morning?" he asked.

She turned pale, and then flushed red.

"Those interminable gossips——"

"Those interminable gossips speak the truth—you do not!"

Then she darted up from his side with the swift grace of a fawn, and the one exclamation: "Guy!"

"A nice position for me, is it not, to keep up the pretence of being a preacher of Truth, when my own wife——"

"Oh, I cannot bear it!" she wailed out, burying her hot face in her hands.

"You led me, wilfully led me, to believe that you were in chapel on Sunday morning:

the fact is, you were not there. Is it the thought of that you cannot bear?—if so, I can well understand you."

He was trying his best to be calm, but the words came hissing from his lips, and every nerve in his body was trembling. But she was sobbing in her hands, and made no answer.

"I refuse," he continued, "to hear anything further about the religious tramp you had here to preach in my pulpit. As you were false enough to try, for your own reasons, to conceal his presence here from me, I do not now wish to know who he was, whence he came, or anything about him. But if this be any consolation to you, let me tell you that that man has ruined me—yes, ruined me! He has contrived by a single sermon to make the people here utterly discontented with me and my work. His flashy style, his clap-trap cleverness, have had the effect of showing up my dulness. My ministry here for all practical purposes is at an end—and through you. Oh, I can't stand this house!"

He seized his hat and rushed to the door.

"HE SEIZED HIS HAT AND RUSHED TO THE DOOR."

"Come back!" she cried, recovering herself; "let me tell you——"

But she was too late, he had gone out into the darkness. Grace passed a night of complete misery, and many more such nights and days after that. Guy, it is true, so far conquered himself as to go about his work as usual—but he was suffering under a fit of acute self-depreciation, and he endured all the agonies of a self-tormentor. He took it into his head that the people were considering him unfit for the place he filled, and having this fancy, he really, in some measure, became unfit for it. He grew more and more gloomy, possessed with the fixed idea of his own unworthiness and Grace's lapse from truth. He scarcely spoke to her, and resolutely repulsed her slightest advance. His simple and honest nature found itself incapable of forgiving even one dishonesty.

Now, just in proportion as Guy's infatuation of morbid humility deepened, so the infatuation of his congregation for the unknown preacher rose higher. Every day Guy was pestered with questions about the only man he did not care to discuss; he could not give the desired details, but they thought that he would not, and began to suspect him first of jealousy and then of an unworthy secretiveness closely allied to positive prevarication.

It seemed absolutely incredible to the Ebenezerites that he should know nothing of the stranger, and his aversion to the subject was put down to the dread of being supplanted. Clearly, such strained relations between the minister of Ebenezer and his flock could not last long.

So one afternoon Grace was told to prepare the parlour for a meeting of a few of the dignitaries of the chapel, to take place that night.

"A mysterious meeting, surely," she thought, her heart misgiving her. "What can be its object? And why in the house instead of the chapel?"

They came one by one, with solemn faces, and took their seats round the table, at the head of which sat Guy. Poor Grace was shut out, but she hovered near the door hoping to catch stray words.

She heard Guy speaking in slow, mechanical tones, stopping short at intervals, as if

making an effort to command his voice. Gradually the truth dawned on her, and her heart stood still. Standing near to the door she heard him say, after a long peroration, with raised voice :—

"This, then, my dear friends, is the purpose for which I have called you together. The Lord's Word must flow from pure sources, through pure channels; the priest and his household must be 'without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing,' speaking the truth unfeignedly from the heart. I tell you, candidly, that up to the present, I have no definite views as to the direction in which I shall turn my energies; but while the least shadow of blame rests on me and mine, I cannot pursue the work of the ministry—nor do I doubt that, thus doing my duty, some door will be opened to me." (Here he gulped down a sob, and ceased for a moment to speak.) "I therefore formally tender you my resignation as minister of Ebenezer Chapel."

"Oh! no, no, no, gentlemen!" cried Grace, rushing into the room—"do not listen to him: he is distraught! He would not hear what I had to say to him, and I, in my foolish pride, would not force him to hear."

They looked up, relieved at the interruption; they had just been realizing fully for the first time all the sterling worth and goodness they were about to lose, and they had been feeling heavy at heart. There is always a certain sense of loss in parting from moral gold.

"It is all a ridiculous mistake, I assure you, gentlemen, not worthy of your serious notice. He has taken it into his head that I have swerved from the truth, because I said I was in the chapel on the Sunday morning he was in Warwickshire."

"But you were *not* there," said a member of the committee in a not unkindly voice.

"You may believe me that I was."

"Not in the minister's pew—come, now!"

"No, not in the minister's pew."

"Where, then?"

She hung her head and blushed.

"No one saw you, that's quite certain."

"On the contrary, everyone saw me."

They looked blankly at one another.

"Tell us where you were, then."

"I was—oh! please, gentlemen—I was in the—the—pulpit!"

It was as if a shell full of dynamite had fallen among them.

"I do not know," she continued, "whether I have committed a very terrible sin in your eyes or not—I half suspect I have. But you probably do not know all the circumstances, gentlemen. My husband had left his duties here for pecuniary reasons, and no sooner had he left than my mind began to misgive me as to whether he had taken the very best course. It was by my advice that he had gone, and I spent a wretched night in conjuring up all sorts of misfortunes that might follow from the doubtful step. I had a kind of presentiment that somehow Mr. Delvin

"OH! NO, NO, NO, GENTLEMEN!"

would be unable to keep the appointment—and so it really turned out. At the very last minute before service-time a messenger came to tell me of his accident. What was to be done? I could not then get a substitute, and I dared not let the Sunday service be turned into a prayer-meeting. I was afraid of something higher than mere human anger and resentment."

"Very right and proper!" said the chairman of committee, looking over his spectacles at his neighbour, and nodding decisively.

"And such a rattling sermon!" said a portly draper, with a tendency to slang.

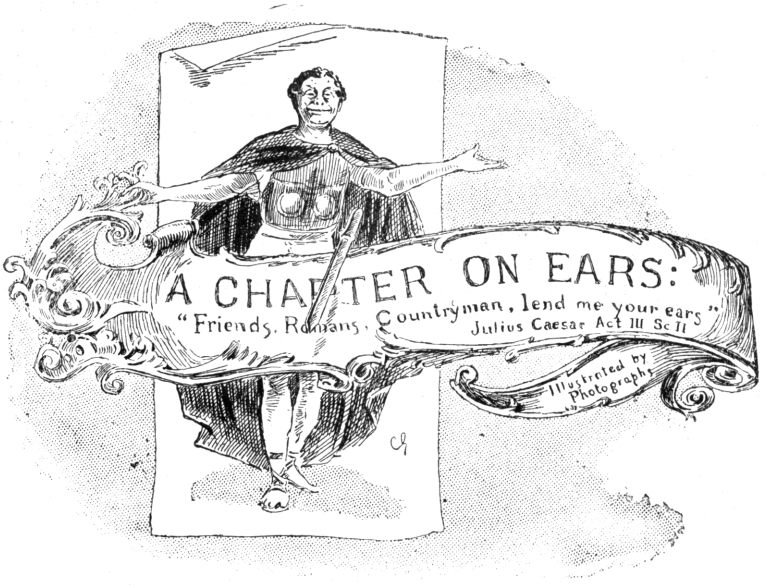
"But how did you do it, mum?" asked another.

"It was very simple: I had an old red wig, which I had used in some charades years ago. I disguised my face in the best way I could—I am clever at that sort of thing—trusting to Guy's old gown and the pulpit to hide my dress and figure. I succeeded, you see."

"It strikes me you generally do succeed, Mrs. Harkaway," said an old member with infinite verve; "and now, I need not conceal from you that there has been some little talk among the more flighty part of the congregation of offering the living to the brilliant young preacher who took your husband's place. Mind you, there was nothing serious at the bottom of it—it was only talk, and foolish talk, too. However, as Mr. Harkaway thinks the place isn't good enough for him, and wants to resign, why, we offer it to the young preacher, of course. We will also vote you a month's holiday in the country to begin with, and you can take your husband with you. Do you accept now? I dare say these gentlemen will be agreeable."

And they were excessively agreeable in another sense, and shook Guy's hand till it hurt; then, having made a compact to keep the little meeting secret, and the occasion of it, they went off, leaving the two alone.

And as he bent fondly over her, praying for the forgiveness she so sweetly gave, he murmured low in her ear the old words whose deep meaning he was feeling with a quite new significance to-night: "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him."

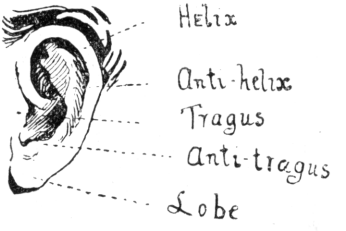


IT is sad to contemplate our lack of literature on ears. Much has been written about character in faces, hands, chins, and even noses, yet if we consider the ear minutely, we must discover that it offers a wider field for diversity in speculation than any other single member. This apathy may be attributed to the fact that the ear is not, like the nose, for example, borne by a particular race in any radically distinctive form. But it is mainly because there is no Grecian ear, or Semitic ear, or Ethiopian ear, that it possesses more individual interest as a feature.

Are men ashamed of their ears? Charles Lamb, it is true, hesitates not to boast of his delicate *side-intelligencers*, "neither envying the mule for his plenty nor the mole for her exactness." But as an offset to this, examine the portraits of our grandfathers. For two, yea, three centuries ears were hidden, covered up out of sight by a mass of hair, powdered and otherwise, and even to-day we are compelled to guess at their quality and quantity in some of our greatest men.

We have observed that there is a world of diversity in ears. Think for a moment how few members of a family have ears exactly alike, or to drop the adverb, say even resembling. Twins, as much alike as the proverbial two peas, invariably differ aurally. This is certainly significant. One would say that there must be some especial sensitiveness in the organism of an ear which is affected by the mind. Scotland Yard takes the measure and a minute inventory of the ears of a criminal, so that other bodily witnesses failing, helix or tragus will finally tend to acquit or convict the subsequent suspect.

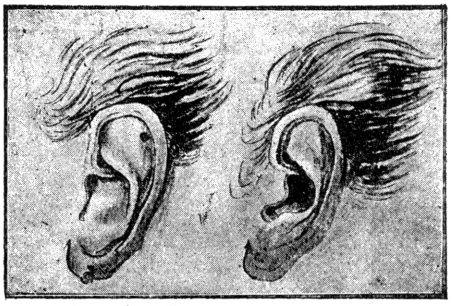
Whether ears are an index to anything else or not, they certainly frequently serve as a guide to the character and extent of the hearing faculty. In the town where Mozart was born is exhibited a drawing of the ear of that illustrious musician side by side with that of an ordinary person. To properly understand the difference which marks them it is necessary to explain, by aid of the accompanying diagram, the anatomy of the ear.



In Mozart's ear the concha was so shallow as to scarcely be discernible.

The concha, or shell, acts as a reverberator

and also as a reservoir of sound before it passes into the drum of the ear. The smaller the concha, therefore, the more sensitive the

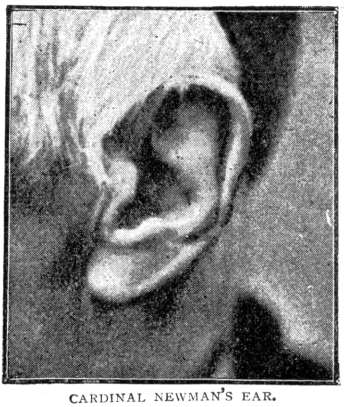


MOZART'S EAR. NORMAL EAR.
From a Photograph by Würthle & Spinnhirn of a Drawing in the Mozart Museum.

organ to sound, as there is less medium to receive the current and distribute it.

The size of an ear is generally believed by many well-intentioned persons to be in inverse proportion to the size of the brain or amount of intellectual faculties. We see no reason to differ from this theory. The only eulogy of large ears most people have come across is that of Queen Titania, who praised the "fair, *large* ears" of Bottom, the weaver.

If the reader will accurately contemplate the ears of celebrities which appear in conjunction with these articles, they will become the possessors of some very curious facts. One of these facts is that to be great it is above all things necessary to have an abridged helix. It is urged that the man or woman who can boast of an abridged helix only demands time and opportunity to display the great powers of mind which it indicates. It is true that to inculcate this theory into the minds of youth might be, if not pernicious, at least undesirable. Knowing themselves to be equipped with the ægis of an abridged helix, children might possibly be tempted to neglect their studies in waiting for the flood which should drift them in the wake of Gladstone, and a score of his compeers.



CARDINAL NEWMAN'S EAR.

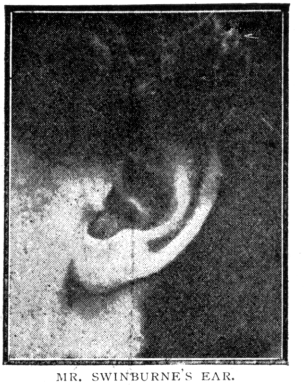
CHARLES DICKENS'S EAR.

But if a thin helix is a boon, a prominent anti-helix is just the reverse. Anyone who has, therefore, hitherto prided himself or herself upon a prominent anti-helix, or even exhibited it to his or her friends with some complacency, should make haste to bring about an alteration—not in their ears, for that might be embarrassing—but in their views. The police bureaus of the world teem with photographs of persons not usually mentioned in polite circles. Nearly all of them—or, let us say, 75 per cent.—discover

JOHN STUART MILL'S EAR.

MR. GLADSTONE'S EAR.

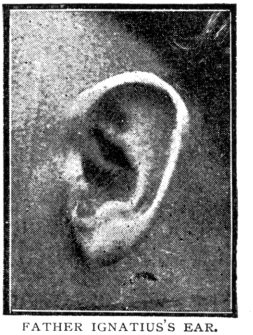
CARDINAL MANNING'S EAR.



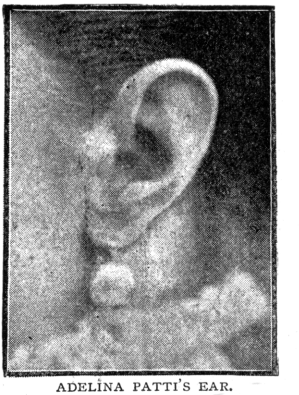
MR. SWINBURNE'S EAR.

anti-helices abnormally developed. Cardinal Manning, however, seems to be a notable exception.

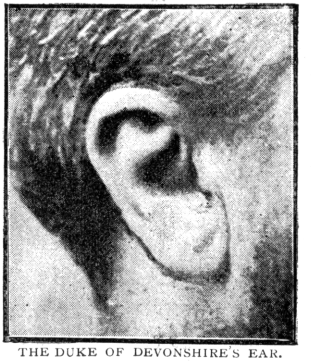
It must be borne in mind, however, that the sinister potentialities of the anti-helix are limited to the upper part of the ear. In its proper sphere just on a line with the tragus it is not only auspicious, but great. In this category are Charles Dickens, Cardinal Newman, John Stuart Mill, Swinburne, and the Duke of Devonshire. Some of the ears here presented have no anti-helix at all to speak of, as Patti, Sir J. E. Millais, Father Ignatius, and the Prince of Wales. This, if not a regrettable, is at least an inexplicable circumstance.



FATHER IGNATIUS'S EAR.



ADELINA PATTI'S EAR.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S EAR.

But before awarding too much prestige to extreme thinness of the helix itself, as embodied in the ears of many of those already mentioned, Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, Patti, Miss Yonge, one must turn to the possessors of a wide and overhanging helix. It may be urged that the com-

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S EAR.

bined psychic power wielded by the wide helix party is only another proof of the greatness of the thin helix; but in the face of such an argument, the ears of such persons as Charles Dickens, John Stuart Mill, the Duke of Devonshire, and even the Queen herself, cry aloud for a hearing. One must weigh all the points of the case before rendering an exact judgment. Now, this is no easy matter.

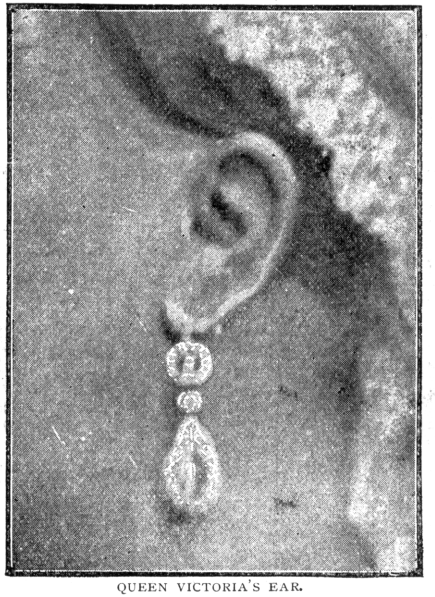
For instance, one would observe that the ears of Mozart and Stuart Mill are exactly alike. It is equally true that the latter composed, to the fraction of a note, exactly as much music as the other formulated imperishable logic; but the loophole of escape which seemed at hand for the aurognomist is suddenly blocked when he

SIR JOHN MILLAIS'S EAR.

sets himself to contemplate the ear of Paderewski, with its deep, elongated concha, which should rather belong to a coal-heaver than to the first pianist of the age. Yet one should not expect much predetermination of character through the mediumship of the concha. Grant that the concha in nine cases out of ten will tell by its depth or shallowness whether its owner has delicate musical perceptions, is it not a fact that a man may be a great citizen and illustrious personage and not know one note of music from another, even poets like Lord Byron and—shall we add?—Mr. Gilbert?

PADEREWSKI'S EAR.

MISS FORTESCUE'S EAR.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S EAR.

In examining the ears of the ladies it is hard to arrive at a standard of beauty. The Queen, Madame Patti, Miss Charlotte Yonge, and Miss Fortescue exhibit very different types.

CÆSAR'S EAR. CICERO'S EAR.

It would be interesting if any standard of aural perfection could be arrived at. The Greeks settled the question as to the nose, but Alcibiades and Lysidas appear to have had altogether opposite ears. The authentic bust of Julius Cæsar, in the British Museum, represents him as having an ear shaped exactly like a pear, in which it is resembled by several of the accompanying ears. It is interesting to compare his ear with Cicero's.

Whatever deductions the ingenious may derive from this subject, there is in the illustrations ample material to reward both the humble reader and the more distinguished persons who have so graciously lent their ears unto an interesting theme.

MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE'S EAR.

(To be continued.)

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

By A. Conan Doyle.

XXIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE NAVAL TREATY.

THE July which immediately succeeded my marriage was made memorable by three cases of interest in which I had the privilege of being associated with Sherlock Holmes, and of studying his methods. I find them recorded in my notes under the headings of "The Adventure of the Second Stain," "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty," and "The Adventure of the Tired Captain." The first of these, however, deals with interests of such importance, and implicates so many of the first families in the kingdom, that for many years it will be impossible to make it public. No case, however, in which Holmes was ever engaged has illustrated the value of his analytical methods so clearly or has impressed those who were associated with him so deeply. I still retain an almost verbatim report of the interview in which he demonstrated the true facts of the case to Monsieur Dubuque, of the Paris police, and Fritz von Waldbaum, the well-known specialist of Dantzig, both of whom had wasted their energies upon what proved to be side issues. The new century will have come, however, before the story can be safely told. Meanwhile, I pass on to the second upon my list, which promised also, at one time, to be of national importance, and was marked by several incidents which give it a quite unique character.

During my school days I had been intimately associated with a lad named Percy Phelps, who was of much the same age as myself, though he was two classes ahead of me. He was a very brilliant boy, and carried away every prize which the school had to offer, finishing his exploits by winning a scholarship, which sent him on to continue his triumphant career at Cambridge. He was, I remember, extremely well connected, and even when we were all little boys together, we knew that his mother's brother was Lord Holdhurst, the great Conservative politician. This gaudy relationship did him little good at school; on the contrary, it seemed rather a piquant thing to us to chevy him about the playground and hit him over the shins with a wicket. But it was another thing when he came out into the world. I heard vaguely that his abilities and the influence which he commanded had won him a good position at the Foreign Office, and then he passed completely out of my mind until the following letter recalled his existence:—

"Briarbrae, Woking.

"My Dear Watson,—I have no doubt that you can remember 'Tadpole' Phelps, who was in the fifth form when you were in the third. It is possible even that you may have heard that, through my uncle's influence, I obtained a good appointment at the Foreign Office, and that I was in a situation of trust and honour until a horrible misfortune came suddenly to blast my career.

"There is no use writing the details of that dreadful event. In the event of your acceding to my request, it is probable that I shall have to narrate them to you. I have only just recovered from nine weeks of brain fever, and am still exceedingly weak. Do you think that you could bring your friend, Mr. Holmes, down to see me? I should like to have his opinion of the case, though the authorities assure me that nothing more can be done. Do try to bring him down, and as soon as possible. Every minute seems an hour while I live in this state of horrible suspense. Assure him that if I have not asked his advice sooner it was not because I did not appreciate his talents, but because I have been off my head ever since the blow fell. Now I am clear again, though I dare not think of it too much for fear of a relapse. I am still so weak that I have to write, as you see, by dictating. Do try and bring him.

"Your old schoolfellow,

"Percy Phelps."

There was something that touched me as I read this letter, something pitiable in the reiterated appeals to bring Holmes. So moved was I that, even if it had been a difficult matter, I should have tried it; but of course I knew well that Holmes loved his art so, that he was ever as ready to bring his aid as his client could be to receive it. My wife agreed with me that not a moment should be lost in laying the matter before him, and so within an hour of breakfast time I found myself back once more in the old rooms in Baker Street.

"HOLMES WAS WORKING HARD OVER A CHEMICAL INVESTIGATION."

Holmes was seated at his side table clad in his dressing gown and working hard over a chemical investigation. A large curved retort was boiling furiously in the bluish flame of a Bunsen burner, and the distilled drops were condensing into a two-litre measure. My friend hardly glanced up as I entered, and I, seeing that his investigation must be of importance, seated myself in an armchair and waited. He dipped into this bottle or that, drawing out a few drops of each with his glass pipette, and finally brought a test-tube containing a solution over to the table. In his right hand he had a slip of litmus-paper.

"You come at a crisis, Watson," said he. "If this paper remains blue, all is well. If it turns red, it means a man's life." He dipped it into the test-tube and it flushed at once into a dull, dirty crimson. "Hum! I thought as much!" he cried. "I will be at your service in one instant, Watson. You will find tobacco in the Persian slipper." He turned to his desk and scribbled off several telegrams, which were handed over to the page-boy. Then he threw himself down in the chair opposite, and drew up his knees until his fingers clasped round his long, thin shins.

"A very commonplace little murder," said he. "You've got something better, I fancy. You are the stormy petrel of crime, Watson. What is it?"

I handed him the letter, which he read with the most concentrated attention.

"It does not tell us very much, does it?" he remarked, as he handed it back to me.

"Hardly anything."

"And yet the writing is of interest."

"But the writing is not his own."

"Precisely. It is a woman's."

"A man's, surely!" I cried.

"No, a woman's; and a woman of rare character. You see, at the commencement of an investigation, it is something to know that your client is in close contact with someone who for good or evil has an exceptional nature. My interest is already awakened in the case. If you are ready, we will start at once for Woking and see this diplomatist who is in such evil case, and the lady to whom he dictates his letters."

We were fortunate enough to catch an early train at Waterloo, and in a little under an hour we found ourselves among the fir-woods and the heather of Woking. Briarbrae proved to be a large detached house standing in extensive grounds, within a few minutes' walk of the station. On sending in our cards we were shown into an elegantly-appointed drawing-room, where we were joined in a few minutes by a rather stout man, who received us with much hospitality. His age may have been nearer forty than thirty, but his cheeks were so ruddy and his eyes so merry, that he still conveyed the impression of a plump and mischievous boy.

"I am so glad that you have come," said he, shaking our hands with effusion. "Percy has been inquiring for you all the morning. Ah, poor old chap, he clings to any straw. His father and mother asked me to see you,

for the mere mention of the subject is very painful to them."

"We have had no details yet," observed Holmes. "I perceive that you are not yourself a member of the family."

Our acquaintance looked surprised, and then glancing down he began to laugh.

"Of course you saw the 'J. H.' monogram on my locket," said he. "For a moment I thought you had done something clever. Joseph Harrison is my name, and as Percy is to marry my sister Annie, I shall at least be a relation by marriage. You will find my sister in his room, for she has nursed him hand-and-foot this two months back. Perhaps we had better go in at once, for I know how impatient he is."

The chamber into which we were shown was on the same floor as the drawing-room. It was furnished partly as a sitting and partly as a bedroom, with flowers arranged daintily in every nook and corner. A young man, very pale and worn, was lying upon a sofa near the open window, through which came the rich scent of the garden and the balmy summer air. A woman was sitting beside him, and rose as we entered.

"Shall I leave, Percy?" she asked.

He clutched her hand to detain her. "How are you, Watson?" said he, cordially. "I should never have known you under that moustache, and I daresay you would not be prepared to swear to me. This I presume is your celebrated friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

I introduced him in a few words, and we both sat down. The stout young man had left us, but his sister still remained, with her hand in that of the invalid. She was a striking-looking woman, a little short and thick for symmetry, but with a beautiful olive complexion, large, dark Italian eyes, and a wealth of deep black hair. Her rich tints made the white face of her companion the more worn and haggard by the contrast.

"I won't waste your time," said he, raising himself upon the sofa. "I'll plunge into the matter without further preamble. I was a happy and successful man, Mr. Holmes, and on the eve of being married, when a sudden and dreadful misfortune wrecked all my prospects in life.

"I was, as Watson may have told you, in the Foreign Office, and through the influence of my uncle, Lord Holdhurst, I rose rapidly to a responsible position. When my uncle

"'I WON'T WASTE YOUR TIME,' SAID HE."

became Foreign Minister in this Administration he gave me several missions of trust, and as I always brought them to a successful conclusion, he came at last to have the utmost confidence in my ability and tact.

"Nearly ten weeks ago—to be more accurate, on the 23rd of May—he called me into his private room and, after complimenting me upon the good work which I had done, he informed me that he had a new commission of trust for me to execute.

"'This,' said he, taking a grey roll of paper from his bureau, 'is the original of that secret treaty between England and Italy of which, I regret to say, some rumours have already got into the public Press. It is of enormous importance that nothing further should leak out. The French or Russian Embassies would pay an immense sum to learn the contents of these papers. They should not leave my bureau were it not that it is absolutely necessary to have them copied. You have a desk in your office?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then take the treaty and lock it up there. I shall give directions that you may remain behind when the others go, so that you may copy it at your leisure, without fear of being overlooked. When you have finished, re-lock both the original and the draft in the desk, and hand them over to me personally to-morrow morning.'

"I took the papers and——"

"Excuse me an instant," said Holmes; "were you alone during this conversation?"

"Absolutely."

"In a large room?"

"Thirty feet each way."

"In the centre?"

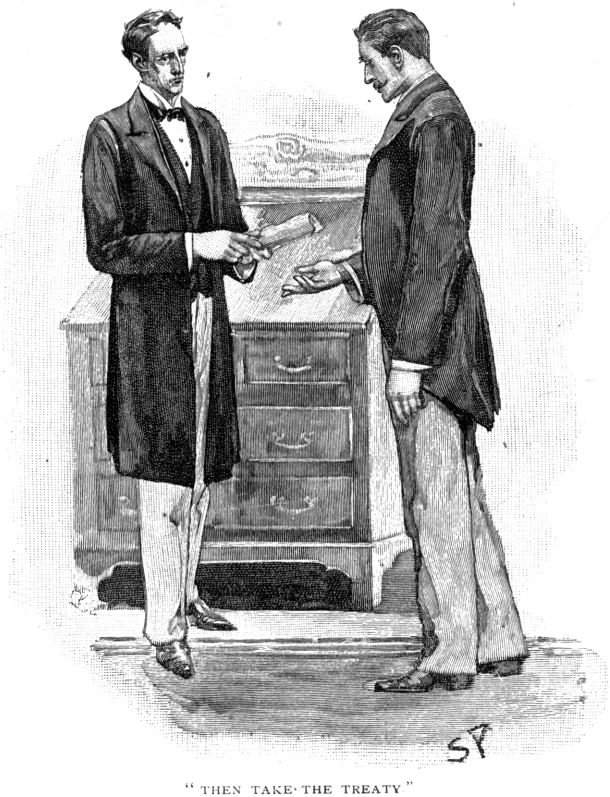
"Yes, about it."

"And speaking low?"

"My uncle's voice is always remarkably low. I hardly spoke at all."

"Thank you," said Holmes, shutting his eyes; "pray go on."

"I did exactly what he had indicated, and waited until the other clerks had departed. One of them in my room, Charles Gorot, had some arrears of work to make up, so I left him there and went out to dine. When I returned he was gone. I was anxious to hurry my work, for I knew that Joseph, the Mr. Harrison whom you saw just now, was in town, and that he would travel down to Woking by the eleven o'clock train, and I wanted if possible to catch it.



"THEN TAKE THE TREATY"

"When I came to examine the treaty I saw at once that it was of such importance that my uncle had been guilty of no exaggeration in what he had said. Without going into details, I may say that it defined the position of Great Britain towards the Triple Alliance, and foreshadowed the policy which this country would pursue in the event of the French fleet gaining a complete ascendency over that of Italy in the Mediterranean. The questions treated in it were purely naval. At the end were the signatures of the high dignitaries who had signed it. I glanced my eyes over it, and then settled down to my task of copying.

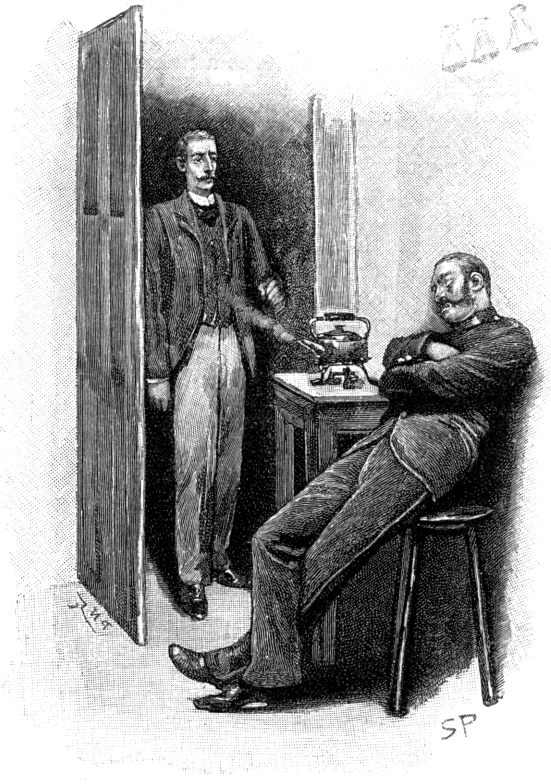
"It was a long document, written in the French language, and containing twenty-six separate articles. I copied as quickly as I could, but at nine o'clock I had only done nine articles, and it seemed hopeless for me to attempt to catch my

train. I was feeling drowsy and stupid, partly from my dinner and also from the effects of a long day's work. A cup of coffee would clear my brain. A commissionaire remains all night in a little lodge at the foot of the stairs, and is in the habit of making coffee at his spirit-lamp for any of the officials who may be working over-time. I rang the bell, therefore, to summon him.

"To my surprise, it was a woman who answered the summons, a large, coarse-faced, elderly woman, in an apron. She explained that she was the commissionaire's wife, who did the charing, and I gave her the order for the coffee.

"I wrote two more articles, and then, feeling more drowsy than ever, I rose and walked up and down the room to stretch my legs. My coffee had not yet come, and I wondered what the cause of the delay could be. Opening the door, I started down the corridor to find out. There was a straight passage dimly lighted which led from the room in which I had been working, and was the only exit from it. It ended in a curving staircase, with the commissionaire's lodge in the passage at the bottom. Half-way down this staircase is a small landing, with another passage running into it at right angles. This second one leads, by means of a second small stair, to a side door used by servants, and also as a short cut by clerks when coming from Charles Street. Here is a rough chart of the place."

"Thank you. I think that I quite follow you," said Sherlock Holmes.



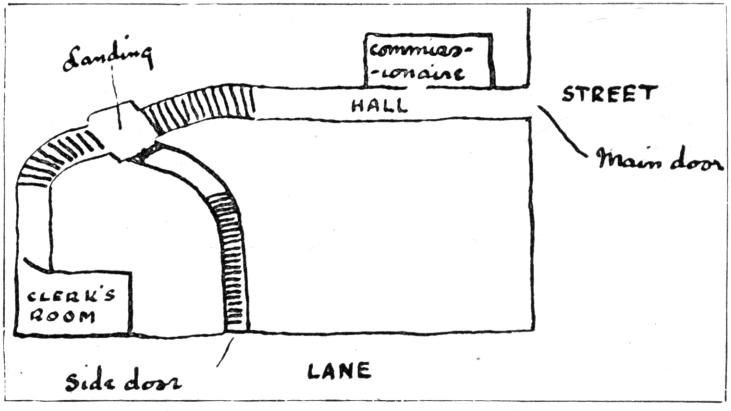
"FAST ASLEEP IN HIS BOX."

"It is of the utmost importance that you should notice this point. I went down the stairs and into the hall, where I found the commissionaire fast asleep in his box, with the kettle boiling furiously upon the spirit-lamp, for the water was spurting over the floor. Then I put out my hand and was about to shake the man, who was still sleeping soundly, when a bell over his head rang loudly, and he woke with a start.

"'Mr. Phelps, sir!' said he, looking at me in bewilderment.

"'I came down to see if my coffee was ready.'

"'I was boiling the kettle when I fell asleep, sir.' He looked at me and then up at the still quivering bell, with an ever-growing astonishment upon his face.



"HERE IS A ROUGH CHART OF THE PLACE."

"'If you was here, sir, then who rang the bell?' he asked.

"'The bell!' I said. 'What bell is it?'

"'It's the bell of the room you were working in.'

"A cold hand seemed to close round my heart. Someone, then, was in that room where my precious treaty lay upon the table. I ran frantically up the stairs and along the passage. There was no one in the corridors, Mr. Holmes. There was no one in the room. All was exactly as I left it, save only that the papers committed to my care had been taken from the desk on which they lay. The copy was there and the original was gone."

Holmes sat up in his chair and rubbed his hands. I could see that the problem was entirely to his heart. "Pray, what did you do then?" he murmured.

"I recognised in an instant that the thief must have come up the stairs from the side door. Of course, I must have met him if he had come the other way."

"You were satisfied that he could not have been concealed in the room all the time, or in the corridor which you have just described as dimly lighted?"

"It is absolutely impossible. A rat could not conceal himself either in the room or the corridor. There is no cover at all."

"Thank you. Pray proceed."

"The commissionaire, seeing by my pale face that something was to be feared, had followed me upstairs. Now we both rushed along the corridor and down the steep steps which led to Charles Street. The door at the bottom was closed but unlocked. We flung it open and rushed out. I can distinctly remember that as we did so there came three chimes from a neighbouring church. It was a quarter to ten."

"That is of enormous importance," said Holmes, making a note upon his shirt cuff.

"The night was very dark, and a thin, warm rain was falling. There was no one in Charles Street, but a great traffic was going on, as usual, in Whitehall at the extremity. We rushed along the pavement, bareheaded as we were, and at the far corner we found a policeman standing.

"'A robbery has been committed,' I gasped. 'A document of immense value has been stolen from the Foreign Office. Has anyone passed this way?'

"'I have been standing here for a quarter of an hour, sir,' said he; 'only one person has passed during that time—a woman, tall and elderly, with a Paisley shawl.'

"'Ah, that is only my wife,' cried the commissionaire. 'Has no one else passed?'

"'No one.'

"'Then it must be the other way that the thief took,' cried the fellow, tugging at my sleeve.

"But I was not satisfied, and the attempts which he made to draw me away increased my suspicions.

"'Which way did the woman go?' I cried.

"'I don't know, sir. I noticed her pass, but I had no special reason for watching her. She seemed to be in a hurry.'

"'How long ago was it?'

"'Oh, not very many minutes.'

"'Within the last five?'

"'Well, it could not be more than five.'

"'You're only wasting your time, sir, and every minute now is of importance,' cried the commissionaire. 'Take my word for it that my old woman has nothing to do with it, and come down to the other end of the street. Well, if you won't I will,' and with that he rushed off in the other direction.

"But I was after him in an instant and caught him by the sleeve.

"'Where do you live?' said I.

"'No. 16, Ivy Lane, Brixton,' he answered; 'but don't let yourself be drawn away upon a false scent, Mr. Phelps. Come to the other end of the street, and let us see if we can hear of anything.'

"Nothing was to be lost by following his advice. With the policeman we both hurried down, but only to find the street full of traffic, many people coming and going, but all only too eager to get to a place of safety upon so wet a night. There was no lounger who could tell us who had passed.

"Then we returned to the office, and searched the stairs and the passage without result. The corridor which led to the room was laid down with a kind of creamy linoleum which shows an impression very easily. We examined it very carefully, but found no outline of any footmark."

"Had it been raining all the evening?"

"Since about seven."

"How is it, then, that the woman who came into the room about nine left no traces with her muddy boots?"

"I am glad you raise the point. It occurred to me at the time. The charwomen are in the habit of taking off their boots at the commissionaire's office, and putting on list slippers."

"That is very clear. There were no marks, then, though the night was a wet one? The chain of events is certainly one

of extraordinary interest. What did you do next?"

"We examined the room also. There is no possibility of a secret door, and the windows are quite thirty feet from the ground. Both of them were fastened on the inside. The carpet prevents any possibility of a trap-door, and the ceiling is of the ordinary white-washed kind. I will pledge my life that whoever stole my papers could only have come through the door."

"How about the fireplace?"

"They use none. There is a stove. The bell-rope hangs from the wire just to the right of my desk. Whoever rang it must have come right up to the desk to do it. But why should any criminal wish to ring the bell? It is a most insoluble mystery."

"Certainly the incident was unusual. What were your next steps? You examined the room, I presume, to see if the intruder had left any traces—any cigar-end, or dropped glove, or hairpin, or other trifle?"

"There was nothing of the sort."

"No smell?"

"Well, we never thought of that."

"Ah, a scent of tobacco would have been worth a great deal to us in such an investigation."

"I never smoke myself, so I think I should have observed it if there had been any smell of tobacco. There was absolutely no clue of any kind. The only tangible fact was that the commissionaire's wife—Mrs. Tangey was the name—had hurried out of the place. He could give no explanation save that it was about the time when the woman always went home. The policeman and I agreed that our best plan would be to seize the woman before she could get rid of the papers, presuming that she had them.

"The alarm had reached Scotland Yard by this time, and Mr. Forbes, the detective, came round at once and took up the case with a great deal of energy. We hired a hansom, and in half an hour we were at the address which had been given to us. A young woman opened the door, who proved to be Mrs. Tangey's eldest daughter. Her mother had not come back yet, and we were shown into the front room to wait.

"About ten minutes later a knock came at the door, and here we made the one serious mistake for which I blame myself. Instead of opening the door ourselves we allowed the girl to do so. We heard her say, 'Mother, there are two men in the house waiting to see you,' and an instant afterwards we heard the patter of feet rushing down the passage. Forbes flung open the door, and we both ran into the back room or kitchen, but the woman had got there before us. She stared at us with defiant eyes, and then suddenly recognising me, an expres-

"WHY, IF IT ISN'T MR. PHELPS!

sion of absolute astonishment came over her face.

"'Why, if it isn't Mr. Phelps, of the office!' she cried.

"'Come, come, who did you think we were when you ran away from us?' asked my companion.

"'I thought you were the brokers,' said she. 'We've had some trouble with a tradesman.'

"'That's not quite good enough,' answered Forbes. 'We have reason to believe that you have taken a paper of importance from the Foreign Office, and that you ran in here to dispose of it. You must come back with us to Scotland Yard to be searched.'

"It was in vain that she protested and resisted. A four-wheeler was brought, and we all three drove back in it. We had first made an examination of the kitchen, and especially of the kitchen fire, to see whether she might have made away with the papers during the instant that she was alone. There were no signs, however, of any ashes or scraps. When we reached Scotland Yard she was handed over at once to the female searcher. I waited in an agony of suspense until she came back with her report. There were no signs of the papers.

"Then, for the first time, the horror of my situation came in its full force upon me. Hitherto I had been acting, and action had numbed thought. I had been so confident of regaining the treaty at once that I had not dared to think of what would be the consequence if I failed to do so. But now there was nothing more to be done, and I had leisure to realize my position. It was horrible! Watson there would tell you that I was a nervous, sensitive boy at school. It is my nature. I thought of my uncle and of his colleagues in the Cabinet, of the shame which I had brought upon him, upon myself, upon everyone connected with me. What though I was the victim of an extraordinary accident? No allowance is made for accidents where diplomatic interests are at stake. I was ruined; shamefully, hopelessly ruined. I don't know what I did. I fancy I must have made a scene. I have a dim recollection of a group of officials who crowded round me endeavouring to soothe me. One of them drove down with me to Waterloo and saw me into the Woking train. I believe that he would have come all the way had it not been that Dr. Ferrier, who lives near me, was going down by that very train. The doctor most kindly took charge of me, and it was well he did so, for I had a fit in the station, and before we reached home I was practically a raving maniac.

"You can imagine the state of things here when they were roused from their beds by the doctor's ringing, and found me in this condition. Poor Annie here and my mother were broken-hearted. Dr. Ferrier had just heard enough from the detective at the station to be able to give an idea of what had happened, and his story did not mend matters. It was evident to all that I was in for a long illness, so Joseph was bundled out of this cheery bedroom, and it was turned into a sick room for me. Here I have lain, Mr. Holmes, for over nine weeks, unconscious, and raving with brain fever. If it had not been for Miss Harrison here and for the doctor's care, I should not be speaking to you now. She has nursed me by day, and a hired nurse has looked after me by night, for in my mad fits I was capable of anything. Slowly my reason has cleared, but it is only during the last three days that my memory has quite returned. Sometimes I wish that it never had. The first thing that I did was to wire to Mr. Forbes, who had the case in hand. He came out and assured me that, though everything has been done, no trace of a clue has been discovered. The commissionaire and his wife have been examined in every way without any light being thrown upon the matter. The suspicions of the police then rested upon young Gorot, who, as you may remember, stayed overtime in the office that night. His remaining behind and his French name were really the only two points which could suggest suspicion; but as a matter of fact, I did not begin work until he had gone, and his people are of Huguenot extraction, but as English in sympathy and tradition as you and I are. Nothing was found to implicate him in any way, and there the matter dropped. I turn to you, Mr. Holmes, as absolutely my last hope. If you fail me, then my honour as well as my position are for ever forfeited."

The invalid sank back upon his cushions, tired out by this long recital, while his nurse poured him out a glass of some stimulating medicine. Holmes sat silently with his head thrown back and his eyes closed in an attitude which might seem listless to a stranger, but which I knew betokened the most intense absorption.

"Your statement has been so explicit," said he at last, "that you have really left me very few questions to ask. There is one of the very utmost importance, however. Did

you tell anyone that you had this special task to perform?"

"No one."

"Not Miss Harrison here, for example?"

"No. I had not been back to Woking between getting the order and executing the commission."

"And none of your people had by chance been to see you?"

"None."

"Did any of them know their way about in the office?"

"Oh, yes; all of them had been shown over it."

"Still, of course, if you said nothing to any one about the treaty, these inquiries are irrelevant."

"I said nothing."

"Do you know anything of the commissionaire?"

"Nothing, except that he is an old soldier."

"What regiment?"

"Oh, I have heard—Coldstream Guards."

"Thank you. I have no doubt I can get details from Forbes. The authorities are excellent at amassing facts, though they do not always use them to advantage. What a lovely thing a rose is!"

He walked past the couch to the open window, and held up the drooping stalk of a moss rose, looking down at the dainty blend of crimson and green. It was a new phase of his character to me, for I had never before seen him show any keen interest in natural objects.

"There is nothing in which deduction is so necessary as in religion," said he, leaning with his back against the shutters. "It can be built up as an exact science by the reasoner. Our highest assurance of the goodness of Providence seems to me to rest in the flowers. All other things, our powers, our desires, our food, are really necessary for our existence in the first instance. But this rose is an extra. Its smell and its colour are an embellishment of life, not a condition of it. It is only goodness which gives extras, and so I say again that we have much to hope from the flowers."

Percy Phelps and his nurse looked at Holmes during this demonstration with surprise and a good deal of disappointment written upon their faces. He had fallen into a reverie, with the moss rose between his fingers. It had lasted some minutes before the young lady broke in upon it.

"WHAT A LOVELY THING A ROSE IS."

"Do you see any prospect of solving this mystery, Mr. Holmes?" she asked, with a touch of asperity in her voice.

"Oh, the mystery!" he answered, coming back with a start to the realities of life. "Well, it would be absurd to deny that the case is a very abstruse and complicated one; but I can promise you that I will look into the matter and let you know any points which may strike me."

"Do you see any clue?"

"You have furnished me with seven, but of course I must test them before I can pronounce upon their value."

"You suspect someone?"

"I suspect myself—"

"What?"

"Of coming to conclusions too rapidly."

"Then go to London and test your conclusions."

"Your advice is very excellent, Miss Harrison," said Holmes, rising. "I think, Watson, we cannot do better. Do not allow yourself to indulge in false hopes, Mr. Phelps. The affair is a very tangled one."

"I shall be in a fever until I see you again," cried the diplomatist.

"Well, I'll come out by the same train to-morrow, though it's more than likely that my report will be a negative one."

"God bless you for promising to come," cried our client. "It gives me fresh life to know that something is being done. By the way, I have had a letter from Lord Holdhurst."

"Ha, what did he say?"

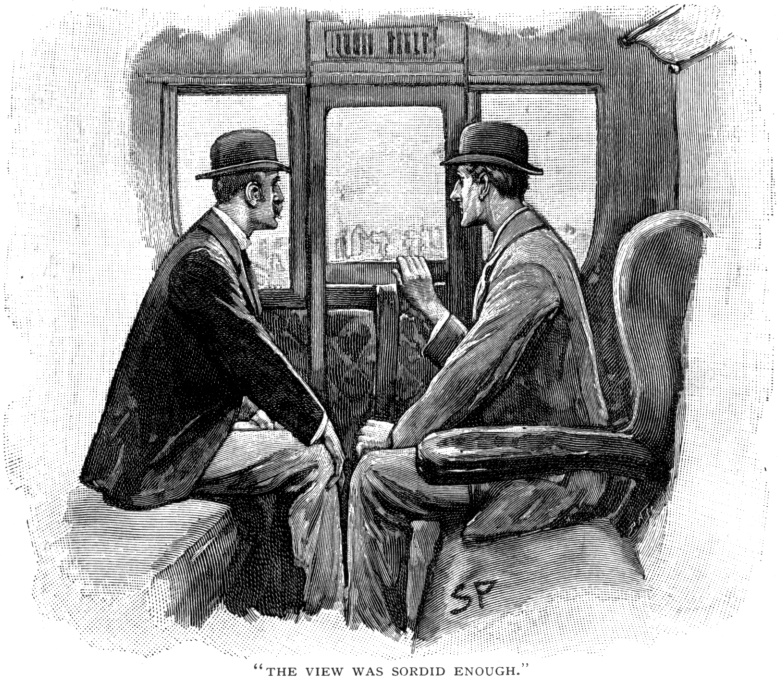
"He was cold, but not harsh. I daresay my severe illness prevented him from being that. He repeated that the matter was of the utmost importance, and added that no steps would be taken about my future—by which he means, of course, my dismissal—until my health was restored and I had an opportunity of repairing my misfortune."

"Well, that was reasonable and considerate," said Holmes. "Come, Watson, for we have a good day's work before us in town."

Mr. Joseph Harrison drove us down to the station, and we were soon whirling up in a Portsmouth train. Holmes was sunk in profound thought, and hardly opened his mouth until we had passed Clapham Junction.

"It's a very cheering thing to come into London by any of these lines which run high and allow you to look down upon the houses like this."

I thought he was joking, for the view was sordid enough, but he soon explained himself.



"THE VIEW WAS SORDID ENOUGH."

"Look at those big, isolated clumps of building rising up above the slates, like brick islands in a lead-coloured sea."

"The Board schools."

"Lighthouses, my boy! Beacons of the future! Capsules, with hundreds of bright little seeds in each, out of which will spring the wiser, better England of the future. I suppose that man Phelps does not drink?"

"I should not think so."

"Nor should I. But we are bound to take every possibility into account. The poor devil has certainly got himself into very hot water, and it's a question whether we shall ever be able to get him ashore. What did you think of Miss Harrison?"

"A girl of strong character."

"Yes, but she is a good sort, or I am mistaken. She and her brother are the only children of an ironmaster somewhere up Northumberland way. He got engaged to her when travelling last winter, and she came down to be introduced to his people, with her brother as escort. Then came the smash, and she stayed on to nurse her lover, while brother Joseph, finding himself pretty snug, stayed on too. I've been making a few independent inquiries, you see. But to-day must be a day of inquiries."

"My practice——" I began.

"Oh, if you find your own cases more interesting than mine——" said Holmes, with some asperity.

"I was going to say that my practice could get along very well for a day or two, since it is the slackest time in the year."

"Excellent!" said he, recovering his good humour. "Then we'll look into this matter together. I think that we should begin by seeing Forbes. He can probably tell us all the details we want, until we know from what side the case is to be approached."

"You said you had a clue."

"Well, we have several, but we can only test their value by further inquiry. The most difficult crime to track is the one which is purposeless. Now, this is not purposeless. Who is it that profits by it? There is the

French Ambassador, there is the Russian, there is whoever might sell it to either of these, and there is Lord Holdhurst."

"Lord Holdhurst!"

"Well, it is just conceivable that a statesman might find himself in a position where he was not sorry to have such a document accidentally destroyed."

"Not a statesman with the honourable record of Lord Holdhurst."

"It is a possibility, and we cannot afford to disregard it. We shall see the noble lord to-day, and find out if he can tell us anything. Meanwhile, I have already set inquiries upon foot."

"Already?"

"Yes, I sent wires from Woking Station to every evening paper in London. This advertisement will appear in each of them."

He handed over a sheet torn from a note-book. On it was scribbled in pencil:—

"£10 Reward.—The number of the cab which dropped a fare at or about the door of the Foreign Office in Charles Street, at a quarter to ten in the evening of May 23rd. Apply 221B, Baker Street."

"You are confident that the thief came in a cab?"

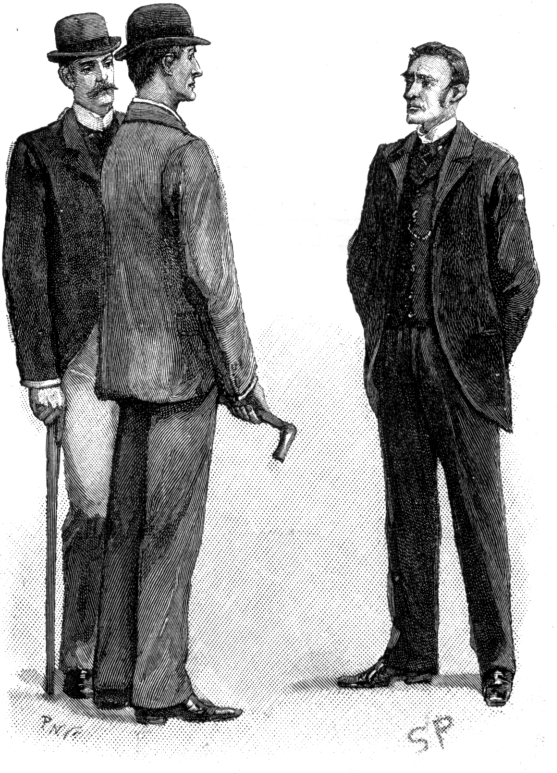
"If not, there is no harm done. But if Mr. Phelps is correct in stating that there is no hiding-place either in the room or the corridors, then the person must have come from outside. If he came from outside on so wet a night, and yet left no trace of damp upon the linoleum which was examined within a few minutes of his passing, then it is exceedingly probable that he came in a cab. Yes, I think that we may safely deduce a cab."

"It sounds plausible."

"That is one of the clues of which I spoke. It may lead us to something. And then, of course, there is the bell—which is the most distinctive feature of the case. Why should the bell ring? Was it the thief that did it out of bravado? Or was it someone who was with the thief who did it in order to prevent the crime? Or was it an accident? Or was it ——?" He sank back into the state of intense and silent thought from which he had emerged, but it seemed to me, accustomed as I was to his every mood, that some new possibility had dawned suddenly upon him.

It was twenty past three when we reached our terminus, and after a hasty luncheon at the buffet we pushed on at once to Scotland Yard. Holmes had already wired to Forbes, and we found him waiting to receive us: a small, foxy man, with a sharp but by no means amiable expression. He was decidedly frigid in his manner to us, especially when he heard the errand upon which we had come.

"I've heard of your methods before now, Mr. Holmes," said he, tartly. "You are ready enough to use all the information that the police can lay at your disposal, and then you try to finish the case yourself and bring discredit upon them."



"I'VE HEARD OF YOUR METHODS BEFORE NOW, MR. HOLMES."

"On the contrary," said Holmes; "out of my last fifty-three cases my name has only appeared in four, and the police have had all the credit in forty-nine. I don't blame you for not knowing this, for you are young and inexperienced; but if you wish to get on in your new duties you will work with me, and not against me."

"I'd be very glad of a hint or two," said the detective, changing his manner. "I've certainly had no credit from the case so far."

"What steps have you taken?"

"Tangey, the commissionaire, has been shadowed. He left the Guards with a good character, and we can find nothing against him. His wife is a bad lot, though. I fancy she knows more about this than appears."

"Have you shadowed her?"

"We have set one of our women on to her. Mrs. Tangey drinks, and our woman has been with her twice when she was well on, but she could get nothing out of her."

"I understand that they have had brokers in the house?"

"Yes, but they were paid off."

"Where did the money come from?"

"That was all right. His pension was due. They have not shown any sign of being in funds."

"What explanation did she give of having answered the bell when Mr. Phelps rang for the coffee?"

"She said that her husband was very tired and she wished to relieve him."

"Well, certainly that would agree with his being found, a little later, asleep in his chair. There is nothing against them, then, but the woman's character. Did you ask her why she hurried away that night? Her haste attracted the attention of the police constable."

"She was later than usual, and wanted to get home."

"Did you point out to her that you and Mr. Phelps, who started at least twenty minutes after her, got home before her?"

"She explains that by the difference between a 'bus and a hansom."

"Did she make it clear why, on reaching her house, she ran into the back kitchen?"

"Because she had the money there with which to pay off the brokers."

"She has at least an answer for everything. Did you ask her whether in leaving she met anyone or saw anyone loitering about Charles Street?"

"She saw no one but the constable."

"Well, you seem to have cross-examined her pretty thoroughly. What else have you done?"

"The clerk, Gorot, has been shadowed all these nine weeks, but without result. We can show nothing against him."

"Anything else?"

"Well, we have nothing else to go upon—no evidence of any kind."

"Have you formed any theory about how that bell rang?"

"Well, I must confess that it beats me. It was a cool hand, whoever it was, to go and give the alarm like that."

"Yes, it was a queer thing to do. Many thanks to you for what you have told me. If I can put the man into your hands you shall hear from me. Come along, Watson!"

"Where are we going to now?" I asked, as we left the office.

"We are now going to interview Lord Holdhurst, the Cabinet Minister and future Premier of England."

(To be concluded next month.)

"WHY, mister, you're the ninth
to-day—
(And not the last, as I'll be
bound)—
To come along and ask the way
To Little-Pigley-in-the-Pound;
And always with a canvas case
Containing paints to paint the place.

"But I'm afeard the likes o' you
Must hit on summut else to paint;
For Little-Pigley ain't on view—
And that's what Little-Pigley ain't—
And maybe you've a mind to know
Why Little-Pigley ain't on show?

"You artist gents is well aware
As Little-Pigley wasn't what
You might say kep' in fine repair—
A rambleshackling kind of spot:
The which is rightly what contents
Sech curious folks as artist gents.

"Us Pigley folks had bin inclined
To fancy—ah! for thirty year—
That Little-Pigley wouldn't mind
A dab o' putty here and theer.
Still, no one started to begin,
Though 'alf the roofs was tumblin' in

"Then Roots'es chimbley down he come
And buried Mother Turmut's sow.
And then we thought, as things looked
rum,
We might begin a-puttying now,
And held a meeting, prompt and
plump,
About the matter, round the pump.

"And then and theer that meeting found—
And arter, at the 'Cow and Cup'—
That Little-Pigley-in-the-Pound
Required a bit o' doing-up;
The which (though being our intent)
Was flummoxed by a artist gent.

"AT THE 'COW AND CUP."

"The gent—(as had a winning smile,
And pleasant-spoken as you please)—
Had bin with us a goodish while,
A-staying at the 'Seven Fleas';
And always reg'lar to be found
A-picturing the houses round.

"Now, when he heered about our plan
Of doing Pigley up a bit,
He seemed a reg'lar broken man—
We thought he'd go and have a fit;
With tears a-rolling down his face
He said we'd ruinate the place!

"Then round he comes to each in turn
As owned a cottage or a shed,
And filled our hearts with much concern
With all the dismal things he said:
Says he, 'You let the village be—
To touch it is a crime,' says he.

"Well, we was puzzled, you'll believe;
And weeks and weeks they came and went,
And still we didn't like to grieve
That pleasant-spoken artist gent.
And 'alf a roof was all I had,
And things were gettin' pretty bad.

"YOU LET THE VILLAGE BE."

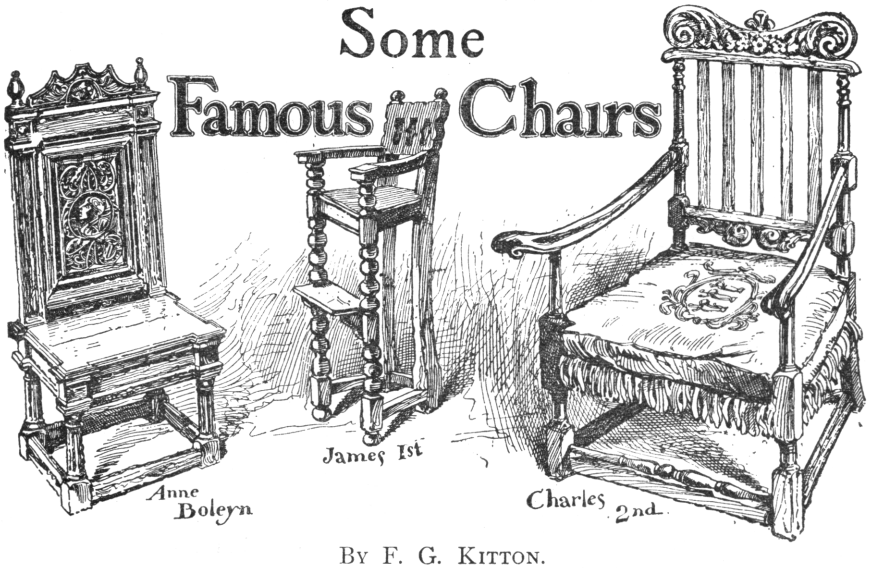
"Then Stubbs, he murmured, 'Not but what
Civility is right and fit;
Yet, arter all, a man hev got
To think about hisself a bit—
I seems to think we ought to keep
This place from tumblin' in a heap.'

"'Old Stubbs,' says me, 'we do believe
As your remarks is rightly meant;
But shall we up and go and grieve
That pleasant-spoken artist gent?
Why, if so be we was to take
An' do this thing, his 'eart would break!'

"And so it comes to pass that what
Were Little-Pigley-in-the-Pound
Is jest a mere promiscu's lot
O' little heaps about the ground—
There's some among us as repent
They ever seed that artist gent!"

J. F. SULLIVAN.

Some Famous Chairs



By F. G. Kitton.

THACKERAY contended that the coats of distinguished men may possess as marked an individuality as their characters and their lineaments. Could not this theory be consistently applied to the favourite chairs of celebrated people? For the personal associations connected with these articles of furniture are apparently so tangible and real, that it does not require a great effort of imagination to picture the respective owners seated thereon, in characteristic attitudes assumed for labour, ease, or comfort. "Never ask me into your room of chairs: I should see all the men sitting in them!" said a well-known novelist to a gentleman of antiquarian tastes, who had made a hobby of collecting what he aptly termed "suggestive furniture."

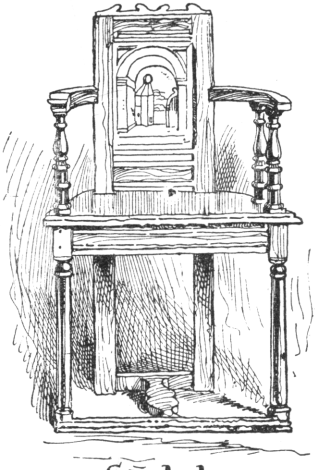
This gentleman was the late Mr. George Godwin, F.S.A., for some time editor of the *Builder*, who succeeded in obtaining many such relics of departed greatness; for he considered that it would not be difficult to show the importance attaching to suggestive memorials of those who have taught or delighted the world, and that amongst such memorials the chair habitually used must hold a high place. A few years ago, shortly after Mr. Godwin's death, the famous chairs were brought to the hammer, when the present writer availed himself of an opportunity that might never recur of sketching the most interesting items in this unrivalled collection before it was dispersed. Several of the chairs here described formerly belonged to Mr. Godwin.

The first of the three Royal chairs, as delineated above, belonged to Anne Boleyn, and came out of Hever Castle about fifty years ago, when it was sold by the then owner, who, with consummate bad taste, while renovating this establishment with modern furniture, rejected that which was antique and beautiful. This chair is of oak, with the back panel richly carved; the legs are fluted Doric columns, and the front of the very low seat is ornamented with a coarse sort of marquetry, or *tarsiatura*. It is believed to be of French manufacture, probably of the time of Henri II. or Francis I.; and we may suppose it possible that the unfortunate Anne often sat on this substantial seat while King Hal made love to her.

The next drawing represents the veritable chair used by James VI. of Scotland (afterwards James I. of England) during his infancy, while under the care of the Earl of Mar, in Stirling Castle. It is of contemporary workmanship, solidly built of oak, the front posts affording a good example of Jacobean ball-turning. Sixty years ago, when in Lady Frances Erskine's possession, it was in a state of rapid decay, so probably its present condition is even more akin to dust.

The third Royal chair is known as Charles II.'s, it having provided sitting accommodation for the King in the Council Chamber at Great Yarmouth in 1662. This handsome specimen of contemporary furniture is also of oak, partly carved, having a crimson cushioned seat embroidered with the arms of Yarmouth, at which place it was purchased by Mr. Godwin in 1883.

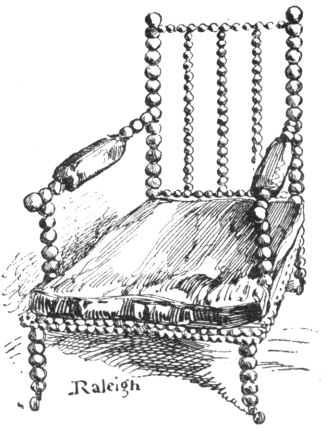
The gem of this collection is undoubtedly Shakespeare's chair, the same in which he is believed to have written many of his immortal plays. The mere statement that such was the case would not, however, be sufficient to inspire confidence in its authenticity, but there is its pedigree, fully recorded, let in under glass behind. It is a small, stiff, square, oak arm-chair, with a somewhat crude carving of a church on the back, and having (when I sketched it) a slender chain drawn across the front, to warn off all who



Shaksheare

might presume to sit on such a seat. Its history, in handwriting of the time of Garrick, is as follows :—

"When Garrick was intending to celebrate the Memory of his ever-to-be-remembered Author Shakespeare, in praise of his superlative Genius, He heard that Paul Whitehead, the poet laureate, had a chair in which he, S., sat when he wrote most of his inimitable Plays. He requested the favour of me to call upon Whitehead, and ask his permission that he, G., might be indulged with the Loan of the said Chair on the occasion, from which He thought He should be enabled to make his Oration with more peculiar animation. I without Hesitation undertook the business, and waited upon him at his house upon Twickenham Common, and addressed Him in as mild and as modest terms as in my power, when He abruptly and absolutely, with a considerable degree of Ire, refused it, saying that Garrick was a Mountebank, and was by no means a fit person to be trusted with so valuable a Gem, upon which I retired greatly confused and discomfited. Soon after, however, Mr. Whitehead died, and his furniture, &c., coming to the Hammer to be sold, I asked Mr. Ben Bradbury, a neighbouring resident, to purchase It for me, with which he complied, made the



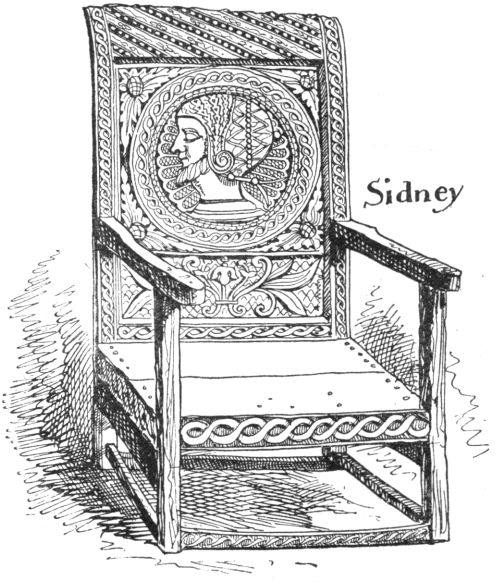
Raleigh

purchase, and afterwards made me a present of it, without permitting me to know to what amount it was sold, and it has ever since been in my possession in the genuine state in which it was bought, and shall so remain, barring accidents, for the Residue of my Life.

"J. B."

The chair said to have belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh (but believed by experts to be of a much later date) is important and stately; the frame is of turned ball-work, from which the gilt is gradually disappearing, and the seat and arms are covered with dark green cushions. It was brought from Orley Court, near Bideford, Sir Walter's country mansion; and tradition says that the room, called the Haunted Chamber, in which it was found, had not been opened for a century.

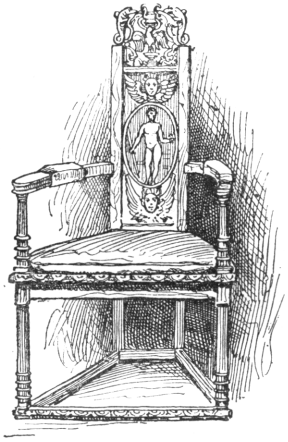
The drawing of Sir Philip Sidney's chair

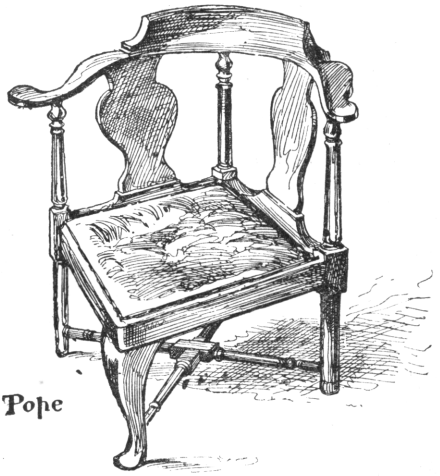


Sidney

is taken from Hone's "Year Book," where it is described as an old, finely-carved chair, in the possession of a gentleman to whom it was presented by the owner of Penshurst, Kent, the venerable seat of the Sidney family, and the birthplace of Sir Philip. From tradition at Penshurst, it was the chair in which he customarily sat, and perhaps wrote his celebrated "Arcadia," here referred to as "the best pastoral romance, and one of the most popular books of its age." The carved design on the back, with a somewhat Egyptian-like type of head in the centre, is very elaborate and curious, and is about the date of Henry VII.

Alexander Pope is here represented by two chairs of very distinct types. One of these strongly resembles Shakespeare's, but the effect is much superior, the back being richly carved. This interesting oak seat was was presented to the South Kensington Museum, in 1872, by Lady Hawes, widow of Sir Benjamin Hawes, who was a descendant of William Hawes, the apothecary in attend-

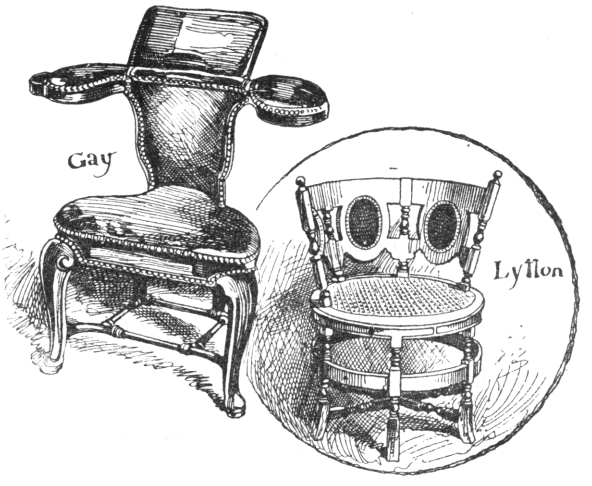




constantly used by Pope, and was exhibited, with other relics of Pope, at Twickenham, in July, 1888, on the occasion of the bi-centenary celebration of the poet's birth. It was given to a servant who had long lived in the poet's family, and now belongs to Lord Braybrooke. The other chair formerly belonging to Pope is more inviting, if less ornate—an oak corner chair of the period of William and Mary, covered in dark leather. Dr. Diamond, F.S.A., a former possessor, believed it to be really genuine, and, indeed, was willing to make an affidavit that it was Pope's chair.

Oliver Goldsmith's chair is, as might be expected, a very simple affair, of a type known as a "Wycombe," constructed of beech, and afterwards stained a dark green colour. It ance upon Goldsmith during his last illness. After his death, Goldsmith's furniture and other effects were sold by public auction, under the management of Mr. Hawes, who probably thus availed himself of that opportunity of acquiring such a pleasing souvenir of him who, as Garrick said, "wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

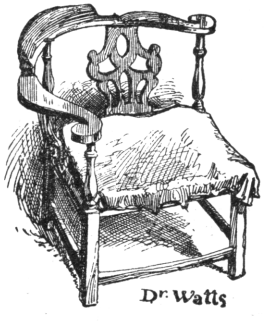
It would have been appropriate to have introduced here a representation of the chair of Goldsmith's admiring friend, Dr. Johnson. A seat that undoubtedly belonged to the burly doctor stood, for many years, an honoured relic in the quaint room of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell; but recent investigation resulted in the discovery that, much to the writer's chagrin, it had been removed, and his attempt to trace its present destina-



tion unhappily failed. Although it has probably fallen into appreciative hands, it is much to be regretted that such a cherished object should thus disappear from public view.

The chair of Gay, the poet, is curious and probably unique. Apart from its associations, it is a remarkable specimen of ingenious adaptation of means to an end, forming not merely a seat, but also a desk for writing. Under the arms are drawers for holding writing implements, each turning on a pivot and having a candlestick attached. Under the seat is another similar receptacle, behind which is a secret drawer ingeniously fastened by a small bolt, not perceivable until the larger drawer is removed. The chair, it is necessary to explain, is used by sitting across it with the face towards the back. It passed to Gay's relations by marriage, and was eventually sold by auction.

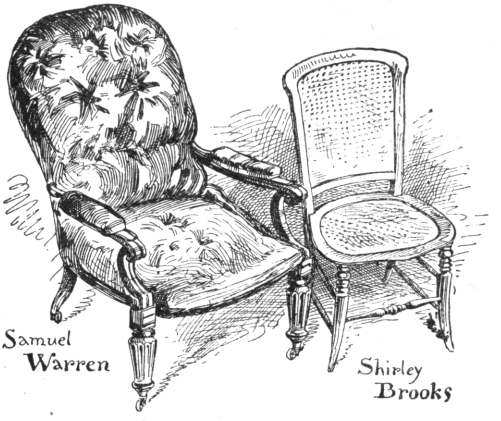
Bulwer Lytton's quaint cane-bottomed chair is circular in form, the frame of walnut wood,



and the date apparently Jacobean. In it, at Craven Cottage, Fulham, the distinguished author wrote many of his earlier works. One can turn about in it, and give oneself comfort however fidgety one may be. It was presented by Lord Lytton to Mr. T. A. Baylis, who considered it one of the very best relics of his "very dear friend."

A comfortable corner chair of oak, with open-work back and leather seat, is that of Dr. Isaac Watts, "the excellent divine and harmonious hymnologist," and was brought from Abney Park, Hackney, where he resided with the family of Sir Thomas Abney for some thirty or forty years. It subsequently found its way into the Godwin Gallery.

An arm-chair in mahogany frame, with crimson morocco leather seat and back, was the favourite seat of Samuel Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year,"

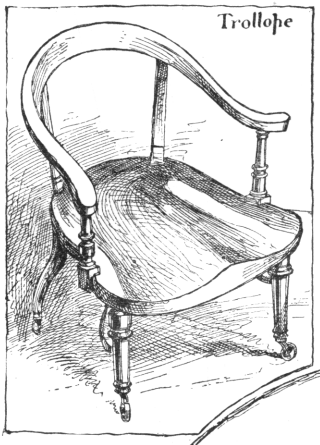


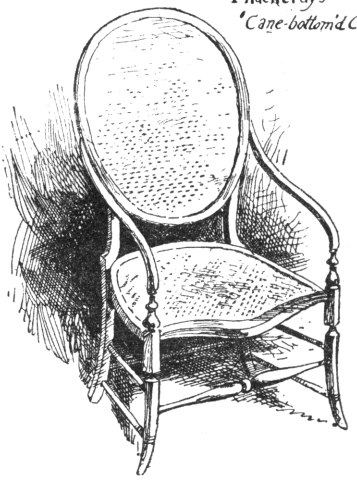
etc., and was purchased by Mr. Godwin at the sale of the novelist's effects in 1878. The little oak writing-chair by its side, with cane seat and back, belonged to Shirley Brooks, sometime editor of *Punch*, and was given to the enthusiastic collector by Mrs. Brooks herself.

Anthony Trollope's library chair of American pine, given to Mr. Godwin by the novelist's family, has been rightly described as "a hard, uninstructive chair, without an idea in it." This character does not apply to the favourite seat of his illustrious contemporary, Charles Dickens — that simple, but comfortable, arm-chair which the author of "Pickwick" used in his study at Gad's Hill Place. Its aspect has been made generally familiar by means of Mr. Luke Fildes' spirited drawing, entitled "The

Empty Chair," published in the *Graphic* shortly after the novelist's death. This famous chair was on view at the Victorian Exhibition held in the New Gallery in 1891-2, having been lent by Miss Dickens.

The large easy chair wherein it is said Thackeray used to write (or, rather, rest) is peculiar in having five legs, three of which are at the back. It has an ebonized frame,

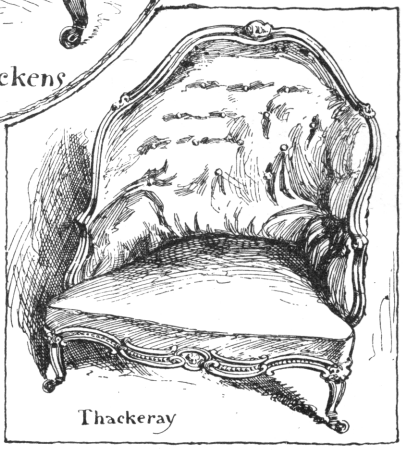




removal to Kensington Palace Gardens. At the Victorian Exhibition was shown a still more interesting seat, which also belonged to the author of "Vanity Fair," namely, the cane-bottomed chair of his ballad. It is a lightly-constructed arm-chair, with caned seat and back, and was purchased at the sale of Thackeray's property, in 1864, by Sir W. A. Fraser, Bart., who lent it for exhibition.

An unpretentious bamboo easy chair was the favourite seat of the world-renowned Sarah Siddons when studying her theatrical

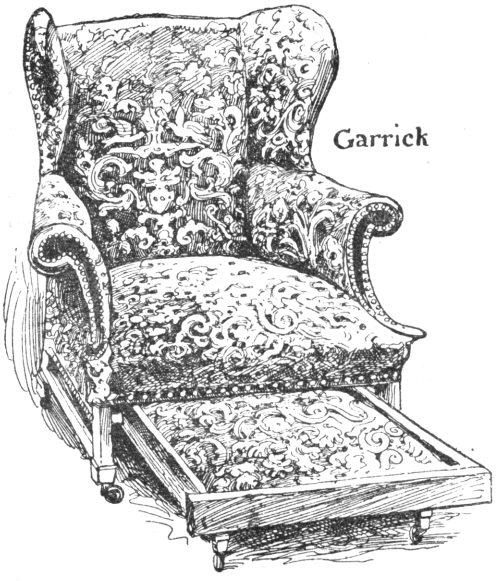
upholstered in crimson satin damask—and "looks not unlike a good-sized bath," large enough, one would imagine, to afford satisfactory accommodation for the bulky form of him whom Carlyle humorously alluded to as a "Cornish giant." Thackeray's chair was purchased by Mr. Godwin from a well-known firm in Bond Street, and it has been explained that, previous to this, the novelist had either given it away or exchanged it, probably on the occasion of his



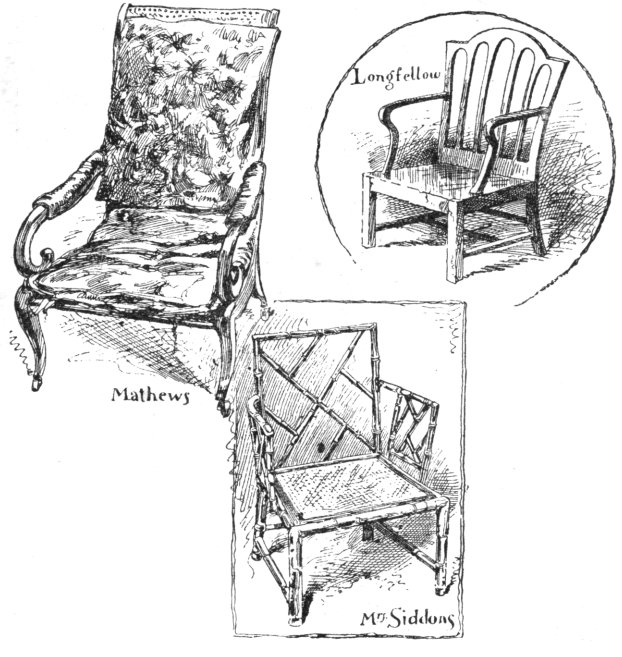
characters at home, and is the identical one specially taken on many occasions to the theatre for her use upon the stage. It was left, with other personal property, to Miss Wilkinson, her companion and confidential friend, who lived with the distinguished actress during the last years of her life. From this lady it passed to Dr. T. Stevenson, F.S.A., who gave it to Mr. Godwin. The latter gentleman also possessed the easy chair of the elder Charles Mathews, which he purchased at the sale of the actor's effects in 1878.

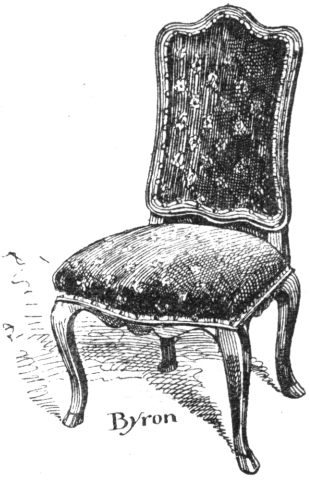
Longfellow's chair is a squat imitation of a Sheraton design, and probably manufactured in America, where it is still cherished by the family.

Garrick's chair is technically called a "lug" chair, by reason of the side pieces or "lugs" projecting from the back, which must effectually screen the head from transverse draughts. This cosy receptacle is well padded throughout, and covered with gay tapestry. A striking peculiarity is the movable ottoman below, which draws in and out, forming a resting-place for the famous actor's gouty extremities. A brass plate at the back is thus inscribed: "This Chair belonged to David Garrick, and was purchased by John Hare at the Countess of Essex' Sale at Christie's, on March 7th, 1883." Mr. Hare afterwards presented it to the Green Room Club.



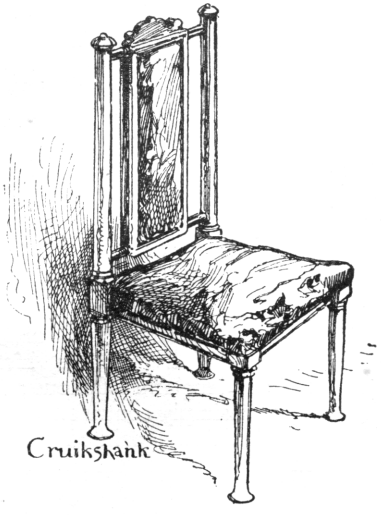
There is a story connected with Lord Byron's handsome Louis XIV. chair, covered in crimson Utrecht velvet. In 1835, his intimate friend, Scrope Davies, an associate of the Byron coterie of elegant men, and a wit, had made his home in an apartment that was previously a hayloft, situated in one of the squares in Ostend, the approach to this unconventional dwelling being by means of a ladder. Scrope Davies had filled two rooms, fashioned in the loft, with relics from all the distinguished men he had known, and was visited by many eminent people as they passed through Ostend to pay their respects to King Leopold at Brussels. The father



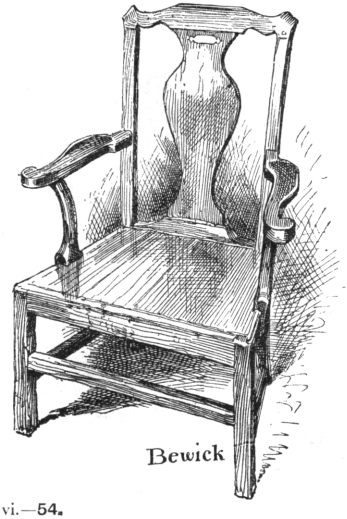


of the lady who tells the story of Davies knew how to appreciate that remarkable man, who, in return, invited him to the loft, where he found a curious collection of objects. He was subsequently able to do Davies "a good turn," and this sympathy led to the gentleman one day carrying down the ladder this same high-backed chair with cloven feet, which Byron himself had given him. It originally came from his lordship's ancestral mansion, where he used it in his library.

The first of the chairs of three great artists is a small writing chair with crimson leather seat and back (somewhat tattered), which once



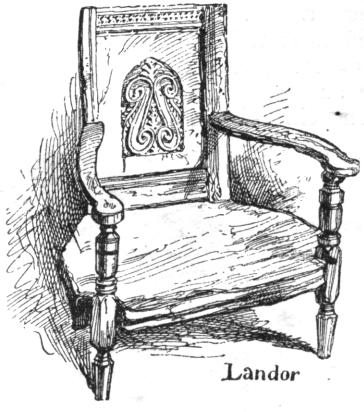
belonged to George Cruikshank. The next is a much more substantial seat, formerly owned by Thomas Bewick, the restorer of the



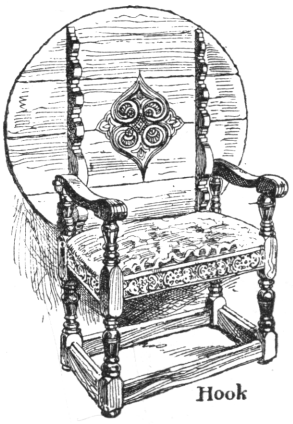
art of wood-engraving in England, but who is better known, perhaps, as the author and illustrator of Bewick's "British Birds" and "Quadrupeds." The present writer purchased this valuable relic at the Bewick Sale held at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1884, and, in order to maintain its identity, a silver plate has since

been inserted recording this fact, together with the intimation that Bewick had for many years been accustomed to sit in this very chair. A mournful interest is associated with Sir Edwin Landseer's easy chair, for in it (as it stood by his bedside) the great animal painter breathed his last.

A rough oaken chair, fit for a giant to rest on, is that of Walter Savage Landor, poet and miscellaneous writer. It is of

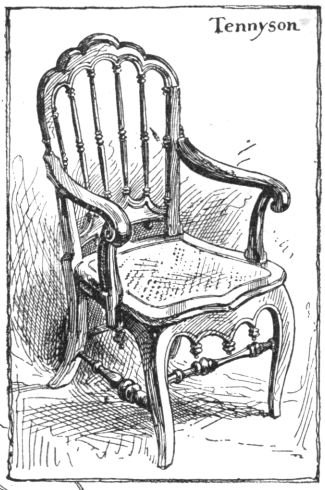


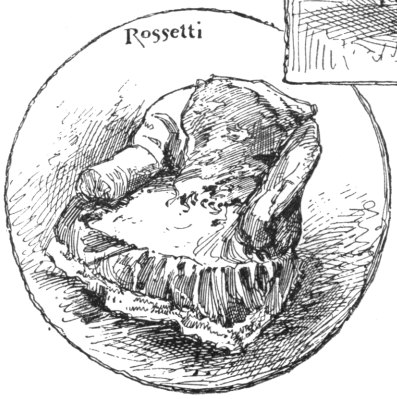
James I.'s date, and was included in the Godwin collection. So was Theodore Hook's, a very peculiar one of the Cromwell period, which may be used as a table, the circular back turning down and resting solidly on the arms. Mr. Godwin


Hook

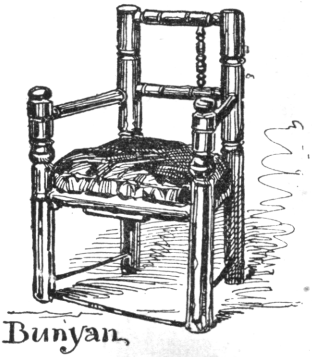
obtained it from Hook's house at Fulham, where he once saw him in it, and heard the punster make some of his wild jokes when seated on "his double-purposed throne."

The late Lord Tennyson's cane-bottomed study chair is a modern French type, and probably may still be seen by privileged persons in the deceased Laureate's study at Haslemere, where I sketched it a few years ago, as it stood near his writing-table. The favourite seat of the painter-poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is a comfortable but sorry-looking piece of furniture, and requires a brown holland cover to hide its imperfections, while an aggressive modern chair-back, disporting sky-blue swallows on a ground of old-gold material, is spread over the back.

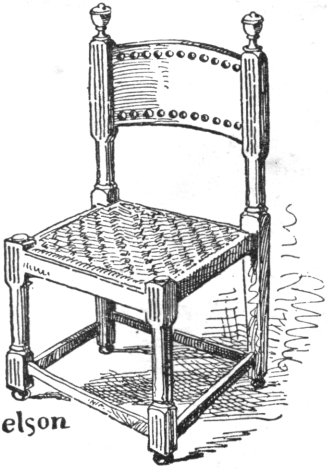

Tennyson


Rossetti

John Bunyan's primitive-looking arm-chair, with cushioned seat, is still preserved in the vestry of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, and is one of the few personal relics extant of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." It originally had three turned spindles in the back, only one of which remains; and the legs are braced together with iron to prevent premature collapse.

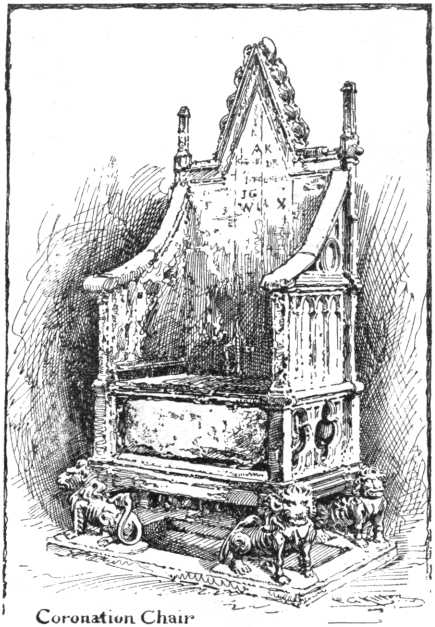

Bunyan

The cabin chair of Lord Nelson is a valuable historical relic of England's famous admiral. It is a simply contrived affair, the wooden frame painted green, and the turned and square legs and posts having three incised parallel lines on each of the front flat surfaces; the back consists of a thin bowing top with two rows of perforations, while the seat is of rush, neatly woven. A paper


Nelson

inscription on the back states that the chair was "formerly the property of Horatio Viscount Nelson, and was presented by Lord Stafford to the Norfolk and Norwich Museum," than which a more fitting resting-place could not be found.

This series of remarkable chairs would not be complete without mention of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. The seat of this ancient and historic chair rests upon the celebrated stone which, according to Buchanan, formerly stood in Argyllshire, and was transferred to Scone by King Kenneth, who inclosed it in a wooden chair. The monkish tradition states it to be the veritable stone which formed Jacob's pillow! In the more credible legend of Scotland it is described as the ancient inauguration stone of the Kings of Ireland, brought from the sister isle by Fergus, the son of Eric, who led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyllshire. The stone was removed to Westminster from Scone by Edward I., and there it remains, "the ancientest respected monument in the world." The history of its removal from Scone admits of no doubt, for a record exists of the expenses attending its transference; and this is the best evidence of the reverence which attached to this rude seat of the ancient Kings of Scotland, "who, standing on it in the sight of assembled thousands, had sworn to reverence the laws and to do justice to the people."



Coronation Chair

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Authors of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

IV.—THE HEIR OF CHARTELPOOL.

A DOCTOR in full practice in London often loses sight of his early home. This was not my case. I had spent all my young days in a small village in Yorkshire, and, as my practice increased and my leisure time grew rarer and rarer, I was still glad to spend a fortnight in each year in the old sequestered hamlet which had known me as child and boy.

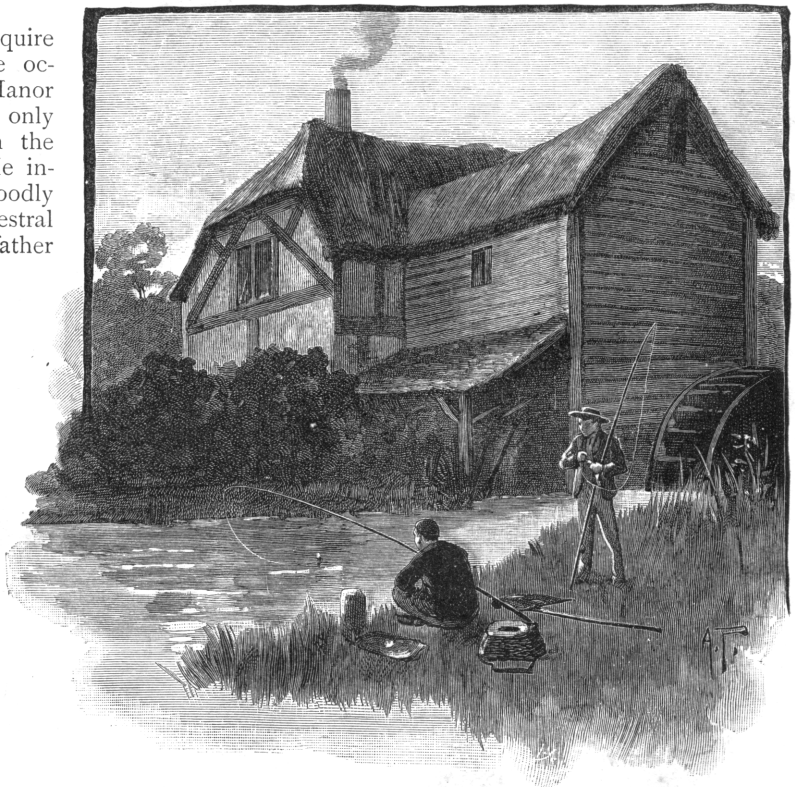
The thing which happens to all flesh came also into my life. The friends who knew me of old knew me no more, for the simple reason that they no longer knew anybody else on earth—they were lying in the churchyard. But one friend of about my own age always welcomed me with enthusiasm and heartiness when I could run down from London to spend a few days at Chartelpool.

Stanhope was the squire of the village. He occupied the old Manor House, and was the only man of wealth in the neighbourhood. He inherited not only a goodly share of old ancestral acres, but his grandfather and father before him had largely added to their means by coal mines, which were worked successfully, and which, in consequence, made Harold Stanhope one of the richest men of my acquaintance.

When I first knew him he was a dark-eyed, sallow-faced schoolboy. We spent a great deal of time riding and fishing together, and when we both went up to the University, we found ourselves men of the same college.

Harold was reserved and silent—a little shy and difficult to get on with—at least, so strangers said, but I always thought him the best fellow on earth. The fact is, I had at quite an early age plumbed the depths of his nature, and knew what he was really worth.

He was a man of few words, but of sterling merit—honourable and upright as the day. His manners were somewhat cold and reserved, but he had a warm heart and the constancy of a Jacob. Harold, or Hal, as his more intimate friends generally called him, fell in love at an early age with a beautiful girl whom he happened to meet



"WE SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME FISHING TOGETHER."

during his last term at Oxford. Kitty Clive was her name. She was of Irish extraction, and possessed all the charms, the impetuosity, and the fire of her countrywomen.

Hal fell head over ears in love with her, but for a long time he was a great deal too shy and too diffident of himself to tell her the fact. It was impossible for him to believe that beautiful Kitty could love so dull a fellow. This was his way of putting it. I was in his confidence from the first, and at last, I am glad to say, I induced him to put his fortunes to the test. He did so falteringly, and was amazed to find that Kitty adored him.

They were married soon after, and took up their abode at the old Manor House at Chartelpool, to be the delight and solace of the old Squire's life. He was an old man and a widower, and Hal was his only child. He survived the marriage exactly ten years, and then he died. I was present at his death-bed, for it was one of Hal's failings, or perhaps one of his weaknesses, to regard me as the best medical man of the day.

On this occasion, however, I was powerless to stay the hand of death. The Squire breathed his last in my presence, and I accompanied Harold when he laid his father in the family vault. On the night of the funeral I noticed a troubled expression on my friend's brow. I inferred, and rightly, that it was not only caused by sorrow at the loss he had sustained.

"What is it, Hal?" I said, suddenly. "You had better unburden yourself, old fellow."

"I mean to," said Harold, "although, perhaps, I oughtn't to bother you."

"What concerns you never bothers me," I retorted.

"Well, it's just this: my father on his death-bed spoke with great regret, and even bitterness, about the fact of our having no heirs to carry on the property. To tell the truth, I never bothered myself about the fact of our having no children. Kitty and I are all-sufficient to each other, and it was not until my father said something about the entail, and about the nature of the man who will inherit Chartelpool Manor whenever I die, that I saw the thing in a serious light. Kitty and I are married ten years now. We have no children, and are never likely to have any. Whenever I go, the place and the property descend to a man whose character and antecedents are as bad as bad can be. You have heard of Charles Stanhope, have you not, Halifax?"

"Rather!" I replied. "You don't mean to tell me *that* dissolute fellow is the next heir?"

"It is true; 'pon my word I never realized the fact till my father spoke to me, and until his death and the reading of the will to-day put the whole thing in a clear and forcible light. Well, well, this is the sort of matter that no man can cure, and I only wish that I had not bothered you about it, Halifax."

I was silent for a moment, for in truth there was nothing to say. Then I uttered a few commonplaces, and presently the conversation was turned.

I went to town the next morning, and Stanhope and his affairs passed more or less out of sight in my own busy life. Judge, therefore, of my pleasure and astonishment when, about eighteen months afterwards, I received a telegram with the Chartelpool mark on it. It contained these words: "*Wife doing well. Fine boy arrived this morning.*"

The next day I got a long letter from my delighted friend, and was in due course asked to the christening.

I was too busy at the time to attend the ceremony, but as Hal also insisted on my standing sponsor, I told him that he must get a proxy to take my place, and sent down the handsomest silver-gilt mug I could purchase, to the heir of Chartelpool.

Months and even years passed by, and in the increasing duties and increasing interests which came in my way, I forgot Hal Stanhope and his joys and sorrows.

I had just taken a small house in Harley Street, was comfortably established there, and was looking forward to the possibility of extensive changes in my own *ménage*, when, entering the house late one winter's evening, I was suddenly confronted by the gaunt face and tall figure of my old friend Stanhope. My consulting-room was brightly lit up, and Hal's travel-stained face and intensely anxious expression seemed quite out of keeping with the neat room.

He rushed up to me when I appeared, and wrung one of my hands frantically.

"Thank God, you've come at last," he said, in a broken and hoarse voice. "I took the liberty to ask your servant to put up a few things in a bag for you. If we start immediately we shall be in time to catch the 6.30 train to the north. Come along, Guy, old man—I'll carry the bag, and we can walk down to the nearest cab-stand."

"No, no—what does this mean?" I exclaimed. "Are you out of your senses, Harold? We can't possibly rush off in this

"THANK GOD, YOU'VE COME AT LAST!"

frantic way. You must have something to eat before we start."

Harold seemed to swallow hard for a moment.

"Food would choke me," he said, with a gasp. "The boy—the boy is ill, Halifax. He met with an accident, fell downstairs. The local doctor, Eliot—Tom Eliot is his name, a right good fellow—he thinks badly of him. I have come for you; and we had better ask Parsons to follow by the next train. The boy is in danger. You see for yourself there is not one instant to lose."

My poor friend's manner was agitated and broken down to the last degree. As he uttered his disjointed sentences his voice shook. When he had finished speaking, he flung himself into a chair and pushed back his somewhat shaggy hair with a gesture which indicated mental anguish.

His words awoke in me a corresponding throb of the deepest sympathy. I was not only to be the doctor who was called to attend a case of extreme peril, but I was to save at any cost the only child of my dearest friend.

I pulled out my watch and looked at it hastily.

"It is not yet six o'clock," I said—"your train leaves at 6.30. We shall not take more than a quarter of an hour driving from here to King's Cross. We have two or three minutes, therefore, to discuss matters before leaving London. Try and tell me, as quietly and as quickly as you can, the nature of the injuries which the child has sustained."

"I don't know that I can. It's all confusion to me. The boy fell from a height down the stone stairs. It is a miracle that he was not killed on the spot."

"When did it happen?"

"This time yesterday."

"Who has attended him since the accident?"

"Our local doctor, Tom Eliot."

"You must be able to tell me, Harold, how the boy is affected."

"I can't—I couldn't look at him. He has scarcely stirred or moved since the fall. Something wrong in the spine or brain, I believe. Oh! my God, he will die—I know he will die! Kitty says——"

"Yes?"

"I can't tell you—I feel all dazed."

Stanhope stood up as he spoke.

"Don't you think we'd better be starting?" he said.

"I have ordered a hansom," I replied, "and my servant has run round to see if Parsons is in, for it would greatly expedite matters if he could come down with us. And now you must have a glass of wine."

"I couldn't swallow it. If the hansom is at the door we had better drive to King's Cross. I wouldn't miss this train for the universe."

"You shan't miss it, my poor fellow. There! I hear a hansom stopping at the door; get into it, if it makes you happier. I must pack a few instruments which I may require. I'll join you in a twinkling."

Hal strode straight through the hall,

looking like a man who was half dazed and blind. He opened the hall-door, walked down the steps and entered the hansom. I hurried about, packed my case of surgical instruments, filled a flask with sherry and another with brandy, and was just going down my own steps when a servant ran up with a scrawl from Parsons.

I opened it, and read the following words by the lamplight: "*Meet you at King's Cross Station in time for* 6.30 *for the north.—J. Parsons.*"

I uttered an exclamation of relief, for I had secured the services of a man I considered one of the best surgeons of the day. I sprang into the hansom. "To King's Cross, as quick as you can," I shouted to the driver. The fleet horse bounded forward, and I turned to the distracted father by my side.

"Cheer up," I said, touching his hand for an instant; "Parsons will come north with us. The best surgical skill in the world will be at your boy's service."

Stanhope made no reply. I doubt very much if he even heard me. All the time that we were driving to King's Cross he kept bending forward and muttering half to himself, half for my benefit, "We'll be late: that brute of a horse is broken-winded. My God, we'll be late, we'll be late!"

"No," I said, suddenly. "There's a clock right in front of you. See for yourself what the hour is—scarcely ten minutes past six."

Stanhope glanced up in the direction to which I pointed. I noticed that his deep-set eyes were bloodshot, and had a wild gleam in them.

"Good heavens!" I murmured under my breath, "if the child dies, my poor friend is extremely likely to lose his reason."

A few minutes later we drew up at the great station for the north. Hal immediately took my arm and dragged me forward to the ticket office. He had a return ticket for himself, and after purchasing a first-class for me, he again seized my arm and rushed on in the direction of the train.

"You are forgetting your change," I said.

"Confound the change!" he retorted.

I waited for an instant, detached myself from him, ran back, secured the change out of a £10 note, and was once more at his side. To my immense relief I saw Parsons's well-known figure waiting for us on the platform.

"Now, Stanhope," I said, as sternly as I could speak, "pull yourself together. There is no good whatever to be gained by the excitement you are showing."

"I can't help it, Guy, old boy. If you had seen Kitty's face!"

"My dear chap, I can realize a little of your feeling; but do try and calm yourself, for the sake of your Kitty and your boy. Now let us speak to Parsons. He is standing just opposite to us, with a porter holding his bag. Let him see that you have the courage to keep quiet."

My words had a salutary effect. Hal became less wild and *distrait*, and the great assurance and the intense calm of Parsons's manner did much to steady his nerves. Our train was waiting for us; we took our seats. I tipped the guard to give us a compartment to ourselves, and a few moments later we were speeding away to the north. We arrived at Chartelpool station between ten and eleven that night. A close carriage had been sent for us, and we drove quickly in the direction of the Manor. It was a somewhat long drive and all up-hill, but Stanhope's restlessness, I was glad to see, had completely vanished. He now sat in absolute silence, with his back to the horses, and never once attempted to join in the conversation which Parsons and I kept up together.

As we were driving quickly through the hamlet of Chartelpool, the red glow of a blacksmith's forge shone out across the road. It was a late hour for the blacksmith to be busy, but the sound of his ponderous hammer was distinctly heard. His brawny arms flashed into view, and a shower of living sparks surrounded him. A man was leaning up against the door of the shed, and a horse was tied by a halter close by.

The moment he saw us the man started forward, and put an ugly face up to the carriage window.

"Halloa, Squire!" he shouted, addressing Stanhope. "How's the kid this evening, eh? Better?"

Stanhope made no reply, but a look of intense repulsion passed over his features. He knew the man, and so did I. In case the little boy died he was the heir to Chartelpool Manor. We drove out of sight, and Hal broke the silence by saying suddenly:—

"You recognised that fellow, didn't you, Guy?"

"Yes," I answered. "Has he come to live here?"

"Yes, he has taken the tumble-down old Grange, a place at my very gates, as you know. He lives here now, with a brood of sons as disreputable as himself. They have changed the whole aspect of the place. My God, my God, how I hate the fellow!"

"HOW'S THE KID THIS EVENING, EH."

Hal covered his face and groaned. Parsons looked at me significantly. A few minutes later we had arrived at our destination, and were taken immediately to Stanhope's study, where Eliot, the local practitioner who had charge of the case, awaited us. He gave us a brief account of the accident and described the child's present condition.

"We will go up to see him now," said Parsons, in his brief, concise voice. We went upstairs and entered the splendid and spacious nurseries occupied by the sick child.

He was in the inner nursery, lying on a little white bed, which had been drawn almost into the centre of the room. His mother stood at the head of the bed, with her hands clasped, and a long, white dressing-gown covering her from her throat to her feet. Her face was as white as her dress. She came forward to greet both Parsons and myself, offering us both a hand, but not uttering a syllable.

"Will you leave us for a little?" I said to the mother. "We will come to you as soon as we have made our examination and formed our verdict."

"I would rather stay with the child," she said.

I glanced round at Stanhope. It would be difficult to force the mother to leave her apparently dying child, and yet we could not conduct our examination to the best advantage in her presence. He understood me, strode forward and touched his wife on her arm.

"Come, Kitty," he said. "You can come back as soon as ever the doctors have given their verdict. It is but fair now to leave them alone with the child."

She did not utter another word of remonstrance, but placed her hand with a touching sort of submission in Stanhope's. He led her immediately from the room.

It was not until she was gone that I ventured to take a long look at the little heir of Chartelpool. He had evidently scarcely moved or shown the faintest signs of life since the moment of the accident. His lovely cherub face looked as if it were carved in marble; his round arms and small hands were bare. An aureole of bright hair surrounded his forehead. He was a noble-looking child—sturdy of limb and of great size for his age.

Eliot began to describe the nature of the accident. Parsons listened attentively, and then the work of examination began. We turned the child very tenderly on his face and hands, the spine was carefully felt by the sensitive fingers of the surgeon. The little head was tapped here and there. Then the child was laid once more on his back, and Parsons, sitting down, motioned to us to do likewise.

"There is evidently severe injury to the brain," he began. "I should say there is a fracture of the base of the skull, accompanied with hemorrhage."

He paused here. His next words came out slowly.

"And yet, serious as all this is," he continued, "I think the child may survive if the hemorrhage is not progressing. I have seen similar cases recover, but the worst of it is that in children there is a great fear that the recovery will be with impaired intellect, more

or less complete. Were the hemorrhage over the vault of the cranium, and one had any indication as to its region, I would trephine and relieve the pressure, but I fear there is no doubt the serious injury is beyond our reach. There is nothing whatever for it but simply to wait and see; but I feel that I must say, though there is a distinct hope of the child's slow recovery to life, the condition of his intellect will be permanently impaired. Such has always been my experience. At the present moment, as you must both know well, the child is in a most precarious condition, and it is impossible to say anything very definite as to the outcome one way or another. Anyhow, there is nothing whatever to be done but to wait events."

"I cannot agree with you," I interrupted, eagerly. "I am of opinion that the injury is to the upper surface of the brain. That is the cause of the serious mischief, though I admit there is probably shock and concussion at the base."

I then described the symptoms which led me to this conclusion, and strongly advocated a trephining operation, even if only with a view to exploring in search of the impaired spot.

"No," replied Parsons; "the injury is, I am certain, to the base of the brain, and surgical interference would be worse than useless. It would not only be of no avail as far as relief is concerned, but would positively add to the danger already existing. Of course, I have every hope that the boy may partially recover. His intellect will never be the same, however."

"Good heavens!" I could not help exclaiming. "Is the boy to become an idiot? An idiot, and heir to all these estates; an idiot, and the son of Harold and Kitty Stanhope! Death would be better. I wish you would consider the possibility of trephining, Parsons."

"I cannot counsel it," he answered. "The risk would be too great. Were there any definite ground to go on, and did I know the exact spot where the injury has taken place, I might dare to try it, but even then not without the parents' complete sanction. You must remember that this operation cannot be performed on the part of the brain which I believe to be affected."

"I have performed the operation on the dead," I said, "but not yet, it is true, on a living subject."

"Well, it would be useless in this case," said the surgeon, with a little heat. He rose as he spoke. "Nothing can be done," he said, in a decided tone, "but to wait events. Now we had better see the poor parents."

We went downstairs. I shall never forget the scene that followed; it is absolutely impossible for me to describe it. The silent anguish of the mother—her perfect self-control, her attitude, the way she looked at Stanhope, the way she approached his chair and laid her hand on one of his shoulders.

"SHE LAID HER HAND ON ONE OF HIS SHOULDERS"

As for him, poor fellow, he was completely overcome, and when Parsons had to break the cruel tidings that even at the best the noble boy must live with an impaired intellect, and that there was a strong possibility of his not surviving the accident, Stanhope covered his face with his big hands and absolutely sobbed aloud.

As long as I live, I shall never forget the sound of that awful weeping, wrung from a strong man in his agony. Even Parsons, who looked as if he were made of iron, was visibly affected. He turned his head aside and muttered into my ear :—

"My God! I can't stand any more of this—I shall return to town by the next train."

I felt incapable of saying a word to induce him to delay his departure. At that moment I felt more than annoyed with him. He showed, in my opinion, a cautiousness which amounted almost to cowardice. Under the circumstances, a rasher man would have ventured to perform the operation which alone could give little Hal Stanhope back his reason. I remembered now, when too late, that Parsons was always remarkable for his overcarefulness, and regretted that I had not brought Fieldman down to see the child.

Eliot and I accompanied the surgeon into the hall, we had a few last words together, and then the sounds of the carriage wheels were heard as they bore him away in time to catch the midnight train to town.

I went back to the room where we had left the father and mother, and Eliot went upstairs to watch by the sick child's bed. Stanhope was now the sole occupant of the large dining-room, and I guessed that his wife had returned to the child. He had partly recovered from the intense emotion which he had exhibited in Parsons's presence, and was now walking restlessly up and down in front of the hearth.

"Sit down and have some supper, Guy," he said to me. "Help yourself, old fellow."

"You will eat with me?" I queried.

"I could not swallow food; don't ask me," he said, with a shake of his head.

I saw it was useless to press him at that moment, and seating myself at the table I made a short meal. I can truly say that the food tasted like ashes in my mouth. When I had finished eating, Hal sat down by me and to my surprise began to ask me questions with regard to the boy.

"Tell me exactly what Parsons said over again," he remarked. "I heard the words, of course, at the time, but they were so mixed up with a singing in my ears, and a drumming round the region of my heart, that I could listen to nothing distinctly. I am quieter now and can hear what you say. Tell me the truth, Guy."

"The truth is simply this," I answered: "the child suffers from serious injuries of the brain and spine. These are causing insensibility and paralysis. The paralysis is of a nature which is not necessarily fatal, and the possibilities are that after a time a certain amount of consciousness will return, and by-and-by he will be able to use his limbs again."

"The brain will be all right, of course?" queried Hal. "I've a confused idea that Parsons said something dreadful about the future condition of the brain; but perhaps I made a mistake. With the sort of shock which I was suffering from at the time such a mistake is highly probable—eh, Guy, eh?"

He looked at me with such intense eagerness, I thought the cruellest moment in my life had come when I was obliged to shake my head.

"You heard correctly, my poor fellow," I said. "The injury to the brain is so extensive that even should the paralysis and insensibility pass off gradually, the higher centres are some of them sure to be affected; and, as Parsons said, more or less of mental impairment is, I fear, certain."

"My God!" said Hal. "In other words, that means that the boy will be an idiot."

"It may not be quite so bad as that," I said, in a faint voice.

"Yes, yes, Guy—I know better. I saw the truth in the surgeon's eyes—I read it now in your face. The heir of Chartelpool will be an idiot. God help us! God help his mother and me!"

I was silent—I had not a word to say. It would have been cruel to attempt even a word of sympathy.

"Still, he'll be heir of Chartelpool," continued Hal.

"That is true," I answered, wondering that he could turn to such a fact for consolation.

"And that brute of a Charles Stanhope and his sons are cut out," he continued. "*That* is a comfort—it is more than a comfort."

He went up to the supper-table as he spoke, poured out a large glass of brandy, added a very little water to it, and gulped it down.

"And Parsons can do nothing for the child?" he said, facing round on me.

"He says there is nothing to be done," I retorted. "I almost wish now that I had brought Fieldman to see the child."

"In the name of Heaven, why? Is not Parsons the first man in his profession?"

"Undoubtedly one of the first, but he is cautious. In my opinion he is too cautious."

"What do you mean?"

"There is an operation which might be performed on the child, which, if successful, would restore him to perfect health."

"Then, in Heaven's name, why isn't it done?"

"Parsons thinks the risk too great."

"What risk?"

"The risk to life."

"Is the operation so critical?"

"It is; if it failed — and Parsons considers that in this case it would be sure to fail—the boy would die."

"Ah, and Charlie Stanhope would be heir! That settles the point. We must not run the risk."

"If the boy were mine, I should perform the operation," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"It is my conviction that he would stand it. But I must not urge you. The risk is too momentous."

"It is, Guy, it is. The operation must not be thought of. There is no gainsaying an opinion like Parsons's."

"I believe Fieldman would have attempted it. If the case were mine, I should counsel Fieldman being telegraphed for even now."

"No, no, better not," interrupted Hal. "Life at any cost—life at any cost must be preserved. The risk is too tremendous. Let us abide by Parsons's verdict."

At this moment Mrs. Stanhope entered the room. She overheard her husband's last words, and came up to him at once. The deathly pallor of her face was almost startling. Her patient eyes were hard in their glassy brightness.

"What are you talking about?" she asked, leaning her hand as she spoke on Stanhope's shoulder.

He was seated by the table. He turned back and slipped his arm round her waist.

"We are talking about the boy, of course," he said. "Halifax has been repeating Parsons's opinion to me over again."

"HE SLIPPED HIS ARM ROUND HER WAIST."

"It is impossible to believe that opinion," said the mother. "Our noble boy an idiot! Great surgeons are often wrong, and this one will be proved to have made a frightful error, I am firmly convinced."

"No, no, Kitty," said Stanhope. "Men like Parsons never make mistakes."

"That is not true," she said, turning to me. "You have known of such cases, have you not, Dr. Halifax?"

"I have," I answered, emphatically.

She gave her husband a swift glance of the saddest triumph it was possible to witness.

"Has Mr. Parsons gone?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes," replied Stanhope; "he could do no possible good by remaining."

"I am sorry he came down," she said, with sudden passion. "We did not want our boy's

doom pronounced and nothing, nothing at all, done for his recovery."

"But it is a comfort, it is a sort of comfort at least to know that the child may live, Kitty," said Stanhope. "At least that brute of a Charlie Stanhope will be cut out."

"Who cares about that?" she said, stamping her foot. "Mr. Parsons has gone, having done nothing. Dr. Halifax, have you no measures to propose for the child's relief?"

"There is an operation which Fieldman might perform," I began at once.

"Fieldman!" she interrupted. "I have heard of him. He is a very great surgeon, indeed." Her eyes began to blaze with renewed hope.

"You would like Mr. Fieldman to be sent for, Dr. Halifax?"

"Yes," I replied; "but Hal here thinks otherwise."

Stanhope suddenly stood up. He put one arm round his wife and drew her to his side.

"This is the state of the case, Kitty," he said. "Parsons has pronounced the boy fairly safe as far as life is concerned; his intellect will be impaired, of course, but we cannot go into that point at the present moment. The main and most important fact is that the boy will live. Now, Halifax knows of an operation, which, if successful, would save his intellect."

"Ah! then it must be done," said Kitty Stanhope.

"Listen to me, my darling," said her husband. "Parsons thinks the operation will kill the boy. He does not wish it to be attempted. We must not risk it, my love."

"We must," she repeated. "There are no two questions in the matter. The operation must be attempted."

"Not at the risk of the boy's life. What can you be dreaming about, Kitty?"

"Do you call the existence you have just spoken of life?" she retorted, with sudden passion. "I love the child. He is my only one. He is my treasure beyond price. But I don't care to bestow such a life as Mr. Parsons spoke of on him. Better, far better, let him die. We will risk the operation."

"Kitty, you forget that brute Charlie Stanhope."

"I do," she answered, promptly. "He is nothing to me. As far as I am concerned he does not exist. Chartelpool is nothing to me. The boy—the boy with his bright spirit unclouded, either here or with the angels, that is everything. Hal, I beg of you to allow the operation to be performed."

"Kitty, my darling, I cannot. The risk is too tremendous. I cannot consent to its being run."

Stanhope was making a great effort to speak quietly; but there was a suppressed fire in his manner which I had never before witnessed.

"Leave us for a little, Dr. Halifax," said Mrs. Stanhope, flashing a quick glance at me.

I went out of the room and upstairs to the child's nursery. Eliot was seated by the bed. The beautiful little marble figure lay there stretched out, flat and still, motionless as though he were his own effigy on a tomb-stone.

"I wish to God," I said, as I glanced at him, "that I had brought Fieldman down! I am sure Fieldman would have attempted to trephine, and so relieve the pressure. I am certain Parsons is wrong with regard to the spot where the injury exists. As it is, Harold Stanhope has taken fright and will not permit any risk to be run."

"It would be highly dangerous, I have no doubt," said Eliot.

"I agree with the mother," I retorted. "The mother would risk the operation. I admire her pluck beyond words."

I had a little further conversation with Eliot and then left the room. I was standing in the outer nursery when Mrs. Stanhope entered and passed me swiftly by without even bestowing a glance upon me. The intense marble calm of her face was broken. It was now disfigured by the marks of tears. I saw that she had been crying bitterly. She re-entered the boy's room and I went downstairs.

Neither Hal nor I thought of going to bed, although, after a time, he lay down on the sofa and slept heavily until the morning. I shall never forget the leaden weight, the awful tedium of the day which followed. I had promised to remain with Stanhope until that miserable apology for life which Parsons anticipated returned to the child.

There was no change whatever—no touch of returning consciousness during the long hours of this day. The deep insensibility in which the little fellow lay was absolutely unbroken. To an inexperienced eye it must almost have seemed as if the boy's spirit had already fled. All day long Mrs. Stanhope remained by his side. What little she ate or drank was taken there. She had completely recovered her still composure. Her calm was marvellous, although now and then I noticed that her lips moved as if she were praying about something. Once, towards evening, she followed me out of the nursery.

"Do you think the child worse?" she asked.

"No," I answered; "he is in precisely the same condition he was in when we arrived yesterday."

"You think he will recover?" she continued, fixing her eyes on me.

"There are certain signs which lead me to think he will not die," I replied, somewhat evasively.

"DO YOU THINK THE CHILD WORSE?"

"But I am praying very earnestly that he may die," she answered. "I don't wish him to retain the sort of death in life which Mr. Parsons has prophesied for him."

"It may not be so bad as you fear," I answered.

She shook her head, gave me a broken-hearted glance, and returned immediately to the sick room. I now knew why her lips moved so often—she was praying for the child's death.

Soon afterwards, unable to endure the awful tedium of the house, I went out for a stroll. I walked through the village, and regretted very much that I had done so, when on my way home I was met by that disreputable person, Charles Stanhope, who immediately insisted on joining me.

He was half tipsy, and any shadow of compunction which he might possibly feel in addressing the Squire of Chartelpool was naturally absent from his manner when he merely spoke to the doctor.

"Hooray!" he began. "So I'm to be heir after all! The kid hasn't a leg to stand on. I believe if you told me the truth, doctor, that his death is expected each moment."

"Nothing of the kind," I answered, promptly. (For the first time I felt quite inclined to indorse Stanhope's views that this wretch must be kept out of possession at any cost.)

"The boy will not die," I repeated; "you can take a doctor's word for that."

I strode quickly away, and heard the brute hurling curses after me as I went down the avenue. I said nothing to Hal of my interview with his enemy, and as we were both tired out, and there was nothing whatever to be done for the child but simply to wait the issue of events, we both retired at an early hour to our rooms.

While I remained downstairs I had been the victim of the most overpowering drowsiness. There come such moments in the lives of all people. There come hours when the simple desire for natural sleep triumphs over sorrow, over anxiety, over mental pain. The physical is stronger at such a time than the mental. The body is worn out—rest it must. Thus criminals sleep on the eve of execution.

The desire for slumber had visited me in this overwhelming manner while I remained downstairs. I scarcely heard Stanhope while he conversed. The pathetic figure of the child who lay in living death became blurred and indistinct to my mental view.

I went gladly upstairs, entered my room, shut the door, and prepared for slumber. Strange! Incomprehensible! At this moment I became wide awake. All wish for sleep left me. I was intensely, painfully wakeful.

I sat down in an armchair and waited for sleep to visit me. I perceived that it had no intention of doing so; there was, therefore, not the least use in my going to bed. In my present wakeful state I must think of something, and what more natural than for me to turn my thoughts to the operation which might be performed on little Hal Stanhope, and which would, if successful, save his life in that full sense which makes it a pleasure to live?

I had performed the operation of trephining in every possible region of the head, but only on the dead body. I had seen it done

in hospital, however, and it had occupied my thoughts long ago as a possible means of relieving pressure even near the base of the brain.

As I thought it all over I felt more and more convinced that Parsons was wrong, and that the injury was in a region where trephining could be successfully performed. I felt almost daring enough to attempt it. I had brought all the necessary instruments with me in my surgical case. The operation could be performed at this very hour, and the boy might be safe in the morning.

So strong was the impulse which came over me to risk everything, that I felt almost inclined to rush off to Stanhope and wring a consent from him. I knew the mother would give hers without the least difficulty. Impelled by an almost incontrollable impulse, I rose from my chair—then again I sat down. Parsons's words, uttered with such conviction and solemnity, returned to me. The operation might be performed truly, and the boy might be dead in the morning. Then my old friend would curse me, and I should feel like a murderer to my dying day.

No, I must not risk the performance of so critical an operation unaided. If Fieldman were here the case would be different.

"COMPLETELY WORN OUT."

Before I lay down to rest I looked carefully through my case of instruments. They were all bright and ready for use. I left them on the table, laid my head on the pillow, and found that, when I was not particularly thinking about it, sleep visited me. In a few moments I was wrapped in the deepest repose.

After a time, I don't know when, I began to dream. My dream was distinct, direct, and vivid. Most dreams have a certain confusion about them. This had not any.

I dreamt that a great impelling Power visited me: a Presence unseen but most surely felt. The Power or Presence gave implicit directions, which I implicitly obeyed. Under its guidance, I rose from my bed, dressed myself completely, opened the door of my room and went out. I went into the sick room, where I knew I should find Eliot. The mother was lying on a sofa in the room. She was in a dead sleep, and looked completely worn out. The child was still nothing more than a marble effigy.

"Eliot," I said, in my dream, "I am going to perform the operation of trephining immediately, and I want your assistance."

"You must be mad," replied Eliot.

"No, I am not mad," I answered. "I am perfectly sane. Come into the next room—I must speak to you."

Eliot followed me. Dissatisfaction and incredulity were written very plainly on his face. I made use of words to him which struck me at the time as not in the least like my own. Then I felt that the invisible Power was speaking through me, and I knew that Eliot must yield to the influence which was completely overmastering me.

I saw that his face became animated and even enthusiastic. He seized me by my hand and wrung it.

"Get the mother's leave, and I will help you," he said. "I believe in you, by Jove I do. Get the mother to consent, and I will help you with all my might and main."

In my dream I saw him return to the sick child's nursery. In a moment he returned, accompanied by Mrs. Stanhope.

"I want you to consent to my performing an operation on the child," I said. "I am

certain I shall be successful. Will you allow me to try?"

She looked at me with wide-open, almost dazed eyes. All of a sudden I saw life and hope spring back to them.

"Yes, yes," she said; "I trust you—I believe in you. I consent—be the consequences what they may."

She rushed back to the nursery and began to make preparations. I went to fetch my instruments and Eliot got the chloroform.

With Eliot's aid, then, and with the assistance of the mother—who, with pale face and compressed lips, and with the nerve of a surgical nurse, rendered me all necessary help—I felt myself performing the operation. My hands were as cool and firm as iron. I had not a tremor; not a moment's hesitation. The trephining was performed successfully, and the clot which produced pressure on the vault of the brain (I was right after all as to the locality) successfully removed. The child sighed once or twice during the operation. I felt sure that he would do well. Then in my dream I saw myself returning to my bed, and worn out, I sank into the repose which I had duly earned.

I had no more dreams, and when I awoke at a late hour the following morning it was to see the winter's daylight struggling into the room. The instant I opened my eyes I remembered my dream, and wished heartily that it was true. I made a fervent resolve, even in the moment of awakening, to speak to Stanhope on the subject, and with his permission to telegraph for Fieldman without an hour's delay. Just then a voice spoke to me—I turned on my pillow with a start of surprise, for Eliot was standing by my bedside.

"Am I wanted?" I said. "Have I overslept myself? Is the child worse?"

"I came to tell you that the child is decidedly better," he replied, "and Mrs. Stanhope is most anxious that you should not get up until you are really rested. I never saw a man, in all my life, look so worn out as you did when you went to bed."

"Well, you see, I had no sleep the night before," I answered, but Eliot's words surprised me—I thought them exaggerated, and hastened to add:—

"At any rate, I am perfectly rested now."

"Well, don't hurry up," he replied. "We'll send for you if there is the least occasion."

"What do you mean by the child being better?" I asked. "If so, if there is the least return of consciousness, I ought to be with the little fellow at once."

I sprang up in bed.

"Has the miserable life foretold by Parsons begun to return to the boy?" I asked. "In that case the improvement will be very, very gradual."

"What are you talking about, Halifax?" exclaimed Eliot. "The child is better, because, in my opinion, the operation has been a success."

For a moment I could find no words to speak. Then I gasped out in an incredulous, weak sort of voice, "What operation?"

"Surely, Halifax, you must have taken leave of your senses," replied Eliot, staring at me in astonishment, as well he might. "Don't you remember what you did last night?"

"I slept last night," I said, "I slept—and my God, I dreamed! But what of that?"

"Don't you know what you did between the hours of two and four?"

Eliot looked at me now with undisguised alarm.

"It must have been about then I had my dream," I said, sinking back in a state of tremor on my pillow.

"What in the world are you thinking of, man?" said Eliot, almost angrily. "Wake at least now and listen to me. You must know perfectly well what you did — how you occupied the time between the hours of two and four. You had no dream, Halifax; you were as wide awake, as cool, as collected as man could be. I never admired anyone in the whole course of my life as I admired you last night. You will be the first surgeon of your day. I never saw a surgeon, in hospital or out, with the skill, precision, and nerve that you have exhibited."

"I am speaking the truth, I assure you," I answered, "when I tell you that I am only conscious of having had a very vivid dream during the night. Kindly put me out of suspense and tell me what I really did."

Eliot's look of admiration was now changed to one of pity. "Poor fellow!" I heard him mutter, "no wonder his brain should be a little dazed this morning. But to forget all about it; that is most extraordinary. I hope to goodness there is nothing seriously wrong with him!"

"For Heaven's sake, speak!" I cried. "What, in the name of all that is extraordinary, have I done?"

"You performed the operation which Parsons would not attempt on little Harold Stanhope."

"Never!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet.

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, SPEAK!"

"Fact, I assure you."

"Tell me about it," I asked, almost feebly.

"Well, this is a most extraordinary case," began Eliot.

"Tell me about it," I repeated, clutching him by the arm. "If you don't want me to go stark, staring mad—tell me the whole story, without a moment's delay."

"I will do so. Keep cool, try and keep cool," repeated Eliot.

He then began, in a matter-of-fact voice, which it was extremely difficult to doubt, to speak as follows:—

"The clock had just struck two—I was sitting in the nursery and watching the boy. You came in, looking particularly resolute. You said briefly and firmly, 'I am going to perform the operation, and you must help me.' I was staggered, and asked you if you were mad.

"For reply, you took me by the arm and seemed to sweep me with you into the next room.

"'I am convinced the operation will be a success,' you said. 'I have thought over this case ever since I came down, and I am now convinced that the injury is within comparatively easy reach. Certain symptoms have given me a clue to the spot, and if I reach it there must be relief. I can see it in my mind's eye, and it will be an easy matter. As surely as I stand before you, Eliot, the child will recover perfectly if the operation is performed.'

"'We can do nothing without at least one of the parents' consent,' I replied.

"'Then get the mother's,' you answered. 'She is lying down in the next room. Wake her and bring her here. She is a sane woman and a brave one. She will consent, not the least doubt of it. Go; be quick; each moment is precious.'

"I rushed away. I awakened Mrs. Stanhope. She tottered to her feet. I supported her into the room where you stood, looking inspired. The forcible words you had used to me you repeated to the mother. Your look, your manner, your tone impressed us both. In short, you carried us away on the wings of your enthusiasm. You felt inspired yourself; you inspired us both with such hope that we forgot fear. Before you had done speaking I turned to Mrs. Stanhope and begged of her to consent. I had no need to do so. Her eyes told me that she had consented already.

"'There is the boy's father," I said, but I uttered the words feebly.

"'I take the responsibility on myself,' said the mother. 'When the danger is past, he will thank me when he thanks you, Dr. Halifax.'

"'There is not a moment to lose,' you repeated, as though you scarcely heard her words.

"'I will make ready, and I will stand by you and help you all the time,' she replied.

"She went back to the night nursery, and you rushed away to fetch your instruments. When you came back she had placed a table, lights, and all things necessary for your use quite handy. While you were performing the operation she stood without flinching by your side, and acted like a trained assistant. From the beginning to the end it occupied exactly one hour. I never saw anything

done more neatly, more thoroughly. Towards the end the child moved his right hand and sighed twice heavily.

"When all was over, and when, under ordinary circumstances, you would have sat down to watch the patient, you seemed suddenly to collapse. You told me, I will confess something to my surprise at the moment, that you wished to go back to your room. I looked into your face, and saw that you were *done*—there is no other word for it. You staggered rather than walked to the door. I never saw anyone look so worn out."

"No wonder!" I ejaculated. "Eliot, I performed that operation in my sleep!"

"No, no," he answered, in agitation. "You can't get me to believe that: you were wide awake. I never saw anyone with more complete control of his faculties."

"I was fast asleep," I answered; "I dreamt it all. I remember each thing you have told me. I dreamt it all. My God! I evidently did more than dream. Can this be true? But, no, you must be mocking me."

"Not I; here are your instruments not yet cleaned. Look at them, and then come and see the child. The child is much better."

"For God's sake, leave me to myself for a little," I said. "If this is not all a dream, it is the most marvellous case of somnambulism that has ever yet been recorded. Leave me alone for a little, Eliot. I'll get dressed somehow and join you in the sick room; that is, if I don't go mad in the meantime."

"Not you," said Eliot. "If you were really asleep, you may congratulate yourself on having done a more successful operation than I ever saw performed by waking man. Keep cool, Halifax. I can only say that, awake or asleep, Providence must have guided your movements last night."

Eliot left the room, and I sat for a moment with my head pressed against my hands. I did not believe the story—and yet a glance at the instruments on the table could not fail to convince me.

Then I dressed with frantic speed, plunged my head into cold water two or three times, and, tolerably collected at last, but feeling as if I were half-a-dozen years older, I went into the sick room. There lay the little fellow with his pretty eyes open—a faint dawning smile round his lips, and a slight colour coming back to his cheeks.

There sat the mother, bending over him as if she were worshipping him; and there stood Hal, with his face all disfigured as if he had just had a great crying bout. When I appeared, he made two strides towards me, put a big hand on each shoulder and pushed me towards the dressing-room.

"Good God! Halifax," he said. "What craze came over you, old chap?"

"It's all right now," I said. "But—just for my own satisfaction, for the boy is quite out of danger—I should like you to send for Fieldman. I want to tell him the whole story, and to give him my reasons for differing from Parsons."

"I'll send for all the surgeons in London, if you wish it."

"No, Hal," I said, trying to speak steadily and to recover myself, for I was really in a frightful state of maze. "But the fact is, I have done a most extraordinary thing, and I want Fieldman to see my work and to hear my story. I performed the operation in my sleep, Hal, old fellow."

"So they tell me. What care I whether you did it awake or asleep? You saved the boy—I don't care how you did it, Halifax. You're the best fellow on earth—bar none!"

"Well, I should like to see Fieldman," I answered, sinking into a chair.

We telegraphed for the great surgeon, who arrived that evening. To him I confided the whole extraordinary story. He heard me to the end, refused to commit himself with regard to Parsons, but looked anxiously at me, felt my pulse, and looked into my eyes.

"You must take a month's holiday, or your nerves will be going wrong," he said. "Fact, I assure you. You must go away at once."

"Before I stir a step," I answered, "you must give me your opinion of the boy."

"All right, stay where you are; I'll come back to you."

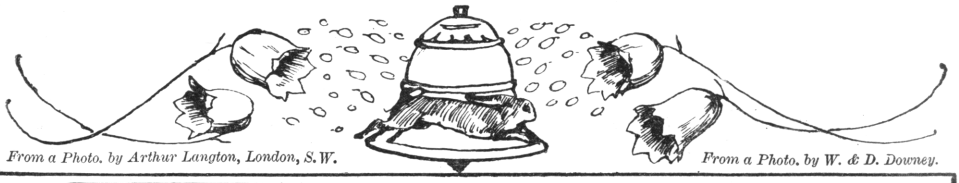
He was absent a little over half an hour.

"The operation is absolutely successful," he said. "The boy will recover perfectly. He will be as well as ever he was. All he needs now is quiet and rest. By Jove, you did an extraordinary thing, Halifax. A most unaccountable and successful thing. Only listen to me. In the name of science, don't repeat it!"

Beauties.

From a Photo. by Goldie Bros., Cardiff.

From Photos. by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.



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Miss Alice Deane.

Miss Violet Cameron

Mrs Alexander Scott.

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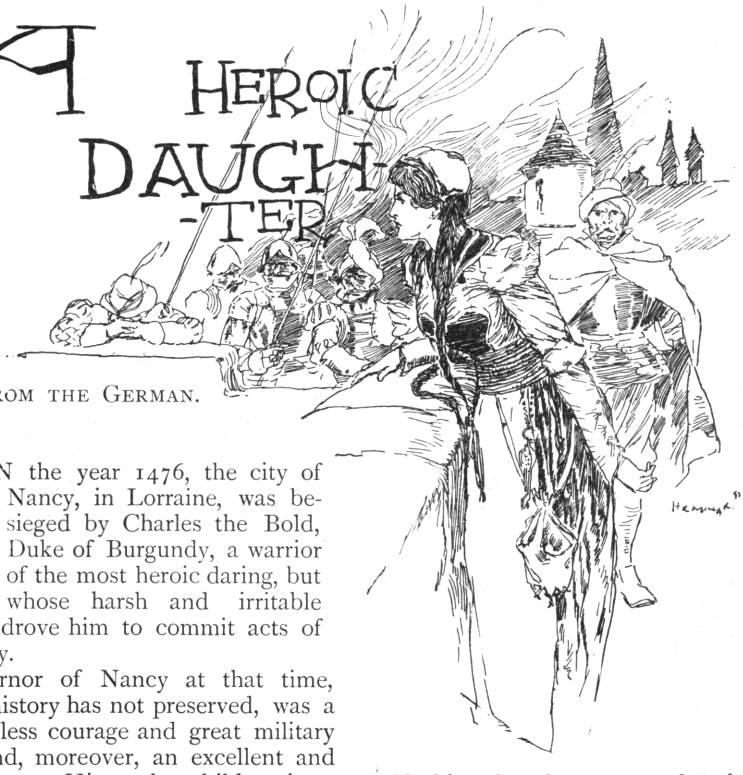
A HEROIC DAUGHTER



FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the year 1476, the city of Nancy, in Lorraine, was besieged by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, a warrior of the most heroic daring, but whose harsh and irritable temper often drove him to commit acts of wanton cruelty.

The Governor of Nancy at that time, whose name history has not preserved, was a man of dauntless courage and great military experience, and, moreover, an excellent and devoted father. His only child, whose mother had died in giving her birth, was the joy and pride of his heart, and shone conspicuously among all the maidens of her time for her goodness and knowledge.

Telesila at the date of the siege was in her eighteenth year, and had already received many offers of marriage from nobles attracted by the charms of her beauty and amiability, but she refused all suitors, preferring to watch over the declining days of her grey-haired father, and by her love and devotion cheer and prolong his existence.

The inhabitants, led by their Governor, in whose skill and judgment they had the utmost confidence, made a brave defence against the countless troops of the fiery Duke.

All the men and youths capable of bearing arms had taken weapons, as was fitting in the time of danger, and posted themselves on the ramparts to beat off every attack.

The aged men encouraged the faint-hearted, and insisted on the women aiding, as far as their strength permitted, by carrying stones to the walls to be hurled down on the besiegers; they also lighted fires under enormous caldrons filled with pitch, oil, and even water, and when the enemy ventured on an assault, the seething mass was poured on their devoted heads.

Nothing that the most resolute bravery and experienced skill could accomplish was left undone to defend the town, and Charles, after vainly endeavouring for a considerable time to take the place by assault, at length resolved to make overtures of peace, hoping thus to gain the end which it seemed useless to expect from force of arms.

He whose custom it was to deliver every conquered city to be plundered and burnt; he who, after a successful siege, invariably wreaked his bitterest vengeance on the inhabitants and defenders, now proposed to the Governor and inhabitants of Nancy that they should surrender and open to him the gates of the city, pledging himself to protect their dwellings and property from all plundering, and to take care that no one should suffer the least harm either in life or possessions. The proposals caused many to waver, but the noble Governor, who had grown grey in the service of his prince, stepped forward, and declared that he would rather be buried under the ruins of the ramparts than deliver up the city to the enemy, as long as there were means to defend it. He encouraged soldiers and citizens to bravery and perseverance, and implored them to keep the city for their sovereign, the Duke of Lorraine, and he succeeded so well by his

enthusiastic eloquence that all swore to sacrifice their lives rather than surrender.

While the brave Governor thus reanimated the courage of the men, his daughter on her side raised the women's fainting spirits, and cheered them by her presence and inspiriting words, and by her own conduct gave the example to maids and matrons to share in the hardships and dangers of the defence. She reminded them how, a short time before, when the Duke of Burgundy besieged the town of Beauvais, the women had taken up arms and fought beside the men on the ramparts, and how they had succeeded in driving back the besiegers.

"These brave women were far fewer than we are," continued Telesila, "while the enemy was the same in number and strength. Why should we be afraid, when we have before us such an example of devoted patriotism?"

This speech made the greatest impression on the minds of her listeners. Fresh courage was instilled into men and women, and no one spoke of surrender.

Meanwhile, Charles had recourse to every stratagem that ingenuity could devise to endeavour to render himself master of the town. During the night watches he kept the besieged in a state of alarm by continual feints of attack, and then, as morning advanced, when they were quite wearied and worn out, he would rush with tenfold violence to the assault.

He caused large stones to be hurled by the machines at the walls wherever they were weakest, in the hope of making a breach, which at last, by the greatest efforts, he succeeded in doing, and after two hours' desperate fighting, he forced an entrance into the city, breathing vengeance against its defenders, whose obstinate resistance, combined with the loss he had sustained of his bravest warriors, had enraged him beyond measure. But it was especially against the Governor that all his anger and hatred were directed, as he knew that the latter had steadfastly refused the terms of capitulation, and had induced the inhabitants to offer such prolonged resistance.

He swore that the Governor should be the first on whom his relentless vengeance would fall, but his intended victim, to escape recognition, had disguised himself in an ordinary citizen's dress, and now stood, unknown, among the assembled inhabitants, who were awaiting their fate at the hands of the enraged Duke.

Charles demanded that the Governor should be instantly delivered up to him, but the people would rather die themselves than betray their beloved chief into the hands of the bloody conqueror.

Duke Charles threatened to destroy all with fire and sword if his demands were not instantly complied with, while at the same time

"THE ASSAULT."

he promised a large reward to whomsoever would point out the Governor's hiding-place.

His threats and promises were equally vain. All remained silent.

Then stepped forth an old man (it was the Governor himself in his disguise) and said that he would reveal the secret, if the Duke would swear on his sword to pardon all the inhabitants and protect their property.

"Never!" roared the infuriated Duke. "In a town taken by assault the victor allows no terms to be dictated to him, and I will take such measures to discover your Governor as shall strike terror into your hearts." Whereupon he declared that every tenth person should die, and ordered his heralds to proceed to the work of numbering the people.

Then the men and women, boys and girls, old and young, were placed in one long rank, which reached from the spot where Charles was holding his court to the uttermost fortification of the city.

"PLACING HERSELF ON HIS RIGHT SIDE, SO CONTRIVED THAT HE WOULD BE NUMBER NINE."

All grew pale, and deadly fear was in every countenance as they listened to the terrible sentence. As father, mother, daughter, and son stood there side by side, each trembled for the other's life. The air resounded with the weeping and wailing of women who had a short time before defied the enemy; the men stood silent with bent heads.

The Duke now signed to his heralds to begin the counting, and to separate every tenth person, whose head should fall by the sword.

Telesila had placed herself close beside her father, and was now trembling for his life. She watched, with eyes sharpened by love and fear, every movement of the heralds, and always counted in advance in order to discover if her dear father would be one of the doomed. With horror, she recognised that the fatal number would fall on him!

In a moment her resolution was formed and carried out: she slipped gently behind him, and placing herself on his right side, so contrived that he would be number nine, while she herself would be the tenth. The herald drew near, and it was only when the doom fell upon his daughter that the father understood why she had changed her place. Wildly he besought the herald to take him: he was the one on whom the fatal number should fall; Telesila had purposely changed her place to save him.

Telesila maintained that it had only happened by chance, and, while taking care not to reveal the secret of her father's identity, she earnestly begged to be allowed to die, as the lot had fallen on her. For a long time father and daughter maintained the loving dispute, and at last the herald, not daring to decide, led them both to the Duke.

Here the strife of fatherly love against filial love was renewed, and provoked so much general emotion that even the rough Duke himself was softened.

The father insisted on dying for his daughter: that the doom rightfully was his; while the daughter implored them to take her life and spare her grey-haired father.

Charles hesitated long as to how he should

"THE HERALD LED THEM TO THE DUKE."

decide; he was quite ignorant of whom he had before him, for no word had fallen during their noble strife which could betray their rank.

But at length the Governor, carried away by the excess of parental love, cried aloud:—

"Mighty Duke, do not hesitate as to which of us you shall condemn to death. I will give up to you the man who has so roused your vengeance, for whom so many brave citizens must die. See, the Governor stands before you; kill him, but spare my daughter, this peerless example of filial love!"

The bystanders as they listened to these words were filled with dread expectation of what would follow. All were moved to tears and trembled for the life of their beloved Governor, who, with such noble heroism, was willing to die that they might be pardoned. They surrounded himself and his daughter in close ranks, as if to form a rampart so that the murderer's sword might only reach him through their faithful hearts.

The Duke, accustomed though he was to slaughter and destruction, had never before witnessed such a touching scene. The whole people raised a cry of supplication, and implored their conqueror to put them to death, and spare him whom they held so dear.

On the other hand, the noble old man besought Charles to take his life and pardon his faithful people; he alone was to blame, for it was he who had incited them to such prolonged resistance.

Telesila insisted on being allowed to die for her father, and vowed before God and His saints that she would not survive him.

The Duke's followers were, meanwhile, watching their lord's countenance in anxious expectation, trying to read therein how he would act. Gradually his stern features relaxed, a softened expression stole over them, and at last, rising from his seat, amidst universal silence, he addressed father and daughter in the following words:—

"You have touched the innermost depths of my heart; you shall not die. If it is sweet to conquer, let me feel that it is sweeter still to pardon. Noble Telesila, you have saved your father. May you enjoy for long years the happiness of watching over and caring for his old age. And you, noble old man, brave as you are in war, may your happiness as a father exceed your bravery—you, who have reared so heroic a daughter. It does my heart good in the midst of the awful bloodshed and slaughter to find such love and devotion; you have made me experience how sweet and pleasant are the feelings of benevolence, and therefore, not only you, but all the inhabitants are pardoned."

A Gorilla Romance

By W. L. Alden.

THE Doorkeeper threw himself into one of the large arm-chairs of the smoking-room of the Potter House, which, as everyone knows, is the chief hotel of Chicago, and one of the objects of which no stranger can speak disrespectfully to a Chicago man and live. He wiped his brow with his enormous yellow silk handkerchief, and ordered the waiter to bring him some whisky. As he was ordinarily a total abstainer, it was evident that something very unusual had happened to disturb the even current of the Doorkeeper's habits, and I asked him what was the matter.

"If you'd been up to my Museum an hour ago, you wouldn't have asked what was the matter. You'd have seen for yourself the biggest row I've struck since I've been running a Dime Museum in this town, and I've been here now going on five years."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"It didn't happen. It was the natural consequence of my cussed softheartedness. That's what's stood in my light ever since I went into business for myself. Never you do a kind action: that is, unless you're a millionaire, and don't have to depend on your own exertions for a living. What's that song the Sunday-school children sing?—'Kind words can never die!' That's just what's the matter with them. They keep alive, and keep a getting even with you all the rest of your life. Why, I'd have been a rich man twenty times over if I'd had sense enough to be a little less darned benevolent.

"About three weeks ago a chap from California—so he said—came to see me in my office, and wanted a situation as a Gorilla. He was ragged and thin, and said that he was starving. When I asked him if he'd had any experience as a Gorilla, he was honest enough to say that he hadn't, but he said he had been a conductor on a Chicago street car, and he calculated that the Gorilla business would come middling easy to him. Well! I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, and then I knew that a good Gorilla is one of the strongest attractions a Dime Museum can have. I hadn't any Gorilla, for the last one I had died of delirium tremens, and I was waiting till I could find one who was a Blue Ribbon man. I asked the man if he was a steady drinker, or only a periodical drinker, and he swore that he had never touched a drop of whisky in his life, and had a medal at the pawnbroker's that John B. Gough had hung around his neck with his own hands. I was fool enough to believe this, though I know as well as anybody else that a Californian who says he never drinks is only saving up his thirst till it

gets good and strong, and then just you look out for him. I hired that fellow then and there, and had him measured for a suit of Gorilla skins that very afternoon.

"He took to the business quite naturally, and as I had a good, comfortable cage made for him, he led a pretty easy life. He enjoyed pulling off the women's bonnets when they came too near his cage, and the other women who had the sense to keep outside of his reach said it was just too sweet for anything to see the solemn way in which the poor dear beast would sit and pull those vulgar, ridiculous bonnets to pieces. After the show closed, and the Gorilla had got his skin off, and washed the paint off his face and hands, he would sit down with the other Freaks and make himself generally popular, being in the main a good-tempered chap, with a lot of good stories, and two or three pretty good songs.

"There was one of our company that didn't like the Gorilla, and nothing he could do would make her admit that there was any good in him. This was the Combined Female Contortionist and Strongest Woman in the World. She was genuine, and corresponded in every particular to the small bills, which is more than you can rightly expect in any show. To see her standing on her head and balancing the Dwarf on one foot and the Living Skeleton on the other, was a sight to draw tears from the eyes of anyone that knows what real genius is. Then you should have seen her hold the Fat Woman in her teeth. She would stand on a raised platform, and after a belt was fastened round the Fat Woman's waist, she would take it in her teeth and swing her clear of the floor. The Fat Woman's weight was genuine, too, for she wore a lead corset to bring her up to seven hundred pounds, she being naturally plump and weighing a good one hundred and fifty without her pads and her corset. She was a good girl, too, was the Strongest Woman, and her whole soul was in her profession. She didn't want to get married nor any such nonsense, and she used to say that she had rather be able to balance the Fat Woman on her feet, she standing on her head at the time, than to be married to Jay Gould, and have him die the next day. That was what she was trying to work up to, you understand—the balancing of the Fat Woman on both feet—same as she balanced the Dwarf and the Living Skeleton; and I believe that she would have fetched it in time. What she will do now nobody knows, and he won't tell.

"THE STRONGEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD."

"The Living Skeleton had never seemed to care for anything but his meals, he being a most tremendous eater, like most of his sort. That's the way Living Skeletons are educated. Feed them on nothing but meat, and keep feeding them about once in every three hours, and you'll turn out as many Living Skeletons as the market can hold. He had been with me going on for seven years, and had never showed the least grain of interest in any woman; but his time had come at last. He fell in love with the Strongest Woman, and he had it mighty bad. 'It's all on account of that balancing act,' he said to me. 'The very first time I sat on the sole of her foot and she stood on her head, so calm and sweet and like a first-class regular angel, I knew it was all up with me. I don't care for my meals no more compared with what I used to, and if I can't win her love I know I shall grow fat and choke to death, like that genuine Fat Boy we had last year.'

"I tried to get at the Strongest Woman's

views about the Skeleton, and I didn't have much difficulty about it. She said he was a nice, quiet, gentlemanly person, and if she was a marrying woman she might think seriously about him.

"'As it is,' she said, 'I am wedded to my profession, and I won't marry any man, at least not while I am before the public. I'll be a sister to him, if that'll suit him, but he had better forget me and take care of himself. I'm very much afraid it is telling on him, and he is gaining flesh.'

"Now the Gorilla, being sweet on the Strongest Woman himself, and she hating him as the devil does soda-water, as the saying is, grew sulky. He took to getting angry at what the public said about him, and when a man would say, 'What a horrid ugly beast he is, to be sure,' the Gorilla would want to talk back at him, though, of course, he had sense enough not to do it. However, I began to get uneasy, for I was afraid that the Gorilla would take to drink, and do something that would create a scandal, or that he would break out into language, and slang the public till they would lose confidence not only in him, but in all the rest of the show. The Fat Woman who sat next to him at table was a good deal worried too, for she was afraid of him, and as she afterwards told me, was always expecting to see him try to ease his mind on the Living Skeleton, of whom he was naturally jealous. The poor woman, who was as kind-hearted a soul as ever lived, was so taken up with the affair that she could think of nothing else, and often she would forget to scream when a boy would stick a pin into her ankle, which, of course, led to doubts as to her genuineness.

"The Gorilla was always saying aggravating things to the Skeleton; which was contemptible, seeing as the Skeleton was as weak as a cat and had nothing of the fighting man about him. When I overheard anything of the kind, I, of course, gave the Gorilla my views on his conduct, and warned him that I would discharge him if he made trouble in my Happy Family; but for all that I saw the day was coming when he would be sure to break out, and I more than half made up my mind to discharge him without waiting for any outbreak. But there again my cussed benevolence stood in my way, and I couldn't quite bring myself to discharge a really efficient Gorilla just because he didn't happen to like the Living Skeleton. Well, the crisis was bound to come, as a crisis always does, except, of course, it has something to do with politics. This morning the Gorilla went out early and bought a bottle of whisky and smuggled it into his cage, where he hid it under the straw. He would go and take a hack at it every half-hour or so, and when the show opened he was about as full as he could hold.

"At first the public didn't notice anything peculiar, and probably thought that the Gorilla had been fed pretty well, and was in unusually good spirits. The fact was that he was fighting drunk, and was cussin' the public to himself in a way that would have led to somebody's getting insulted and drawing on him if he had been understood. By-and-by a fat, big, stupid-looking politician came along, and, after standing a while in front of the Gorilla's cage, remarked

"THE GORILLA WAS ALWAYS SAYING AGGRAVATING THINGS TO THE SKELETON."

to a friend that the Gorilla was almost as ugly as a nigger, and he wondered he didn't have a place on the Republican General Committee. The Gorilla happened to be a Democrat of the p'isonest kind, and to be compared to a nigger, and called a Republican all at once, was more than he could stand. He shook his fist through the bars of his cage at the man and said, 'Look here! If you're man enough to take off your coat, I'll smash the ugly face off you with all the pleasure in life!' The man was so much astonished to hear the Gorilla speak that at first it took his breath away, but being a fighter from way back, as an active politician has got to be, he said after about a minute, 'Come out of that cage, you dirty beast, and we'll see who is the better man.' With that the Gorilla threw away the stick he always carried, pretending that he needed it to help him stand upright, and opened the door of his cage and jumped down.

"I wasn't there at the start, and they tell me that I missed one of the prettiest fights that Chicago ever saw. The politician kept his end up middling well, but the Gorilla was too much for him, and in three rounds knocked him clean out. By that time the excitement was tremendous: the women were screaming and fainting and making for the door all at once, and the men were trying to get in the front of the ring, and betting on the Gorilla or the politician, according as their best judgment dictated, and yelling with as much enthusiasm as if they were attending a political convention. When the Gorilla had finished his man he asked if any other gentleman would like to step forward, but nobody seemed to want to take a hand, so the Gorilla judged that the time had come for him to attend to his private interests, and get square with the Living Skeleton. He made straight for the platform where the Freaks were sitting, and went for that Skeleton as if there were no hereafter for either of them. After he had offered to knock the Skeleton's head off for two cents, and had his offer declined, he reached for him, but the Fat Woman gave a shriek, and waddling between them fell on the Gorilla and floored him. The crowd cheered, and for a minute the betting on the Fat Woman and the Gorilla was about even, but he managed to get on his feet again, and, owing to the Fat Woman's having torn a hole in her stocking during the struggle, her bran began to flow, and before she could get to the dressing-room she was reduced to her natural size, and her reputation was gone for ever.

"The coast being now clear, the Gorilla grabbed the Skeleton by the waistband and was going to heave him clean across the room, when the Strongest Woman walks up to him, and without saying a word, gives him one in the right eye, straight from the shoulder. It knocked him off the platform, and when he pulled himself together and got on his legs again, he was the most astonished Gorilla you ever dreamed of. However, seeing as he was fighting drunk, he wasn't going to be contented with one flooring. He climbed on the platform again and went for the Skeleton a second time, but the Strongest Woman was there before him. She took him by the collar of his skin and his right leg, and giving him a gentle swing, so as to get the heft of him, you understand, she hove him about thirty feet straight through the air. He brought up against the side of his cage, and when some gentlemen, desiring to see the thing out, picked him up and sponged him off, he said he had had

"A MOST ASTONISHED GORILLA."

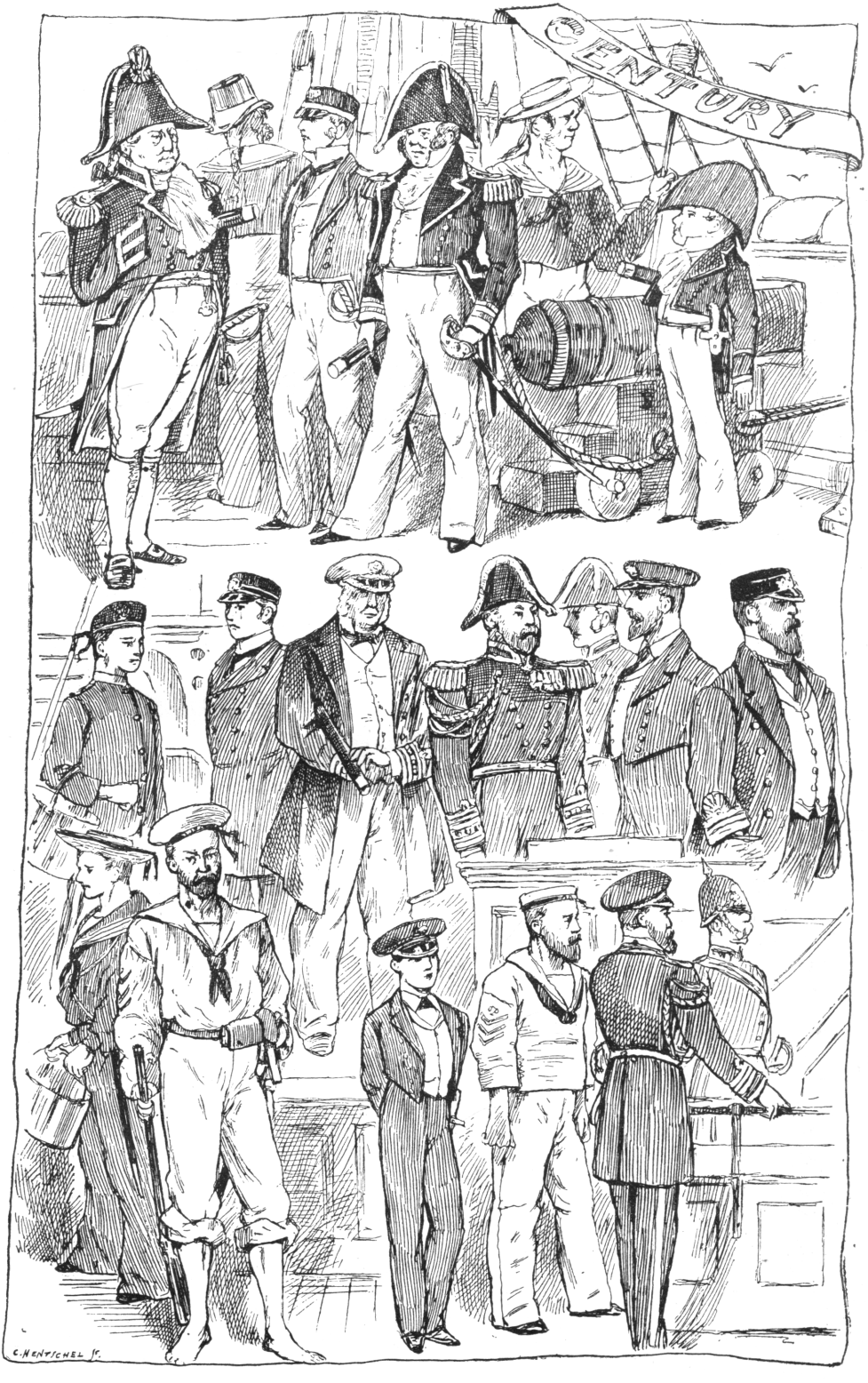
enough. About half of his ribs, I should judge, was stove in, and he's in the hospital this very minute.

"I arrived just as they were picking him up, and as soon as I knew how things stood I made the people a speech. I asked them if, as honest men and gentlemen, they could deny that they had had their full money's worth; and they owned that they had. I said: 'Gentlemen! there's tricks in every trade, and I don't pretend to say that my Gorilla and my Fat Woman are not to a certain extent works of art. But tell me in what other show you ever saw such a heavenly fight, and such a magnificent display of the beauty, nobility, and purity of woman?'

"Well, they were pretty middling sensible people, I will give them that much credit, and they agreed that they had no reason to be dissatisfied, and after talking the fight over for a while, and taking up a collection for the Strongest Woman, which panned out more than thirty dollars, they left, giving three cheers for the Strongest Woman and for me.

"I consider that I am well out of a bad scrape, but for all that my losses this day have been pretty heavy. I've lost my Gorilla, and, what is worse, the public has lost confidence in Gorillas, and I shan't be able to exhibit another for at least a year. Then the Fat Woman's reputation is gone, and she can never show again in Chicago until people have forgotten her and she has changed her name. Besides, I shall have to get a genuine Fat Woman to take her place, and they come high, there not being enough of them to supply the demand. Taking one thing with another, I calculate that this day's work will cost me, in the course of the year, not less than three hundred dollars, not including the cost of burying the Gorilla's remains, if it comes to that, as it probably will. If ever you go into the show business, you take my advice and never have anything to do with an American Gorilla, no matter what State he comes from. Get a good sober German. They make the best and the most reliable Gorillas in the profession."


SAILORS OF ALL
RANGING COMPASS
1790
C. HENTSCHEL, Jr.


CENTURY
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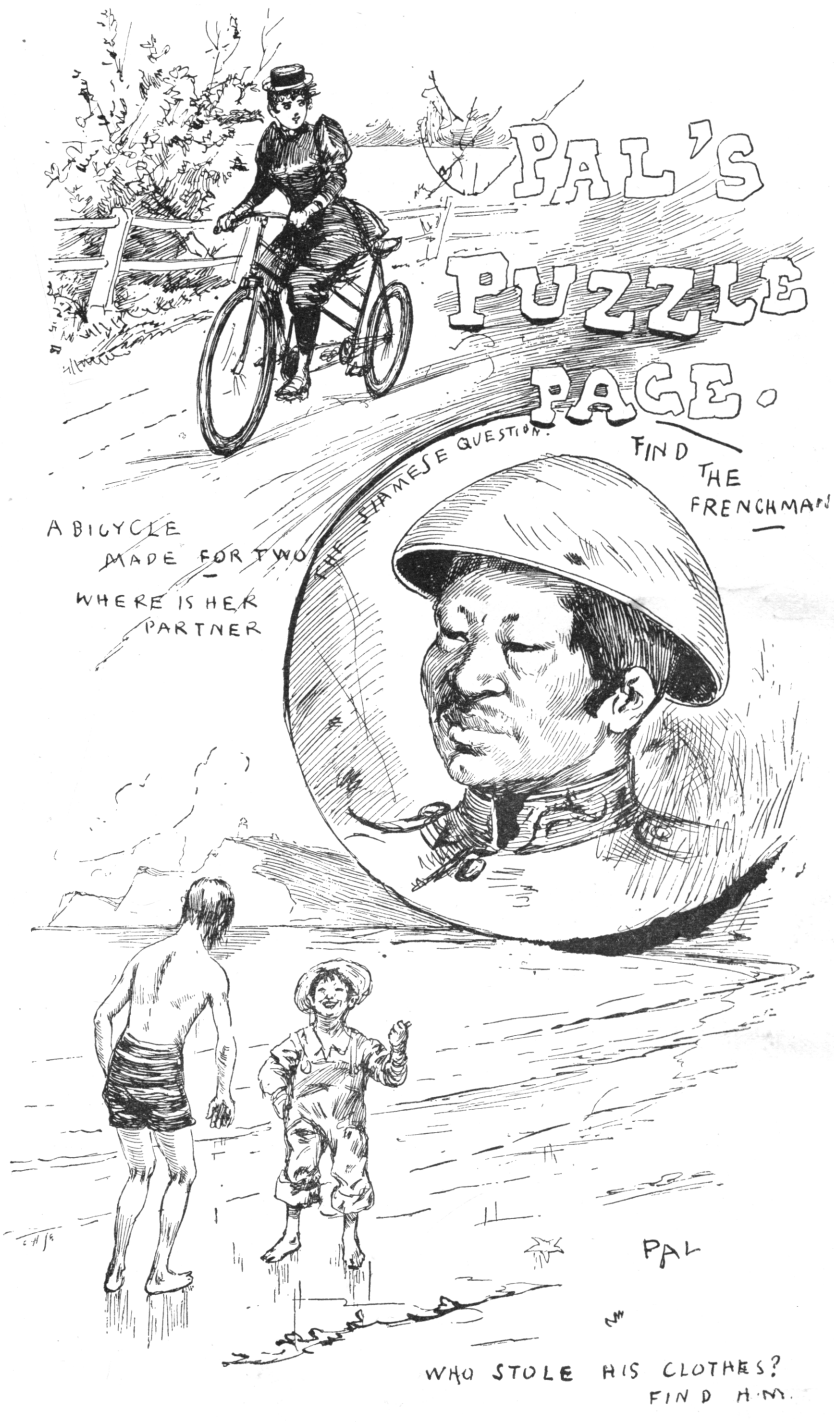
PAL'S
PUZZLE
PAGE.
A BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO
WHERE IS HER PARTNER
THE SIAMESE QUESTION.
FIND THE FRENCHMAN
PAL
WHO STOLE HIS CLOTHES?
FIND HIM.